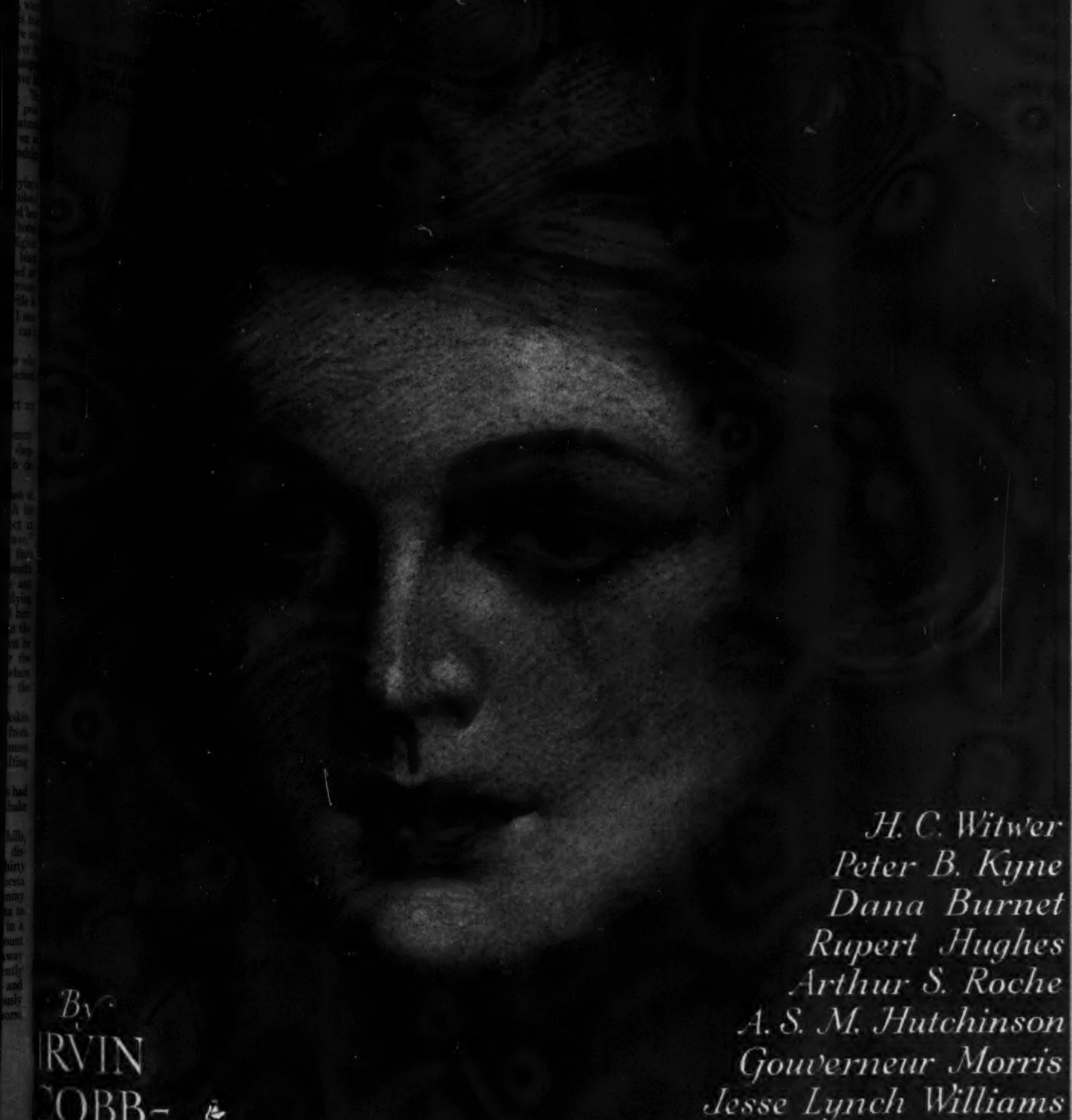


# Cosmopolitan

35 Cents



By  
IRVIN  
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*A Story for Those Who LOVE and Those Who HATE—New York*



Painted for A. R. Co. by James M. Preston ©ARCO, 1924

There has been the same sort of progress in designing heating plants as in designing automobiles.

Send for this money-saving book. On a postal card write your name and address and the number of rooms in your home, and mail it to the address below. A booklet will come, describing the particular IDEAL boiler for a home like yours.

## You probably bought your heating plant about the time you bought this car

**Y**OU discarded the old car long ago. It was ugly and burned too much gas.

How about your old-fashioned heater—doesn't it burn up its initial cost in fuel each year?

Why keep a robber in the cellar when you wouldn't keep a robber in the garage?

Why be so up-to-date in motor comfort and so far behind in warmth?

Here are three facts worth remembering:

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2. The initial cost of even the finest home heater is a trifling expense compared with the coal it consumes in its lifetime.

3. If yours is an average home, an IDEAL TYPE A boiler will quickly pay for itself in the fuel it saves.

Write on a postal card your name and address and the number of rooms in your house. Mail it to the address below for a booklet describing the IDEAL Boiler best adapted to your home.

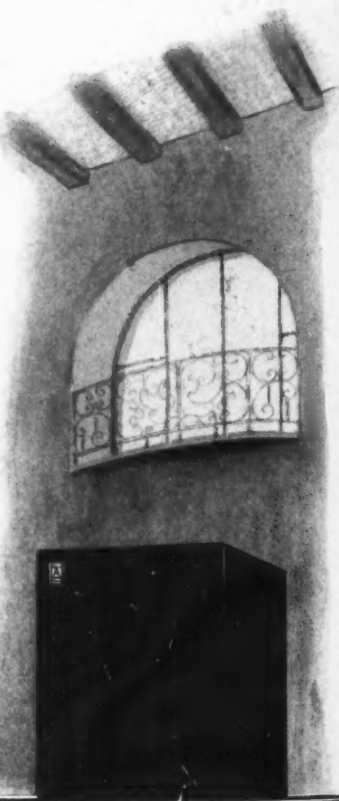
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Dear Old Pal of Mine  
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Ah! Moon of My Delight  
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

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755	1.50
6197	2.00



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Alma Gluck's ninety-eight Victor Records proclaim her opinion of Victor recording and afford triumphantly beautiful examples of lyric song, sung in a voice of classic perfection, clear and cool as a mountain stream. She has made some splendid duets, with Caruso, Homer and Reimers, and the following, whether the solo, the solo with chorus, or with obligato, are of extraordinary charm:

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Aloha Oe  
Home, Sweet Home  
Listen to the Mocking Bird  
Darling Nelly Gray  
Nelly Was a Lady

	Double-faced
6143	\$2.00
6142	2.00
653	1.50

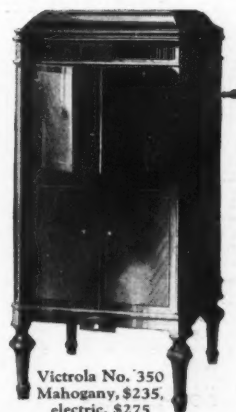


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6058	2.00
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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.

Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

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*Next Month*  
**A Short Story**  
 by  
**EDNA FERBER**  
 Author of "So Big"



PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS MURRAY

*A Study*  
*Of the Heart*  
*of a Girl*  
*We All Know*

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By *George* ADE

# The Yankee's PRAYER

**H**ELP me to get things straight. Give me an outlook on the whole world. Open my eyes to the truth regarding the material wealth and the golden opportunity of my native land, but strike me with swift punishment if I roll my r's in speaking the word "great" or feed the vanity of my ignorant neighbors who think that the U. S. A. has become a symbol of perfection.

Help me to understand that the comforts and luxuries and pleasant accessories of modern life abound in my bailiwick because my friends and I have moved into a new country in which there is much recent wealth to be divided. Teach me to modify my sense of importance with an humble thankfulness.

Save me from delusions regarding continued and abounding prosperity. Give me the wisdom to preach against wastefulness.

Incline me to avoid boasting, but keep me from being an idle weeper or a mere faultfinder. Let me read history aright and learn that a people seldom can be made happy and prosperous by involved and ponderous legislation. Assist me and my associates to look to ourselves and not to Congress.

Give me patience and tolerance and the strength to brace myself against sudden and hysterical and gusty changes of popular feeling. Let me not construe the rule of the majority into a fool axiom that the majority is always right. Cause me to bear in mind that in every age of which we have record, an unpopular minority advocated measures which, later on, were accepted by the majority.

Protect me against labels and memberships and binding obligations which will submerge me as an individual. Save me from being enslaved or hampered by catch-phrases. May I never take orders which will make me a coward in the sight of my conscience. Let it not be said of me that I "belong" to a political party.

Lead me to an understanding of the new meaning of "service." Help me to believe that the man prospers best and longest who is concerned as to the welfare of the people about him. Compel me to see that our organization is a huge experiment in cooperation and not a scramble for prizes.

Give me large portions of charity with which to regard the performances of my easy-going countrymen. Help me to judge every act by the intent back of it.

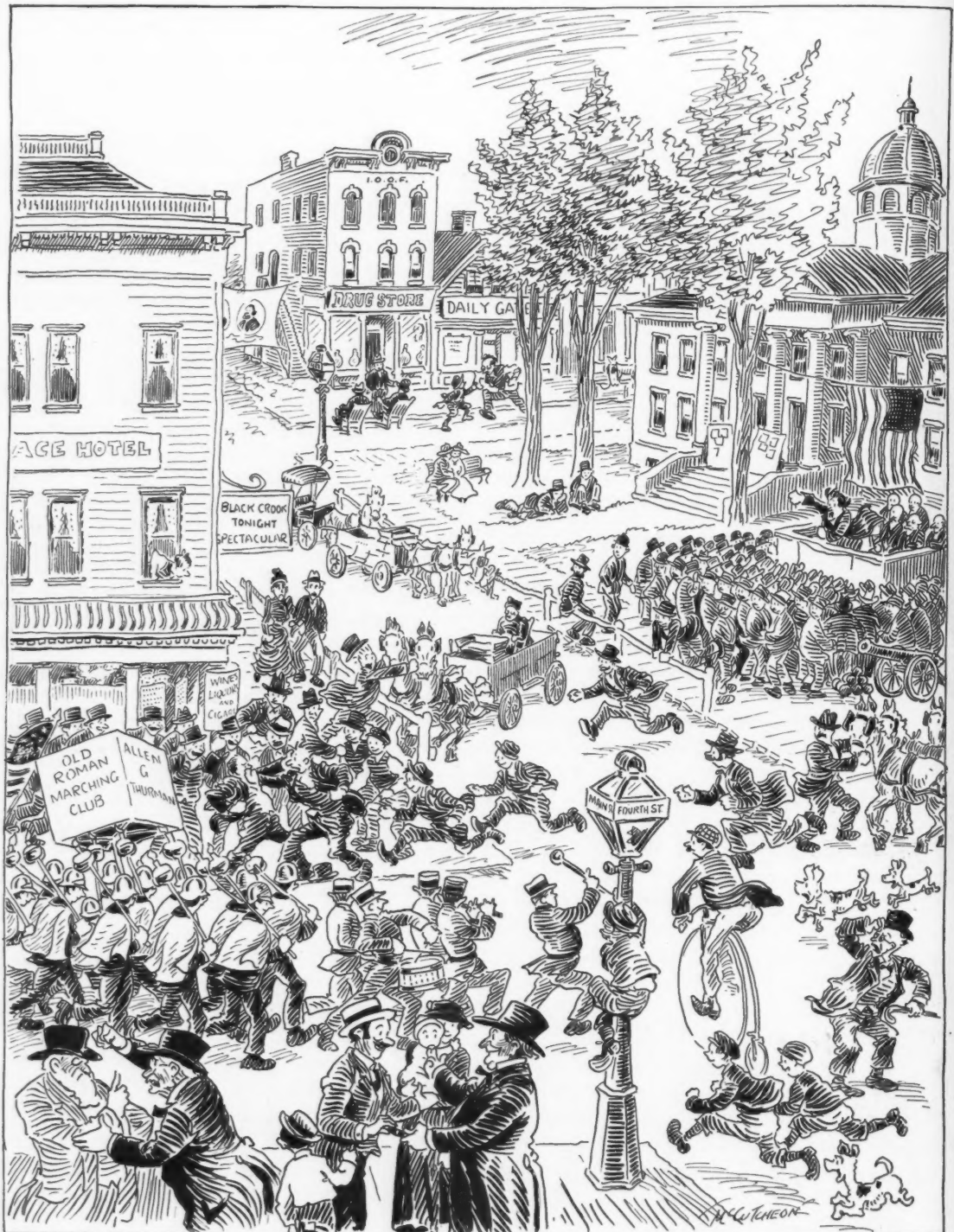
Increase my usefulness by giving me an X-ray vision, so that I may detect the goodness and deservedness of those who do not wear my kind of clothes, worship in my church, or live in my township. Make it open to me that integrity and patriotism cannot be monopolized.

Keep me from trouble, but make me dangerous if I am drawn into a fight. Convince me that every battle should be fought to a finish, so there will not be any argument later on.

Let me remain level-headed when I am envied by the people of other lands, but do not take away the things which arouse their envy. Permit me to retain my heritage as long as I know how to take care of it.



# Electioneering—Then and Now!



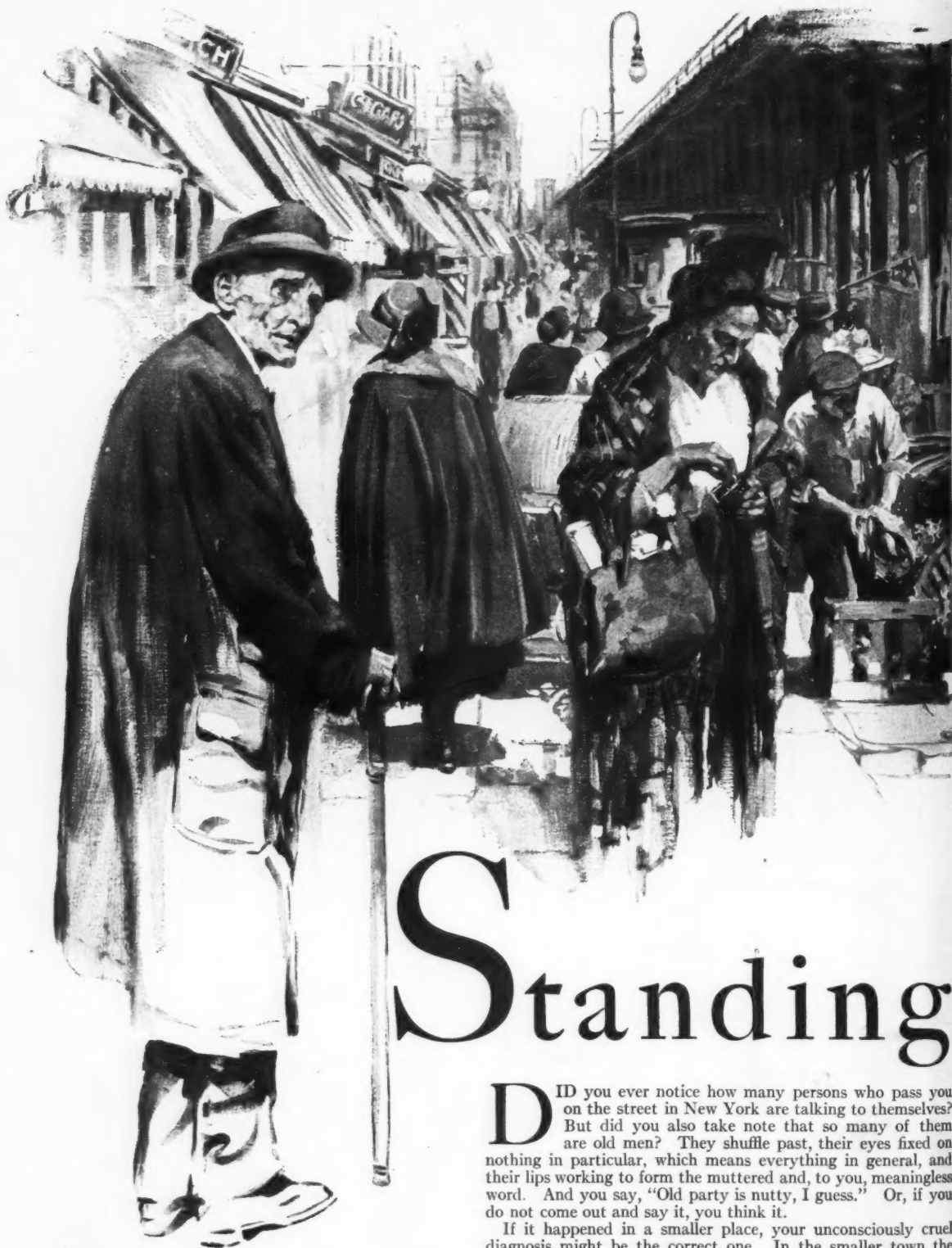
In the good old days of electioneering a candidate's chances were measured by the length of his Burnsides \* \* \* A Bolt was a bit of hardware, and a Third Party was usually Her pesky little brother on beau nights \* \* \* Uniformed marching clubs paraded with torchlights in search of an honest politician \* \* \* You voted the straight ticket because your father, your grandfather and, dodgast it, your great-grandfather voted it before you \* \* \* And if anyone questioned your choice you punched him in the jaw (fisticuffs) \* \* \* The local boss made it interesting for the boys in those days—with the corner saloon as open as a nominee's face \* \* \* And where Main met Fourth Street many a baby was kissed by our candidate—whether either or both of them had halitosis.

V!

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15



# S

## Standing

He came out of the Greek coffee-room on Second Avenue and said: "These here people ain't foreigners in my country. I'm a foreigner in their country, by Hickory Jackson! That's what's the matter."

**D**ID you ever notice how many persons who pass you on the street in New York are talking to themselves? But did you also take note that so many of them are old men? They shuffle past, their eyes fixed on nothing in particular, which means everything in general, and their lips working to form the muttered and, to you, meaningless word. And you say, "Old party is nutty, I guess." Or, if you do not come out and say it, you think it.

If it happened in a smaller place, your unconsciously cruel diagnosis might be the correct one. In the smaller town the normal-minded individual who lives there has no valid excuse for talking to himself in public. On all sides there are others with whom he may swap the commonplaces that are the grease for the hub on which neighborhood life revolves. But have you ever stopped to think that in the big city it may be that he gossips with himself because there is nobody else for him to gossip with? Out in the country or even in the lesser city two are company and three aren't always a crowd, although the proverb would have it so, and any number up to ten or a dozen make a communal circle. But sometimes, in a city such as New York, six millions or seven only make a great loneliness greater still. It is





Illustrations by  
Marshall Frantz

# Room Only

like one of those puzzles where the more of a certain ingredient is added to a given quantity the less you have for an answer. Like the riddle of the hole in the girl's stocking, for instance.

I figure it that the retired group in New York—that is, the rank and file of it—is made up of several hundred thousand lonely old men whose feet hurt them. Mind you, I am speaking of the pedestrian class, not of those superannuated captains of business who have cars to ride in or club windows to doze in. In an emergency these last have their chauffeurs to fall back on, or the waiters. Chauffeurs and waiters get paid for listening to garrulous old gentlemen and agreeing with them.

But these other old men, now; they drift along with no special errand to take them and there is nowhere to go but out and nowhere to come but in, so they talk to themselves and we call them nutty. If all these mumbled, disconnected scraps of speech were united I'll bet you anything within reason they'd make a chorus of bitter homesickness, a wail of feeble protest against all this peopled solitude, that would be loud enough and strong enough to blast down the walls of Jericho.

Old Mr. Reuben Oldham was one of these old ones who walk by themselves and talk down their own chins just to hear the

By Irvin S. Cobb

## *A Story of a Kindly Old Soul with 6,000,000 Neighbors and Not a Single Friend*

sound of their own voices. Only he didn't deal always in idle and inconsequential vaporings. There were moments when his utterances had pith and meaning in his ears. For example, there was the time when he came out of the Greek coffee-room on Second Avenue and looked over his shoulder at what was behind him and said, addressing the vast realms of space, "By Hickory Jackson, I know what's the matter. These here people ain't foreigners in my country. I'm a foreigner in their country, by Hickory Jackson. That's what's the matter!"

He went away then shaking his head—a neat withered old man who would put you in mind of an amiable box tortoise out for a stroll on its hind legs. Most humans do suggest animals or birds; probably scientists would say it either does or does not prove something about evolution. To others we suggest pigs or hawks or geese or rabbits or sheep or whatnot. But old Mr. Oldham was distinctively a turtle-looking old man, with a skinny shrunken neck which seemed always getting ready to retreat back into a stiff turned-down collar very much too large for it, and he was shrunken and wasted in places, but quite firm and solid in other places, just as Br'er Tarrypin is.

The shell was his overcoat of stiff black diagonal that was plumply rounded at the back over the convexity of his shoulders; and his trouser-legs below the shell, being wrinkly and flabby-looking, were the two rear flippers. His face, though, with its beaky nose and its eyes set deep in loose pouches, might be rather like a turtle's, but there was nothing cruel about it. It was really a kind face, and, as you might say if you gave it a second glance, mildly bewildered.

That expression of his told no lie. He was in a state of constant bewilderment over the trick pre-ordination had played on him. There had been a time when old Mr. Oldham had been somebody

in his own right. That was when he was a younger man, although not so very much younger, at that, and lived in Tecumseh Center, which is out in Missouri. Now his home—if that is the right name for it?—was in Apartment E on the fifth floor of an apartment-house in one of the East Seventies, between Lexington and Third, which to one who knows his little old New York would place him somewhat on the less fashionable curve of that residential jelly-cake which has Fifth Avenue for its icing and Park Avenue for its top layer and Exterior Street, away over yonder by the river, for its somewhat soggy and under-done bottom crust. Its name was the Sultana Court apartments.

This then was where he lived with two others, namely, Mr. Oscar J. Tate, who was his son-in-law, and Mrs. Gussie Tate, wife of the above, who was his only child. On second thought, the foregoing assignment lacks the exact shading which makes for accuracy. Mrs. Gussie Tate was not so much Mr. Oldham's daughter as that he was Mrs. Gussie Tate's father; a distinction which easily will be understood by those who made a study of comparative relativity before Dr. Einstein took it up in a serious way.

There was nothing of the tortoise in Mrs. Gussie; she rather was of a hybrid type—part chipmunk, the rest cockatoo. She

was one of those progressive, ambitious youngish women with the air of being continually trying to remember something of importance which, on being remembered, turns out, after all, to be of no great consequence. In Tecumseh Center, as a girl, she almost had won first prize in a contest to select the prettiest girl in the county, and she had never quit running.

In New York she still was a candidate for beauty honors. She was prominent in an afternoon bridge and poker club made up of lady members whose commonest mode of conversation was shrieking. She took bridge lessons when most of her friends were still playing the old-fashioned auction-whist; she gave Mah Jong her endorsement when most of the rest only knew the game as a Chinese name. She was the first of her set to have silver pheasants on the dining-table. She would be the first to scrap the pheasants in favor of the more fashionable and larger silver bird-dogs.

She never would be at a loss for a way to spend the long winter evenings; not so long as the movies might last or the radios endure or fifteen minutes spent at the telephone would bring enough good scouts in for a bout at ten-cent limit, one sporty round of twenty-cent roodles for every face-full, open on jacks or better. As a child she had a lisp, so now often she talked baby-talk. She was that kind; get what I mean?

If you do get what I mean and conceded further that you have a working knowledge of New York's social geology, you should be able to assign the Tates to their proper stratum. They belonged neither in the Old Brown Sandstone Period—crumbly fossil remains to be found on every uptown street—nor yet among the characteristic specimens of another era observed in the cooperative studio apartments somewhat nearer Central Park. Mrs. Tate had a little trick of saying that they lived just off Park Avenue.

As a matter of fact, the Sultana Court stood in that composite borderland where the walk-up apartment looks down on the plain tenement that has the fire-escape in front and looks up to the elevator apartment with private foyer hall for each tenant. The Tates paid twenty-two hundred a year for their apartment—which was considerably more than Mr. Oscar Tate could afford—and their foyer hall was exactly the right size to hold two callers and one umbrella vase at the same time. But there was a uniformed attendant at the door downstairs, and the reception hall was done in Bayonne (N. J.) Italian.

Old Mr. Oldham's bedroom was the little room at the back with a window opening upon the inner court. There was a freakish sense of insecurity about his room, about the whole apartment, in fact. At intervals curious, almost imperceptible, little tremors would shake it. To account for this phenomenon there were two theories. One was that by reason of a fault in the schist, the "L" trains passing through Third Avenue one-half block to the eastward, communicated a quiver to the made soil upon which the foundations of the building rested. But the uptown tracks of the Subway ran underground only a few rods to the eastward, so some blamed it on the Subway.

Whatever the reason may have been, the fact was that about once in so often, all day long and all night long, light articles on Mr. Oldham's closet shelves would tremble the least little bit, and pictures on the back wall would swing to and fro for the fractional part of an inch. The thing got on his nerves, more or less. He had a morbid fancy, which however he expressed to no one except himself, that the restlessness of New York was crawling right up through the earth to get at him and annoy him.

Perhaps by now it has been made plain that Mr. Oldham did not care deeply for New York. Well, such was the intention. It is the main intention of this story, and not much else happens in this story. The reader who expects some mounting climax, some quirkish dénouement, has been given fair warning. He can stop right here.

Nor was there aught of a spectacular nature in Mr. Oldham's earlier history, occurring prior to the time this tale picks him up. You can pack it into a paragraph.

He clerked in a drug store in Tecumseh Center from the time he was twenty until he was nearly forty. From then on he owned the drug store; bought it with his savings. When he was sixty-three his wife died. When he was sixty-five he sold out the business at a profit—not much profit but still a profit. He traveled about some, then; went back to Peoria, Illinois, where he was born, and spent three or four excessively boring months there; went to California and to Florida and on a homesekers' excursion to the Canadian Rockies.

Traveling around wasn't so exciting when you did it as when you were reading about and preparing for it beforehand. It didn't take the widower very long to find that out. So finally he

came on East to live with his married daughter. Gussie and her husband suggested it themselves. They had been in New York for going on nine years and wild horses wouldn't have dragged them back to Missouri. Gussie thought her father would learn to like New York as much as they liked it; there was so much to do and always so much to see. Besides, he wouldn't be wandering about all at loose ends. So he came, on a condition which he imposed. The condition was that he pay his share of the living expenses. Every month he would hand Gussie over a hundred dollars. They accepted by wire; up until then the negotiations had been carried on, back and forth, by mail. And he packed up and came on.

He had been here nearly three years. In those three years he had learned this much, anyhow: that while there might be a great deal to see in New York, seeing it alone wasn't exactly what it had been cracked up to be. To be sure, he was not the first to make this discovery nor will he be the last to make it, by a long shot. Robinson Crusoe, on his island before Man Friday came, might have been lonesome. He should have tried Manhattan Island, that's all. It takes all kinds of people to make up New York, but Man Fridays are scarce. And if you are old-fashioned and rather shy by nature and set in your ways and come as a stranger, you are likely to remain a stranger, no matter how long you stay. That was old Mr. Reuben Oldham's fix.

Long before the three years were up he had picked up that habit of talking to himself. He had found out something else about New York, too. It was the town where there was no place to loaf. And anyway, if there had been, it wouldn't have done him much good because, in his case you see, there was nobody to loaf with. To loaf properly you must have help, which means company; that is, if you naturally are gregarious as most of us are and as old Mr. Oldham certainly was. Also, you should have a reasonably comfortable spot to loaf in.

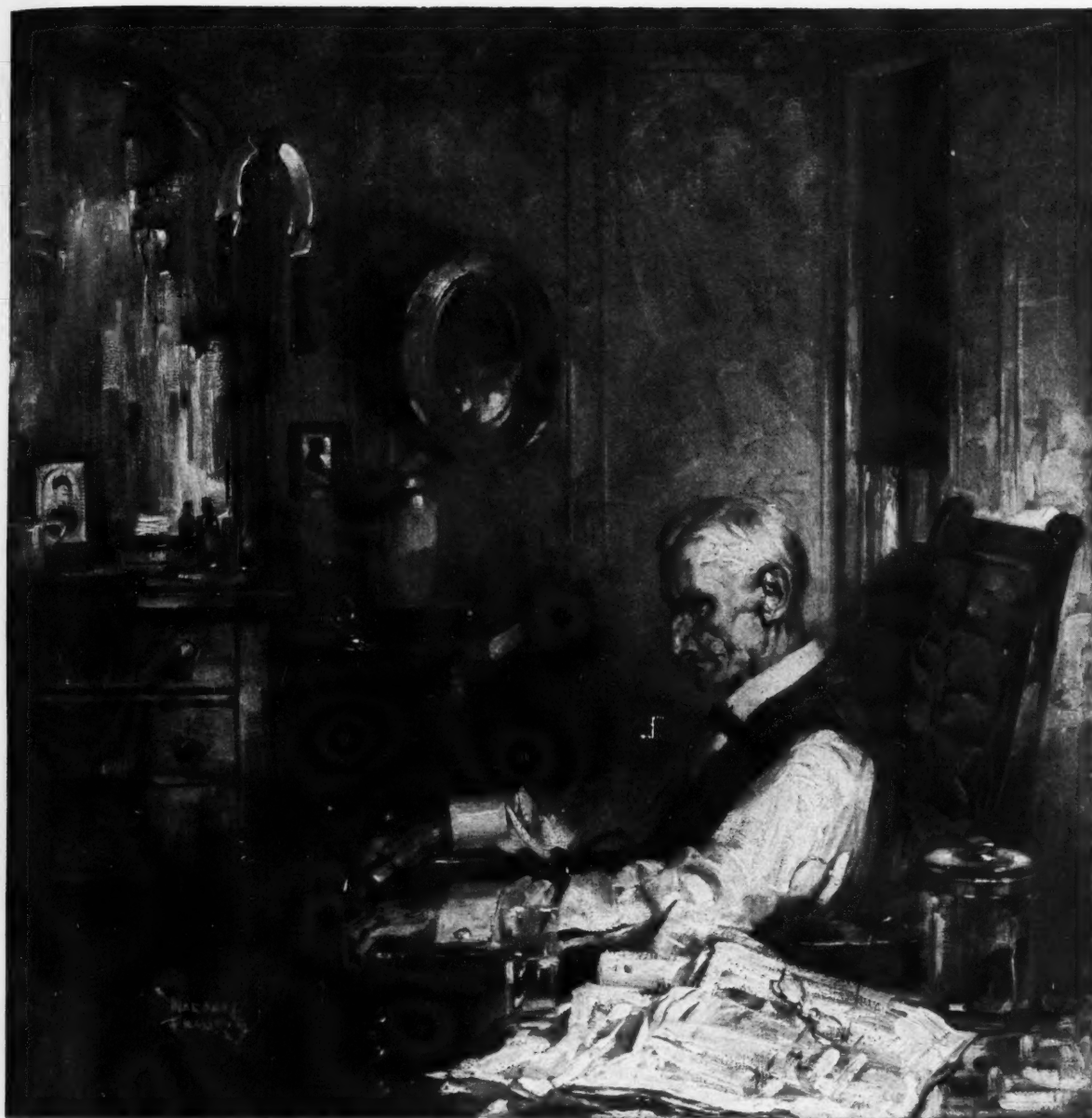
He stood right stock still in the middle of Lexington Avenue, between the car tracks one afternoon and voiced this discovery to his customary audience of one.

"By Hickory Jackson," he said, "I'm getting onto her. She's one man's town where you can't set down and talk with the neighbors or anyhow just set and watch the neighbors pass. In the first place, there's no regular place for you to set—or if there is, I ain't been able to find it and Lord knows I've hunted high and low and down the middle. And in the second place, there ain't any neighbors—they're just all people. That's all, people."

THIS was a sample day out of Mr. Reuben Oldham's life in the great city where there is always so much to do. He would get up early, around six o'clock. Summer or winter, it made no difference. Getting up early was a Tecumseh Center habit which even New York couldn't cure him of. The cook and general houseworker—the Tates' two in one—would still be asleep, and Oscar, his son-in-law, didn't roll out of bed until eight on week days and not until nearly noon on Sundays; Gussie took her breakfast in bed somewhere between nine and ten.

He put on his dressing gown and his slippers and went out to the empty kitchen and lit the gas-range. He was handy at cooking. He cooked his breakfast and ate it on the zinc-covered table there in the kitchen. He prolonged both operations, the cooking and the eating, and he took his time about washing up afterwards, and after that he read the morning paper all the way through, not because everything in the paper interested but because he was thorough and also because he had such a long day ahead of him. Then he went back to his room and shaved himself very painstakingly and dressed. If the weather was fine he would be out of the apartment before any one of the other three occupants was astir.

He was back from his morning walk by eleven, usually, and generally he went to his room and stayed until lunch time because, what with the girl tidying up the living-room and the dining-room, there was a good deal of dust and confusion. After lunch—a hurried, caught-up kind of meal which he ate alone if Gussie had gone out, or with her if she had no midday engagement—he took a nap and then he had another walk and came back and read the evening paper. But if Gussie had company in for cards or tea he read it in his room. At seven there was dinner and sometimes after dinner he went to the movies with Gussie and Oscar, provided they had no other plans. Other evenings at about half-past nine he would turn in. He wasn't much of a hand for reading books; the newspapers and an occasional magazine satisfied his literary cravings.



He would sit in his room for two hours before he went to bed—not reading, just figuring things out.

Evenings when there was a card game on he withdrew even earlier than nine-thirty. The jam about the poker table and the chatter and cigaret smoke and the squealing of the women and all seemed to sort of choke up the place. So he would slip away to his room, which was small without being what you would call cozy. Anyhow, he didn't seem to have much in common with these New York folks. Mentally he included Oscar and Gussie when he thought of the group collectively as New York folks. For they were quite seasoned New Yorkers; and he didn't seem to have very much in common with them, either, even though one of them was his daughter. It wasn't that they were uncivil to him or consciously selfish, either. They put themselves out sometimes on his account. He could feel it. The strain on them both when they tried to entertain him was almost a visible thing. The trouble was that the things which seemed to interest them didn't interest him so very much. It was as though they spoke a different language of a different world.

So as I was saying, often when there was no company in, and nearly always when there was, he would excuse himself early. "Well, folks," he would say, "I feel a mite drowsy. Had two good long constitutional today and sat quite a spell over here in that little park by the river—the air must've made me sleepy. Guess I'll be turning in. Well, good night, folks. Ten minutes from now I'll be snoring my head off."

But he didn't always keep his word. Sometimes he would sit in his room for an hour or two hours before he went to bed—not reading, not doing anything particularly, but just sitting there and figuring things out and watching for the times when that recurrent little shivering sensation made light objects on his bureau quiver and the pictures on the wall pendulate a little bit.

That would be an average day for him. There is no denying it, they were long days, days that had a way of dragging. Yet these days, which passed so slowly, made up years which somehow went by swiftly. They say, though, that this is not a rare feeling among those who have passed the peaks of their lives; the years gallop by pretty fast then.

#### ABOUT those walks he took:

They weren't what you would call satisfying. They stretched the legs—but after you reach a certain age the legs don't appear to require a great deal of stretching—and they did keep a fellow out in the open air. But being a seagull keeps you out in the open air, too, and who in thunder wants to be a seagull?

There was so much noise, so much crowding on the avenues nearer the river, so much of a sort of cold, standoffish, leave-me-alone-and-I'll-leave-you-alone air about the avenues nearer the



park. If a fellow stopped on the sidewalk to look at a pile of fruit on a stand, say, or to look at things in a show window, people bumped into him, and the boss of the store seemed to resent your standing there too long or else he came out and tried to get you to step inside so he could sell you something. It depended on whether his shop was one of the tony ones over on Park or one of the cheaper ones on Second or Third. Anyway, there wasn't a whole lot of fun in looking into windows, without you had somebody along to be sort of sociable with, you know, and argue with you over whether the things you were looking at were a bargain or not. He often remarked as much, to himself.

At first, when he didn't know the New York way of doing things, he had tried the plan of speaking to people who ranged up alongside and looked where he was looking. They would do that all right—they'd look. But if you started in to pass the time of day with one of them, chances were he'd act suspicious and stare at you as though you were some strange kind of animal and give a grunt and pull away and leave you there. Or, if he didn't do that—if he answered you back—he'd seem to get uneasy after a minute or two as though he had it in his mind that your speaking to him out of a clear sky was the beginning of a scheme on your part to borrow money from him or pick his pocket, and then he'd mumble something about just remembering something and shy off and go on about his own business. Or else he would be one of these fresh young fellows who'd answer back with something that he thought was funny.

Then again, when something happened that was really interesting—an accident or a row or a monkey teasing a litter of young puppies in the window of a bird-and-animal store—why likely as not, about the time you worked your way into the jam to see what was going on, a policeman would be coming along and telling everybody to move on and then begin shoving people this way and then that. Not that shoving them seemed to do much good. It was like trying to drive back high water with a mop. No sooner had he cleared one spot than a fresh wave would pour back over it the very minute his back was turned. There was an awful lot of curiosity but there didn't



Shabby men dozed on the benches along the footpaths or hunched down and stared moodily. You

seem to be much sympathy, if anybody was really in trouble; and as for impoliteness—stepping on your toes and shoving you out of a good place and never saying so much as “excuse me”—well, impoliteness was no name for it!

He did get acquainted with one mighty nice fellow—a policeman named McIntyre. He found out a good deal about this policeman. He was born in Brooklyn and he lived up in the Bronx and he had four children, two girls and two boys, and his oldest daughter was a trained nurse and his oldest boy was studying to be a lawyer somewhere downtown. He found these things out a scrap at a time. McIntyre was a traffic policeman



rarely saw two of these brooding chaps in company. Each had his own bench or his own end of a bench.

on duty at a corner where there was a public school and what with keeping track of all those automobiles and trucks that came helling along, up and down and cross-ways, and what with holding the road open so the children could get by without being run over, when school was taking in or letting out, he didn't have much time for talking with anybody.

"Well, Grandpops," he would say, "I'm glad to 'a' had a woid wit' you,"—he had a funny way of pronouncing what he said—"but don't you think you better be gettin' out of this jam before some smart guy tries to walk over you wit' his car? For this job here I need four eyes and an extra mouth. Get me?"

into a saloon quite frequent—Milky Hartman's place. His name was Joe but everybody called him Milky for short. Mighty clever fellow he was, too, and ran his place nice and genteel. I never drank hard lickin' myself; never touched it in my life, as I remember of, unless 'twas in medicine for a bad cold or something.

"But I'd drop in there sometimes of an evening when I didn't have anything special to do, and set awhile in the back room with Milky and some other old-timey friends of mine. And they'd have beer or something stronger but I'd always take a cigar or maybe a bottle of pop or this (Continued on page 102)

Still, it was a break in the monotony to have even fragmentary and broken conversation with someone who knew Mr. Oldham's name and called him by it. So far as he could tell about half the people he saw, or maybe two-thirds of them, didn't speak English at all. If they did speak it they mixed it all up with Dutch-sounding words or Eyetalian or something.

"Say, look here, Mac," he ventured one day, seeking the answer to a mystery which was puzzling him more and more as his burden of loneliness grew heavier, "ain't there a place in this whole town where a fellow that's sort of getting along in life can set down about once in a coon's age and gas for a spell and rest his face and hands, as they uster say? I don't mean at home—home's all right but you get tired of it. I mean some place where he'd be liable to meet old fellows same as him, that ain't got much to do and like to discuss things back and forth with one another."

McIntyre shook his head.

"Now you're askin' me something, Grandpops," he said. "They used to be places like that before we got Pro'hibition—liquor stores—but not any more. But I take it you never was much f'r hangin' 'round liquor stores, anyways, was you, now?"

"Yes, I was, too," stated Mr. Oldham, and his eyes lit up. "Back there in Tecumseh Center—you remember that's the place I was telling you about the other day, where I uster be in the retail drug business?—I uster drop

By Violet Irwin

# *I'm Glad I'm A Deserted Wife*

**D**ESERTION is a reprehensible act in the eyes of the law and society, but for all that it may be a God-send to the deserted.

We look on the quitter as a mean, low cur. Military regulation orders him shot; and when a wife first realizes that her man has walked out and left her with a child to support she is likely, in the effervescence of the moment, to consider army methods quite too mild. The mood will not last. At least it did not last with me, but then I am not a really good hater. That game has never seemed worth the candle. Hate is such a vicious wrinkle maker—a boomerang among emotions—and why cast a blight over your whole life because you once loved a man enough to hate him?

Being deserted, like many other experiences, does not pan out as advertised. Our fiction writers, bound by contract to their happy endings, make desertion occur unexpectedly, thus insuring domestic felicity to cover the delinquent's return. Facts show it far otherwise. Desertion is a logical outcome of that matrimonial stress and strain called "incompatibility," and is bound to be staged against a tragic background. Men who are happily married do not desert their families; with the unhappily married there is always much to be said for both parties. "Ducking out" is just one way of cutting the Gordian knot, and it is frequently a toss-up which side will do it first.

My keenest regret now is that I did not desert my husband three days after we married. Looking deep into my heart I recognize that this regret springs from my maturer knowledge that some such dynamic act was our sole chance of coming to the rock-bottom understanding on which we might have built a lasting home. His first violent outburst of jealous rage was a character test proving my weakness. It took me so completely by surprise—I had not known men were like that. I did not know I was like that! I might have cried aloud in the words of Savonarola Brown:

"I thought I was made of sterner stuff.  
Yet thought I so because 'twas thought of me.  
Lo! My soul's chin recedes soft to the touch  
As half-churned butter."

Stunned by this self-discovery I gave in, and having once lost my grip was forced to give in all along the line. My self-respect was beaten to the ground, and prone on the ground it lay until I came to my senses and stiffened my back bone. What happened then? Why naturally the very cataclysm I had funk at first—but now with no chance of reconciliation.

Perpetuating your troubles by talking about them is almost as foolish as hatred; but I think the story of my swift descent into abysmal depths, and my laborious climb back to the sunshine, may be of help to other women similarly situated. And, because it is easier to see the beam in the other man's eye, perhaps my experience may possibly pierce the intelligence of some early Victorian survival among the male sex.

Much of my difficulty arose from the determination to continue my professional work after marriage. In these days of "careers," the high cost of living, and the growing need of double incomes, many hundreds of couples must be facing the same problem. As I see it this fiercely fought battle over women's ability to be three things at once has become the world's greatest sex joke; for while men are blowing off indignation and discussing the weaker half's right to a career, the women have passed the buck in private. They know the real problem is not to organize offices and homes and nurseries so that duties will dovetail harmoniously, but to find as mates men broad-minded enough to tolerate their wives' equality.

After all I have gone through, the one barb that sticks in my mind with power to make my temper fizz, is the recollection

of my husband's narrow, dogmatic attitude toward my work. The Muse was held responsible for every cog missing from our domestic wheels—for every jolt, for every jar. He opposed me to the point of encroaching on my personal bias in recreation. Because I chose to sit at a typewriter instead of playing bridge in the afternoons, he would complain that I was "so unpopular nobody invited me out." This nagging continued until I either had to give a party or attend one just to silence him. The silliness of it cannot have been surpassed. Others may have shown more rancor in their quarreling, but no two adults ever rivaled our puerility.

We were a pair of fools to begin with—the experienced sort of fools who fail to apply their knowledge. We had both gone to and fro in the world, and had acquired much information, all the while carelessly overlooking Life's little A. B. C.'s, which may be mastered in the vicinity of Main Street.

I was on the shady side of thirty and had been independent for ten years—the freest of free lances, successful, envied, spoiled. My views were considered alarmingly progressive. While Fanny Hurst experimented with the subject I insouciantly advocated that married people should live apart and spend their week-ends together. I maintained I would rather have a husband who was untrue to me outside the home, than one who was unpleasant to me in it.

My views on a good many things have changed since then, but I stick to the last—I cannot yet see infidelity as the unforgivable sin. During those years business had thrown me almost entirely among men. I knew very few married women, and nothing at all of the monotony of their lives. I valued the friendships of those I knew—it was a treat for me to go out with them. They always envied me, and I used to wonder why. It seemed to me they were lapping up the cream. My freedom was a consequence not an objective; I only glimpsed family life wearing its company manners, and a home looked inviting.

One thing I disliked—rows. My youth had been overshadowed by family rows. I deemed them vulgar and unnecessary and made them taboo. If the echoes of a domestic fracas ever annoyed my sensitive ears, I took good care not to revisit that scene. Drifting on smooth waters is very pleasant, but one learns no seamanship. When it came later to sailing my own matrimonial bark I was about as able a navigator as Peter Pan in his birds' nest.

In owl-eyed bumptiousness my husband, Conrad, ran me a close second. He was equally traveled, admired, spoiled. He had been raised in Holland, and had reached the years when his Dutch nature craved a good Dutch housewife to be the guardian angel of his physical comfort. So he came to New York and married an American writer! If I resembled Peter Pan he was certainly the goat.

Dan Cupid is responsible for so much misery he ought to be given a life sentence and put behind the bars. With such a pair of sentimental gamblers loose in the same city, it was fine sport for him to bring them together and let the result take care of itself. That he should have chosen the end of July, 1914, for his experiment was an unnecessarily malicious touch.

The date of our marriage is significant not only on account of the world war, which ruined us financially, but because it was within a year of the publication of my first novel. When one considers the amazing number of printed romances falling, every season, through the sieve of public opinion to oblivion, one marvels that poor human nature can find in such an event excuse for taking itself seriously. But the fact remains.

Whatever face I wore to the world at that time, I was, in the bottom of my heart, an earnest authoress. I had resigned my business of decorating for writing, had moved to New York, landed my first book—and I saw literature leading gloriously





Violet Irwin,  
Author of  
"The Human Desire"

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
CAMPELL STUDIO

Though she has to support her child and herself, Violet Irwin believes it is better to be happily separated than unhappily married.

upward. Artistic aspirations did not prevent the woman from having dreams also. Aware of no reason why a soul should not realize itself completely, I made it a condition of marriage that my work was not to be sacrificed. The man agreed. He is not the first man who has closed a compact, under similar circumstances, without any clear idea of conforming to it. Here is where our mutual cocksureness betrayed us.

The Hollander felt married bliss could not materially differ from his recollection of home—a sort of promised land overflowing with feminine attentions and well-cooked food; while I flattered myself it would closely resemble the life I had always led—plus a delightful companion for leisure hours. I soon discovered my mistake. Grim forms heaved themselves out of the ocean which had lain like a tessellated pavement safe and sunnysmooth. At least two of these were leviathans—Conrad's continental attitude toward women, and his jealousy—not sex jealousy alone, but that meaner form which springs from basic vanity—the fear of being overshadowed.

At once those contrary winds which poor Mrs. Peter Pan had persuaded herself did not exist commenced to blow hard. I was chartless and could do naught but reef in the sails. When my foreign husband explained my jokes over dinner-tables, I stopped making jokes. When he snubbed my opinions of current events, I refrained from expressing opinions. When he opened and read my letters, I dropped correspondence. I cut my friends also. You see I was still a coward about rows and would go far to avoid them. Having been surfeited with men's society the loss of their attentions did not worry me. I was content at home.

Professional women are apt to have these Victorian reactions. What I failed to realize was how much I had depended on the effulgence of male brains for my own imitative brilliance. Denying wit a witty environment is like taking a candle away from its

reflector. I burned alone with a wavering dim light. But things being as they were I preferred to burn alone. I had seen too much of the world not to appreciate the seductive quality of small flirtations, I feared the little foxes that spoil the vines. Men were discouraged from calling; when they invited me to lunch in New York I declined, poked at home and grew dull. Badly afflicted with high moral attitude I refused to deceive my intolerant mate in any degree.

One of my cooks once barked: "You've got to lie to him to live with him!" and I learned about marriage from her, but that was later on. At the start *I was so good that it hurt*. The idiom can be interpreted literally. So much rectitude was against nature. It injured my standing in the community and my standing with my husband. He soon began telling me about the popularity of a certain Mrs. X. She was young and near-beautiful, blessed with a genial spouse who did not mind one youth or another keeping her company in the porch hammock on moonlit nights. Naturally their home was popular.

Conrad would have liked his home to be equally popular with the club members. But his reputation for jealousy far outweighed the accident of having married a post-graduate vamp (a fact never realized among our neighbors!) He had no solace, poor man, but to play on the outskirts of the Mrs. X's following, and praise her to my unwilling ears. I was already so far submerged that the exquisite humor of this situation passed entirely over my head, while its iron filled me with rage and scorn.

You will have gathered by now that my husband was the arch leader of those men who "beat at their wives' individualities in the effort to reduce them to a respectful and submissive colorlessness." He won. After a year of the régime I was a complete "washout." Not expressing ideas soon meant having none to express. Lacking ambition and initiative (Continued on page 134)

# *The* ACT *& The*

By Jesse

*A  
Romance  
of  
Broadway's  
Youngest  
Star*

*Illustrated by*



"I thought you'd come for  
my sake, if I asked you."

**H**E TOOK the beautiful girl in his arms and said, "Ah, my beloved, the thing I love about you most, the thing I love about you most . . . say, what the devil is it I love about this girl most?"

Ben looked so deliciously droll as he turned toward the playwright for the forgotten line that Felicia, who had been gazing into his eyes as one entranced, burst out laughing like an amateur. On or off the stage he always kept her amused.

Others of the company waiting nearby for their cues, studying their parts or the newspapers, caught the contagion and began to titter like school children, stealing glances at the austere author seated at a deal table near the footlights, as if he were their schoolmaster. And so he was, in effect, for Austin was not only the author of the piece but also the director of the production.

Even he smiled, indulgently, waiting for his children to have their laugh out. It would do them good. They had been working hard all morning and were feeling the strain. Audiences are not the only ones who relish a comic relief now and then.

The two lovers, at center, he was thinking, made a pleasing picture, even without costumes, lights or make-up. Youth, laughter and young love. If only Ben Trevelyan could put romance into his readings. But, despite his agreeable stage presence, his exceptional intelligence, Ben would never shine in straight parts. Just as some ugly men are by nature romantic actors, so this good looking one was meant for a comedian, a character actor; that is, if he was meant for an actor at all. He had worried the playwright from the first.

Ben had left his typewritten part at home. He was a quick study, for a man, and had thought he was already letter-perfect. It was only a bit, less than half a dozen sides.

Austin handed him the line he had forgotten and turned to Felicia. "Now, Miss Raleigh, once more, please—from 'Darling.' And suppose you take a little more stage before he crosses. Then we can get the face better." He knew that her charming girlish countenance was his chief asset for the scene.

"All right, let's try it that way," she said, and biting her lip to restrain a lingering tendency to giggle, the celebrated Felicia Raleigh, not looking a bit celebrated, took a deep breath, hurled herself into the mood and came down center looking like nothing in the world but an adorable girl in love.

"See how she walks!" thought Ben. "That girl has everything."

"Darling," she began in her velvet voice . . . But when she gave Ben his cue for the speech beginning, "Ah, my beloved, the thing I love about you most," with the business of embracing, she lost control of herself again and burying her face on Ben's shoulder, she clung to him, shaking with mirth. She was ashamed of herself but she couldn't help it.

"All right," said the patient playwright, "it's time for lunch anyway. This afternoon we'll run through the second act. Ben, give the call for two-thirty." Trevelyan was the stage-manager.

Ben removed the hysterical young star from his shoulder and announced in a loud, authoritative voice, so that those in the wings could hear, "One hour for lunch. The second act at two-thirty. Two-thirty sharp!"

Felicia, blushing like a girl, came down stage to the playwright. "Oh, Mr. Austin! do forgive me for being an idiot." She looked as penitent and ashamed as a pretty child who doesn't know that she's pretty.

Lynch Williams

# TRESS

## L A D Y

James H. Crank

"That's all right. You're too tired. Lunch with me. Something I want to see you about." Then he turned to the scene designer, who had been waiting for half an hour, and said emphatically, "But I tell you we can't play comedy in a set as deep as that!"

Felicia crossed to Ben who was revising the stage directions for the prologue in his copy of the script. The rest of the company, picking up their hats and handbags, trooped out from the cool gloom of the bare stage to the hot August brilliance of the outdoor world, talking and laughing like children at recess.

"Forgive me, dear, for breaking you up," said Ben, keeping on writing.

Felicia chuckled. "Good thing Grandma wasn't here this morning! She's always telling me I must be dignified now."

Grandma, well known in her day as Edith Raleigh, the most celebrated Raleigh of her generation and still the ruling queen of that theatrical family, was one of that large group of players, now rapidly dying off, who had "acted with Booth." She usually came to the theater with her granddaughter, the most promising of the new generation of Raleighs, and sat alone, knitting in dignified seclusion, watching everything but saying nothing. The old lady was keen on stage etiquette.

"But, Ben, somehow I always forget to behave like a star," said Felicia smiling. "Still, I'm not really a star, yet," she added as if to excuse herself.

Ben laughed. "No, not until the opening. But then!"—Ben looked up at her and winked—"Felicia Raleigh in electric lights over the entrance!"

"Just think!" said the youngest star of Broadway, "that will mean me!" Then, with one of her sudden changes of mood, she was laughing again. "It wasn't what you said; it was the way you looked. You never know how funny you are."

But Felicia did not know the funniest thing about it. Nobody knew but Ben, and he wouldn't tell. He was abjectly in love with this girl who had been quaking with mirth in his arms and was now telling him that he did not know how funny he was. . . . But this was a joke he would not share with her. He knew that she was too kind to laugh at that.

You see, they had been frank and affectionate friends ever since they had been boy and girl together at the Professional Children's School. They had both been "born on the stage," as the saying goes. They had played opposite each other in their first engagement in a stock company out west. They had been in the same casts several seasons on the road. But now she was to shine as a star and he was only a drudging stage-manager, playing a small part in the prologue and dying before the first act.

The author was still wrangling with the designer. Felicia had drawn near to show that she was waiting, but not wanting to interrupt, she returned to Ben and watched him write for a moment. Then, "I was just thinking," she said hesitatingly. "Of course,

you look the part, dear, but couldn't you be more romantic with me?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes," he said, keeping his eyes on his work. He could not tell her that he had refused an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a week in a comic opera production in order to be with her at one hundred. It was not romantic actions but romantic acting that was required of him.

"You've got the chance of your life in this piece, Felicia, and you're going to make a great hit."

"Am I, really?" Her eyes brightened. She respected his judgment even when he criticized her work, as he constantly did. She feared he would never be a good actor himself but he knew how to get the best out of other actors; he had the makings of a great director and knew the theater, front and back.

"Ben, the critics say"—as if discussing her costume for the second act—"that since I came back from the movies I'm more

"Well, you're wrong. I don't care to be your meek slave any longer."



beautiful than ever, and I believe it's true. I sort of feel it."

"Right!" said Ben. "I sort of feel it myself."

"Do you?" she asked eagerly. "I'm so glad." To her it was not a mere personal compliment, but an authoritative appraisal of a professional asset.

To be sure, men were always falling in love with her, and she liked that too, but Ben was like a member of the family, always taking care of her, running errands for Grandma and consulting Mother about her contracts. Mother was out on the road at present. "If I ever marry," she had often told him, "it will be anybody but an actor." She thought it would be somebody grand and aristocratic who had never seen the back of the stage.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," said the playwright, joining them, "but that fellow expected us to play comedy in a set twenty feet deep."

"Oh, where's my bag?"

"Here it is," said Ben. He had formed the habit of noting where she misplaced her things. "Suppose I come around tonight and we'll run through that scene together? Grandma can hold the book."

"But, darling, you forget I'm invited out to the Wellington Powers for the week-end."

No, he hadn't forgotten about her smart friends. "I thought maybe you'd change your mind. You so often do. Better take your parasol. The sun's terrible today."

"And remember," he added, handing her the parasol, "no more fried scallops! You know what they did to you last time."

"All right," she said, laughing, and left with the playwright. Ben was not invited to lunch with the author and the star. He was only the stage-manager. He watched them leave together, then ate a sandwich alone at a stand-up place, and hurried back to the theater in time to rearrange the stage for the second act, using chairs and tables and a couple of stage braces to represent the furnishings.

The other members of the company returned. The star and the author came in late. Ben, always watching her, saw that she was disturbed and she avoided his eyes.

"Just a moment," Austin said to the others. "Ben, there's something we want to speak to you about . . . Why, where's Miss Raleigh?"

"I'll find her," said Ben. He had seen her turn back toward the stage door.

Both men went out there. She was in the vestibule, crying.

"Miss Raleigh and I have been talking it over," Austin began.

"That place in the second act?" asked Ben.

"No, your part in the prologue. We don't feel that you're going to do yourself justice the way you're playing it."

"Well, I think I'm pretty bad myself. How do you want me to play it?"

"Why, we feel," began the playwright . . . "You tell him, Miss Raleigh."

"Well, the fact is, Ben . . . Oh, you do it, Mr. Austin."

"Why, it occurred to us that, possibly, perhaps— How was it you put it, Miss Raleigh?"

"Why, Mr. Austin thinks— Oh, I can't! I can't!"

"Ben, you're mis-cast and it wouldn't be fair to you or the play to keep you in the company any longer. I can't tell you how sorry I am."

The actor looked from one to the other. He turned white and his lips trembled. "I see," he said. "So that's it, eh?"

"Oh, Ben! It is breaking my heart!"

"Oh, that's all right. I understand. Why, if I'd been casting the play, I never would have chosen myself for the part."

"It's awfully decent of you, Ben." The playwright held out his hand.



"S-sh! Take that person outside! We're rehearsing a play

Ben took it. But he was looking at Felicia. No more rehearsals with her. She would go out for the road trial without him. He would not be in her company on her first night in New York as a star . . . And the joke of it was that the comic opera job was gone. He was out of an engagement.

"Well, Mr. Austin, all I've got to say is that it's a beautiful play and I consider it a great privilege to have worked with you, and I wish you both all the success in the world."

Austin kept on shaking the actor's hand. "You're a good sport, Ben, and if I can ever do anything for you—well, good-by, old man." The playwright went back to the stage.

Felicia threw her arms about Ben's neck and clung to him, quaking, not with mirth now, but with uncontrollable sobs. "Oh, Ben! Ben! if you only got mad and swore I could stand it better."

He patted her back. "Please don't cry," he said. "To tell the truth, I never really liked that part." He wanted to make it easier for her and she knew it and this only made it harder. She drew his face down to hers and kissed him, her tears wetting his face.

"Well, well!" he said, "there are advantages in being fired by you . . . Better run along now, my dear."



here," called the harassed playwright. The imposing old lady led Mrs. Powers out into the foyer.

"Oh, darling, darling," she cried, "what I'll do without you!"

"Your entrance cue. My exit cue," he added, laughing or trying to. "I'll be on hand to lead the applause the first night all right. Good-by, Felicia."

She started toward the stage, but ran back, kissed him once more and disappeared.

Ben had left his hat on the table with the manuscripts. He did not feel like facing the others just now, so he sent the stage-door keeper in. The company saw this. They had already seen Felicia's face. They guessed the rest. Suppressed whispering spread around the edges of the stage.

"Second act!" called out the playwright. "Places, please. Miss Raleigh, you're on at the rise, you know."

But instead of taking her place the young star burst into undignified tears. That started one of the other women. Handkerchiefs appeared. The contagion spread. Everyone had liked and respected Ben. Now they loved him and mourned the loss of a comrade. The playwright, in dismay, glanced around at the company.

He arose, rapped on the table and raised his voice. "Ten o'clock Monday morning," he said.

**FELICIA** crossed the terrace and descended the broad steps into the cool fragrant shadows of the garden. She was not aware that Barker Powers, the son of the house, had watched her leave the room, but the other bridge-players were aware of it. The whole house-party had been observing these two with considerable interest all day and the evening before at the dance. In fact, from the moment the little actress had made her demure entrance at tea time on Saturday with Barker, who had motored her out from town, these two had occupied the center of this stage. Felicia did not realize that, either.

She had slipped away, not because she was bored with him. Felicia was seldom bored. Everybody and everything interested her. But she had already met everyone and now wanted to see more of the things, the beautiful things she had heard about.

This was one of the show places of America. But unlike the show places she had visited when playing in England, it had no

## The Actress and The Lady

one to show it to her. The Wellington Powers were as unremittingly modest about their ducal estate as if they had possessed the genius to design wonderful houses and gardens themselves. Hal Judd, the architect, was an old friend of her family's, a club-mate of Ben's at The Players. She adored his work.

Perhaps her fellow house-guests were modest, too, for the ingenuous little actress's enthusiasm had caused the cold-eyed girl they called Stephanie to stare as if Felicia were an outsider—as, of course, she was. But none of them seemed much impressed with beauty. They preferred bridge. The implication was that they were all habituated to this scale of magnificence. As to that, the actress had her smiling doubts, but they must at any rate have been habituated to bridge, and yet it seemed all right to exclaim over bridge, but not over beauty. Such funny people.

She strolled on through the lower garden and, leaning against a vine-covered wall, looked back at the spacious, gracious house resting in tranquil seclusion upon its partly wooded hill. She knew nothing about the laws of landscape or styles of architecture, but she knew good work when she saw it; and it was just like Hal, she thought, to avoid the grandiose and arrogant.

It was all so serene and satisfying in the hushed loveliness of the sunset that it made her cry. She enjoyed being made to cry in that way and was having a gorgeous time out here alone, but wished that Ben could see it. He cared so for beautiful effects and knew more about them . . . Such funny people to remain indoors playing bridge and breathing cigaret smoke when they might be seeing and scenting all this.

Well, one of the bridge-players, as it happened, did not remain indoors. Barker had left the room saying something about "a long distance call." Then he had stolen out of the house by the north entrance, and doubling around the tennis courts, made his way toward the sunken garden.

His sister, Julie, smiled at one of her girl guests. "Too bad he has to telephone, isn't it, Stephanie?" There were four or five other young women here who had been waiting, like slaves in a harem, for some sign of the royal favor. Barker was the heir-apparent to the Powers's principality.

Felicia, however, had wandered on until she came to a secluded bench down the vista. That was why it was taking Barker so long to find her. She was watching the tender changes in light and color, but she was thinking about the various grand people she had been meeting of late in the "great world," meaning that small one whose press notices and pictures appeared on a different page of the paper from those of her world. She wondered why they never remained grand after she got a close-up of them.

It was disappointing to this little actress, so willing and able to be impressed. She had long cherished a secret hope of encountering in real life people who talked like the brilliant characters in high comedy. Mrs. Wellington Powers, for example, seemed to have "the ease and simplicity of the ruling class," and Felicia really liked her better than a "grande dame" part as played by the middle-aged actresses of Broadway, but though her diction was fair, her dialogue was dull, terribly dull.

Suddenly forgetting her recent tears the young star began to twinkle and then to laugh. She had hit upon an idea that explained it all. These people had a wonderful set, because Hal Judd had designed it; similarly, their costumes were notable in many cases, because created by artists in Paris and introduced to our nicest people by the demi-monde at the Fall and Spring races. So far, so good.

But, unfortunately, they had no dramatist to write their stuff, they themselves had to supply the lines and therefore the whole show was a failure. Everything excellent had been bought, and when they could not buy it they could not have it. All their ideas were second-hand and there was nothing really grand about these people at all! What a pity.

"Say, kid, I've been looking all over for you."

She had not heard any one approaching over the velvet turf and was so startled that she sprang to her feet. It was Barker. Such a New Yorky voice!

Miss Raleigh was not accustomed to being called "kid," so she smiled to show that she did not mind, but wished that, at least, he had made it "I say" as in English comedies.

He came closer. "Say, listen! What did you want to run away from me for?" He thought it was to make him follow. That was why most girls did such things, and as she was an actress—well, he knew all about actresses, having known chorus girls.

It had not occurred to her to run away from him. Even though he was mis-cast, she liked him, but wished that he had his sister Julie's charming intonation. "I didn't know you were coming, too," she said.

The deuce she didn't! Why did she go out into the garden alone then? He reached out and took her hand. That meant nothing to her—she was an actress. He took the other hand. But in her profession holding hands was merely a means of holding the attention. "I've got something to say to you."

He was one of those very young men who think themselves irresistible to women. He was smiling now, so she smiled, too, though puzzled.

"Well, what is it?"

He laughed. "Why, it's this," he said, and suddenly drawing her close, he imprisoned her in his arms and began to kiss her.

No other girl in that week-end party would have been so surprised as the little actress. For one thing, they knew him better. And she was as unaccustomed to being kissed in private as some of them were to being kissed in public. She had been out on the road, had played in stock, had been thrown with all kinds of actors, managers, playwrights, critics. But always, everywhere, she had been known as a Raleigh, a sort of princess of the royal blood in her world, even when a poor little princess, one season, playing in vaudeville. No one had ever dared to kiss her without her permission before.

But for one unaccustomed to such encounters, she displayed rare wisdom. Instead of struggling or resisting, she simply stood still, waiting as indifferently and patiently as if for her masseuse to finish with her face. That stopped him. A much more effective technique than if she had cried, "Don't!" or "How dare you!"

Smiling self-consciously he stepped back and stole a glance at her eyes. They were not blazing. She merely scrutinized him as if he were a curious garden worm. "Why do that?" she asked.

"Because I'm crazy about you, Felicia. You know that."

She was a hard-working, ambitious young actress with a production on her hands and a grandmother to support. She hadn't as much time for men, nor as much sex-consciousness as the nice girls playing bridge. She was a worker. Most of them were idlers. But all the same, she had thought it would be a rather dizzy and delightful thing to marry this young heir-apparent and have all the interesting people in the world, really interesting ones, who did things, not those who merely owned them, come to her wonderful country seat. She was thinking of it now. But she had not supposed that "they" would say "crazy." His love-making was so crude that she could not help laughing. She knew that she ought to feel insulted, but she only felt amused.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You. You're so funny."

He did not like this, but it piqued his interest. Was she playing with him? Very subtle, some of these actress vamps.

"What's funny about me?"

"Oh, nothing. I'm laughing at myself, really."

"Nothing funny about my falling for you, is there?"

"Have you—fallen for me, Barker?"

"Sure, I've fallen hard."

He grasped her by the arm. She looked at his hand. He took it away.

Somehow he felt shy with this actress. She was not like the others, and she looked adorable there before him in the afterglow. "Say, listen! Don't get sore. Damn it all, Felicia, I love you."

"Do you, Barker?" She did not laugh at him now. She never did when they said it that way. He seemed to be just a nice impetuous boy and his eyes were fluttering before her gaze. It was the most advantageous proposal she had ever received. She did not forget that.

He had no idea of proposing marriage to the actress, and the actress had no idea that any other proposal would be made to her. So she liked him for not reminding her with an arrogant gesture that all this wide-spreading beauty would some day be hers. That seemed true to type.

"Well, how about it?"

"I think you're a dear," she said, patting his arm, "but you'll have to give me time to think it over."

"How much time?"

"I can't think about anything else during a production, Barker. You know we open at Stamford two weeks from tomorrow night."

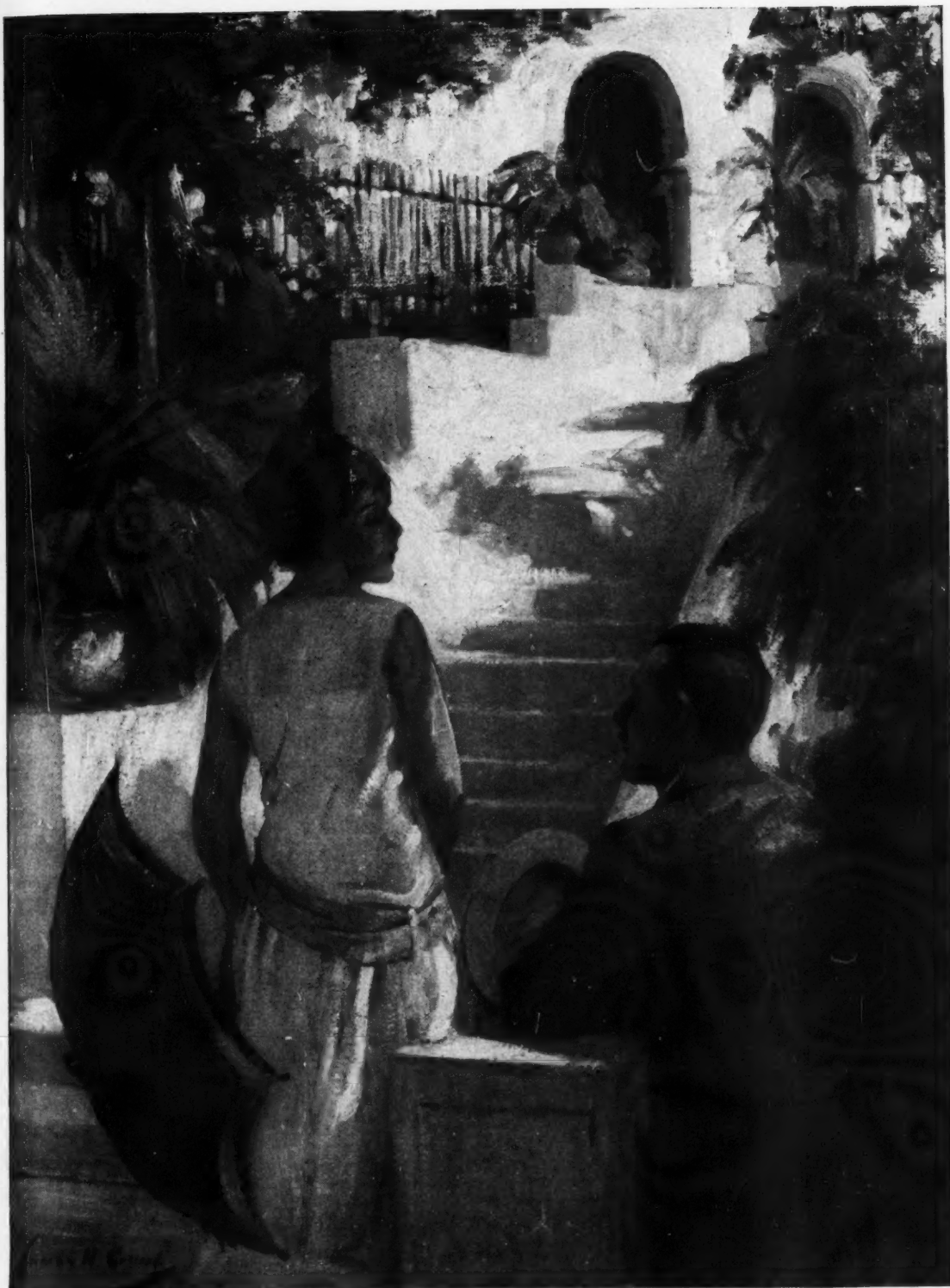
"I'll be there—if you'll take supper with me this time."

"This time?"

"You know, I asked you twice last winter, but you had another date each time. Then you left town."

"Oh, yes." She had forgotten all about it. "We didn't last long on Broadway. We went out on the road and failed there, too. But the new play is going to make a hit, Barker. It's beautiful."





Somehow he felt shy with this actress. She looked adorable there in the afterglow.

He was not much interested in that. He was wondering about those other dates. If he had only known! It was a custom of the Raleigh clan to foregather every evening after the performance and take supper together, presided over by Grandma. "The baby's got a new tooth" . . . "They put up the notice tonight" . . . "It isn't like *us* to play in that sort of thing" . . . "I remember once Mr. Booth said to me—" That was the kind of supper party this actress was most accustomed to.

"Barker! Look at the time!"

As they reached the house he said:

"There are a lot of people coming for dinner this evening.

After they've left, meet me out here in the garden, see?"

She nodded absently but she wasn't listening. She was thinking of that cold-eyed Stephanie. It would be almost worth while to marry this boy just to show snobs like her their place.

**MRS. WELLINGTON POWERS** was one of those who still think it quite broad-minded to receive actresses. She had not wanted to invite the interesting young person, but what is one to do when one's daughter goes in for meeting all sorts of queer people at all kinds of strange places? The new generation is so uncontrollable.

(Continued on page 118)

By

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON



No experienced traveler ever tells the inexperienced the things he really finds startling. I'm going to do it.—A. S. M. Hutchinson.

I AM at sea; I am bound for South America, Brazil and the Amazon; and for a start I give you this:

"Having nothing particular to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about a little and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen and regulating the circulation. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses and bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me from deliberately stepping into the street and methodically knocking people's hats off—then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can. There is nothing surprising in this. If they but knew it, almost all men, in their degree, some time or other cherish the same feelings towards the ocean with me."

Shade of Herman Melville, I salute thee! Thou didst write that in 1850; on this day of 1924 at large and at peace upon the ocean in a small ship (as ships go) I do endorse it!

Yes, and in my enthusiastic way I showed the passage I have quoted to the Captain, at whose strong right hand I sit at table. "Isn't that fine, Captain?" cried I. "Isn't that true? Don't you agree absolutely with that?"

He read it. He returned the book to me.

"Sir," said he in the manner of Dr. Johnson, "the man who would go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for a pastime."

Well, be that as it may, and be Herman Melville or Captain, my Captain, right, there is one charm about ocean travel, I have discovered, that is unquestionable by any civilized man. The supreme delight of ocean travel, the call that will call me all the rest of my life wheresoever on land I may be, is that at sea there is somewhere to throw your safety razor blades.

Flick, out of the port-hole they go!

Glorious! Their disposal has been a burden to me ever since I began using a safety. Flick! Intoxicating! My passage money was worth this alone!

None among my traveled friends, counseling me before my voyage, ever told me of this supreme thrill that was awaiting me. The omission, so sublime and outstanding is the fact, would be

# I AM

The FIRST of a Series

Illustrations by

extraordinary to me were it not that already, in a very small experience of travel, I have learned that neither guide-books nor experienced friends ever do tell the inexperienced the things he really does find interesting or startling. I was given endless information before I embarked me on my boat; no one said a word to me about the amazing arrangement of my bedding that I found when on my first night I climbed up to my bunk. The bedclothes were not tucked beneath the mattress, nor lay they on the mattress untucked. On each side and at the foot they were folded in on themselves; they lay along the center of my bunk as might lie a folded pancake along the middle of a dish.

I poised, my foot nearly cut in half by the edge of the lower bunk, and stared gloomily upon this astonishing thing. How the dickens? Mind you, I had to sleep with this pancake. How? Obviously I must lie either upon it or beneath it; and as to do the former was manifestly absurd (and as it was dashed cold balancing in my pajamas on that knife-like edge) I went for the latter, first shaking out the folds and hitting my head a loud thump against the ceiling as I knelt up to do so.

I was told afterwards that the arrangement was what they call a "seabed" and that the idea is to use it as a bag, into which you slide and wherein, slid, you sleep. As to that I have only to say that up to my ninth day out I never managed to do it. I could slide in all right; my difficulty was that I always slid out again, first at the far end, awaking with cold and naked feet; then at one side or the other, awaking chilled to the bone with my seabed on the floor, four foot six beneath me. I have started



I saw many a woman's crowning glory crowned in its turn by an immeas. basket of coal.

Who Wrote "If Winter Comes"

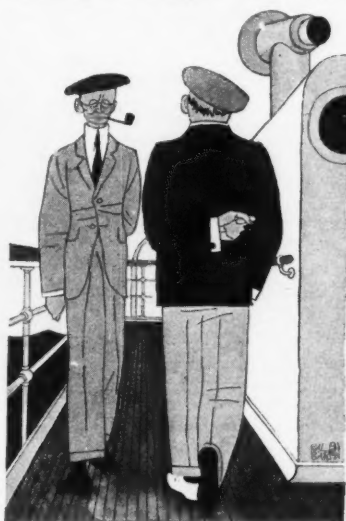
# AT SEA

of Cheerful Adventures

Ralph Barton



The liveliest young ladies I saw waved at me from the barred window of a gloomy building.



Shipboard walking has taught me the art of politely cutting a person.

now nightly to make my seabed into a landbed and then morningly to make my landbed back into a seabed again. This latter I do because the steward when he first saw my landbed did not take the hint, and by returning me a seabed hinted pretty strongly to me that that kind of thing was not done on his ship. I took it. It is extraordinary to me how much quicker I am to take other people's hints than they are to take mine.

A ship, I had been told, is a little world in itself, complete and self-supporting. I may now tell you that the principal industries of the passenger portion of this world are eating and sleeping. The menus are as long as the decks, except breakfast, lunch and dinner which are slightly longer. I could not say whether the sleep divides the meals or whether the meals separate the sleeps, but it is one or the other. Exercise takes the form of deck-golf and of walking. Deck-golf appears to me to be an ingenious combination of all the foul strokes in croquet, golf and billiards, and when I play a blind man, or an armless and legless man I think it quite possible that I may win a game at it. Not otherwise.

At walking, however, I have always been pretty useful, and certainly it never occurred to me that I could be taught anything in that line by those who pad these confined decks. I was wrong. Shipboard walking has taught me an art the knowledge of which I have yearned for with a long and bitter yearning: I mean the art of politely cutting a person; the art of avoiding the eye of one whom you do not wish to see. Heavens, the times and the occasions when I have longed to possess it; heavens, the sufferings I have suffered by being, instead, one of those miseries who, entering an assembly of a thousand persons among whom he would at all costs avoid but one, immediately and hopelessly catches the eye of that one and is swooped upon as swoops the hawk upon the unhappy field-mouse; heavens!

But now! Now when I return to my familiar haunts I believe I will back myself to brush past my own brother in the street, look him dead in the eye, and see him no more than as if he were off the earth. You learn it on shipboard; you have to. Promenading up and down these short decks you will pass and repass your fellow promenaders a hundred times in fifteen minutes. To nod or smile at each encounter would be ineane and maddening to the point of forcing one to jump overboard and have done with it. By a convention universally assumed and mysteriously acquired

you simply do not see them. You do not look away; it is nothing so obvious and clumsy as that: you look straight into an eye but it is an eye that sees, not you, but, through your head, something most desperately absorbing twenty miles behind you; and the eye, your own eye, that you fix upon his is the unseeing yet enormously occupied eye as of Napoleon on Moscow, of Caesar on the Rubicon, of Cortez on the Pacific.

Marvelous! Glorious! Twice my passage money and more were cheap for this alone.

We are largely Portuguese on this boat and our first two ports of call were in Portugal, at Leixoes and Lisbon. When I tell you that Leixoes is pronounced Lay-shoines you will appreciate that Portuguese is not, to our way of thinking, pronounced precisely as it is spelled; and after one or two attempts I decided to leave it among the enormous number of things of which I am ignorant but perfectly contented to remain so. I have, however, a Portuguese phrase-book (thoughtfully provided by the ship) and it was my first glance at this that gave me the belief that Portugal was eminently the land for me. I am one who never can make up his mind or, having made it up, invariably regrets the decision and desires to change it; and you may judge then how my heart responded to the apparent habits of the Portuguese when I found in my phrase-book this for the English of the first two phrases:

"Do you require a boat, sir?"

"Yes, I do. No, I don't."

That is me all over.

The next couplet, however, chilled my enthusiasm for life among the Portuguese:

"Are you the boatman?"

"I am, sir. I am not."

No thanks. Not for me. I have lived with my own mind so long that I am accustomed to its vacillations and I should be suspicious and uneasy if it suddenly began to let loose on me decisions full-speed and iron-clamped; but I do most intensely dislike another man who is uncertain of himself and I am not going to live among boatmen or men of any other profession who will tell me "I am, sir. I am not."

However, I went ashore at Leixoes and I was glad that I did. Leixoes is the port for Oporto. That a place calling itself in its own tongue "The Port" should have for its port an entirely different place eight miles away did not puzzle me. I remembered my phrase-book. Oporto, in the Portuguese manner, clearly says: "I am the port; I am not the port." Well, Oporto can afford to quibble; it can afford to do anything it likes; it has given to the word port a special and a noble meaning; I suppose it has caused more smacking of the tongue, more benign and comfortable feelings (and I dare say more gout) than any city in the world.

It gives the world port wine.

Two residents of the British colony came aboard and took me ashore and did me handsomely. There is a considerable British colony in Oporto, the major portion of (Continued on page 108)



By

Dana Burnet

Illustrations by

William

Kemp Starrett

*The  
Romance  
of a  
Young  
Couple  
Who  
Tried To  
Escape  
From  
Themselves*



**T**A, TA, ta—daaa; da! Ta, ta, ta, went the saxophone.

Faint and far off, from the end of a strange room as wide as the world, where countless people danced like leaves in a strong wind, sounded the saxophone.

Neal Preston tried to escape. He tried to sink deeper into the unconsciousness that this sound disturbed. But the sound was insistent. It changed character, became a metallic shouting. He woke, reluctant.

The telephone bell was ringing. He got up and answered it.

"Hello," he said irritably.

"Neal?" It was Anne Holloway's voice. "Have I got you up? Terribly sorry—"

"That's all right."

"I wouldn't have called so early, but I wanted to be sure . . . Can you possibly come to dinner tonight? I'm having Elsa Holt—you know her—and I need an extra man. Be a darling, and say you'll come."

Instantly, by some vague psychological process, he sensed an unusual purpose in what certainly seemed usual enough. His mind, still half empowered by the subtleties of the unconscious, perhaps was aware of overtones it ordinarily would have missed. At any rate, he was suspicious. It was absurd; but his instinct told him that Mrs. Holloway's invitation concealed a definite thrust, a definite assault against his masculine defenses.

"Do you realize," he temporized, "that my whole life has narrowed down to the business of being an extra man?"

"Then you've no other engagement? Thank heaven!"

"But I didn't say—as a matter of fact I was going to the club tonight to play bridge—"

"You're improvising, my dear boy. I'll expect you at eight."

32

We're going afterward to the Cave Primitif to dance—"

"Original program!" he could not help saying.

"I know, Neal." Mrs. Holloway's voice was unexpectedly plaintive. "But what else is there to do? We've been to all the shows, and—you can't invent beyond a certain limit. You simply can't! You're tied down by what's provided for you."

"Some day I'm going to rebel," he said.

"Well, but not tonight, please. At eight?"

Again that subtle apprehension, that sense of a masked force moving imperceptibly against him. But it was too slight, and too absurd.

"Yes."

"I hope you won't be terribly bored?"

He dragged up, from the depths of a momentary weariness, the necessary gallantry.

"Not with you, Anne."

" . . . You're sweet! I'll have to put you next to Elsa at dinner. She's just come back from Europe, more beautiful than ever. She's a trifle cold—I've always suspected her of being intelligent—but she has a marvelous figure. If I were a man, I'd marry her for that if for nothing else."

"Good Lord, Anne. You're not match-making, are you?"

Her laugh came a trifle too quickly.

"If I am, it's for your own good! You're altogether too independent, as a bachelor."

"Well," he said, assuming her tone, "I never marry women who are intelligent. I only make love to them."

"That's nice. We'll dance together—a lot. I'm going back to bed now. 'By.'"

He hung up the receiver. What was it that her voice reminded him of? Oh, yes, a saxophone. A small, silver one, nicely modulated; but giving off the characteristic wail . . .



Ignoring the negro chorus wearing nose-rings and feathers, Anne said: "You'd be tired of her in a month; then you'd come back to me nicer than ever."

# The Pinwheel Age

He recalled his suspicion, and puzzled over it. What the devil was Anne up to, if anything? Was she actually trying to toll him into marriage? Of course not! She wanted him for her own extra-marital diversion, a fact that he was well aware of. He dismissed his suspicion as unreasonable.

Was she really in love with him? Probably not. And if she was, what of it? Tom Holloway's million—(he had only one, but it was actual and sufficient)—was inevitably the answer to any of Anne's indiscretions. He heard her voice saying: "You're tied down by what's provided for you," and knew that the result of all her feminine flutterings would be a large and haunting zero—or rather six zeros in a row.

The sum of all human flutterings was a large and haunting zero. It shouldn't be!

Why shouldn't it be?

"Good Lord," he thought, "am I going to start out at this late date looking for an ideal?"

Oddly he thought of the Ideal as a goat leaping from crag to crag upon the mountains of disillusion. A wild, shy goat that he would hunt without success.

"Much better to go to Maine and get some trout fishing," he told himself practically.

His manservant, a middle-aged negro named Herbert, brought him his breakfast. He ate it sitting by the window of his living room. His bachelor's apartment was in an old building overlooking Gramercy Park. It was a morning late in May. The sun shone, and the park was green.

"Herbert, I wish you'd pack my fishing gear. I'm going to Maine tomorrow."

"By train, Mr. Preston?"

"No; I'll drive."

"Yes, sir."

He was stale. He had a headache; nothing to bother about, but still a headache. That fact seemed suddenly important. He'd begun having headaches, he remembered, on a certain Armistice Day celebration, in Paris, six years ago.

That was the start of it. He'd come home from France to a world passionately bent on freedom without let or hindrance. One tabu his world had; that was hypocrisy. No more fake didoes of faith, patriotism, morals, utilitarianism, love or whatnot. The new Bill of Rights contained only two sweeping provisions: Don't kid yourself and do as you damn please.

A young man of independent income, a bachelor, well-connected socially—as the phrase is—Neal had accepted without thought the new dispensation. In his younger days he had entertained an ambition to become a physician and spend himself for the good of humanity. The war had interrupted his studies, and since then—

Oh, bother! Why think about it?

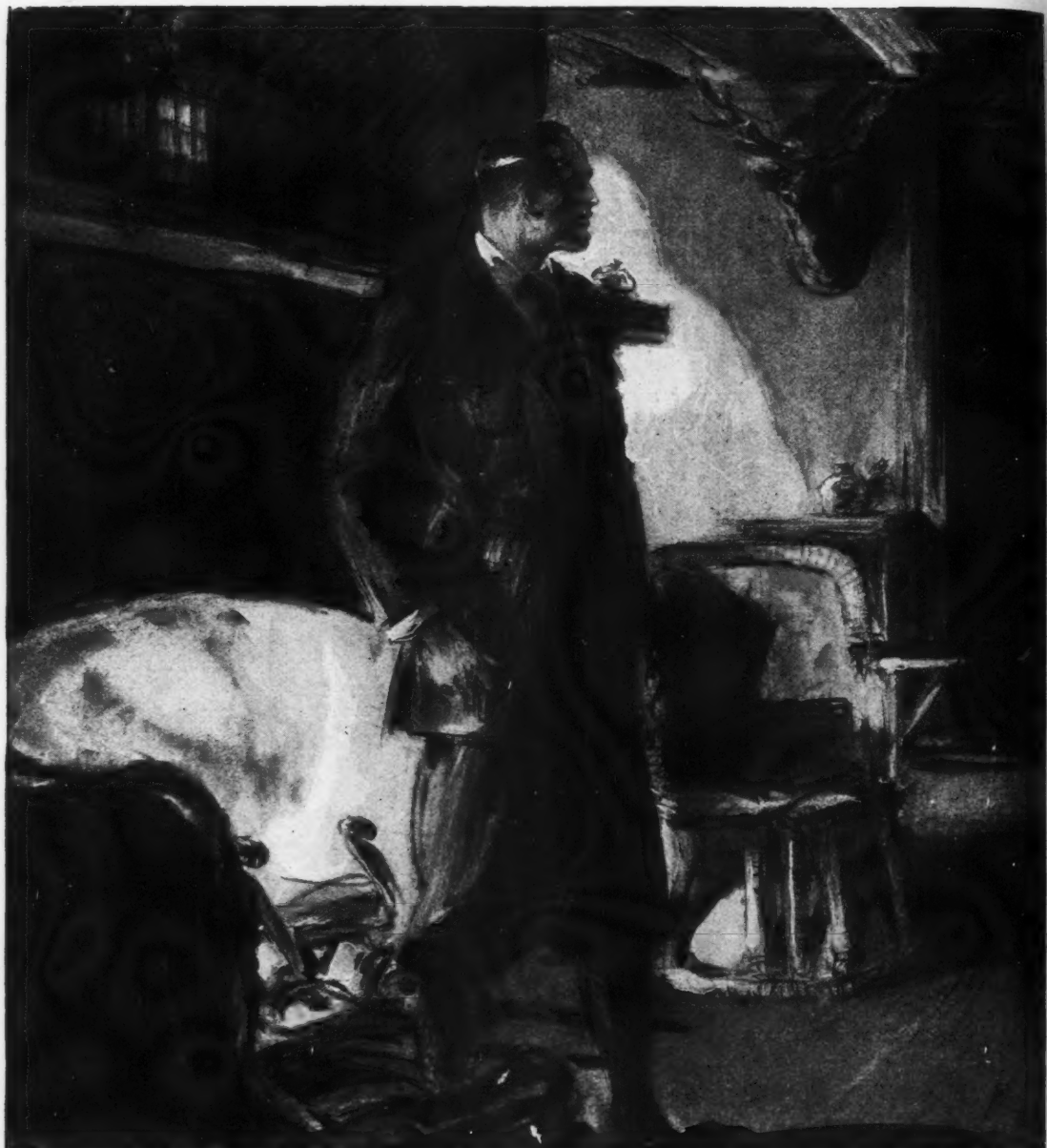
The world would go on, whether or no. The age he lived in was as good as any, and better than most.

He had a headache. It would pass off before evening. He'd be fit enough for Anne's party. There was a groove in his brain from going to Anne's parties.

Still, she was lovely; pink and gold, like a wax model in a dress-maker's window; slender, exciting to dance with . . .

How green the park was . . . Would he be arrested if he went down and rolled in the grass? Of course he'd be arrested; sent to an insane asylum.

Curious how her voice sang in his ears. "Ta, ta, ta—!"



She pulled off her hat and flung it across the room. "I'm

He'd go to his camp in Maine and get some trout fishing; drive up in his new car—

Daaa-da! Ta, ta, ta!

He arrived early, as his habit was, at the Holloway apartment. Tom had got home late; was still dressing. Neal was alone with Anne in the beautifully decorated living room that provided a proper background for her female flutterings.

"You look great in that dress," he said, like an actor launching the first line of a play.

She glided toward him, a movement he knew so well; a melting, desirous movement.

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You really shouldn't, Neal dear."

It was his cue. The familiar justifying phrases sprang to his lips, but he didn't utter them. Instead he remained stubbornly silent, so that she became slightly alarmed and put her hands on his shoulders.

"What's the matter, Neal?"

"Nothing."

"Are you cross with me? Have I done anything—?"

"Not a thing. No! I tell you, nothing's the matter."

"Then—?"

He kissed her a second time; walked over to the broad couch—

how one sank into that couch!—and lighted a cigaret. She came and sat beside him.

"You know, Neal, I think you need something to occupy your mind."

Now she was going to meddle in his life; arrange it for him. Women always did that when you stopped kissing them; they stood off and feigned, working for a new grip . . . Still, he was rather fascinated by the sureness of her instinct. How the deuce had she known that he was temporarily disaffected, off-balance—?

"Nice of you to suggest I've got a mind."

"Neal! Of course you have! I've always thought—I've said—you're the most intellectual man I know. You really are."

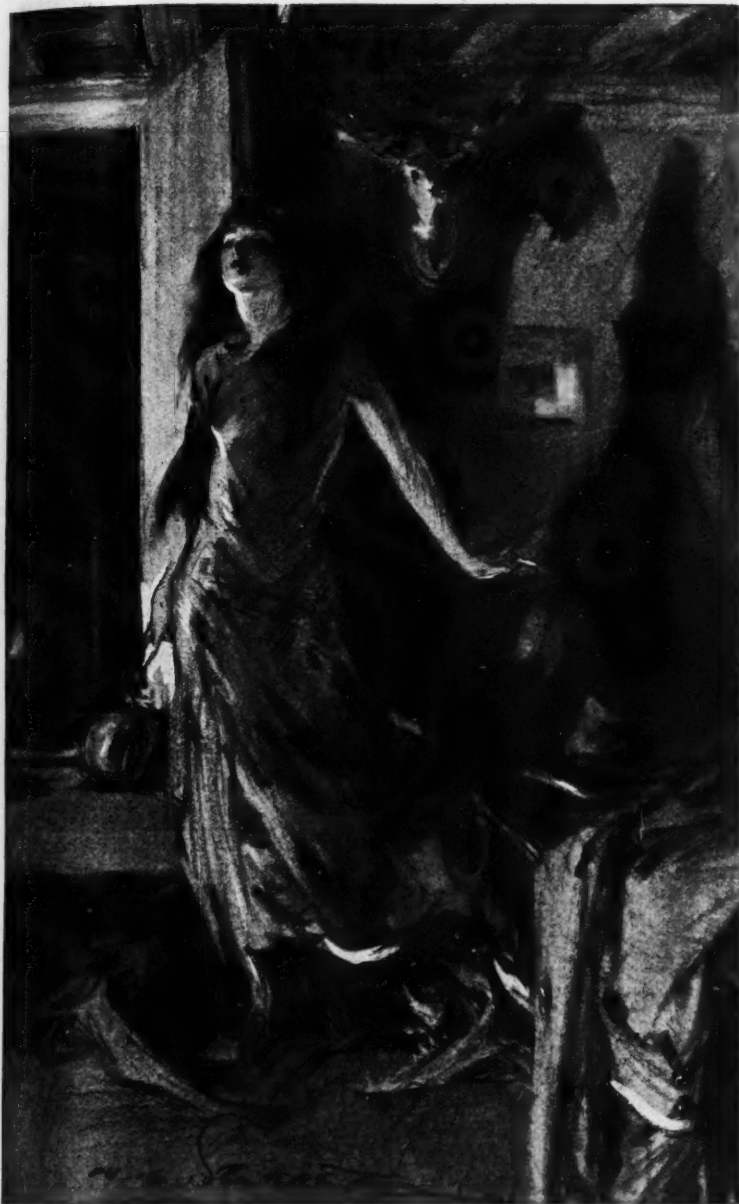
He looked at her, convinced, suddenly, that she had some purpose tending toward his subjection, his complete surrender to her will. He knew also that she would reveal this purpose only when it pleased her. He was contemptuous of her feminine procedure, and rather amused.

He said in answer to her last remark: "Suppose I am? What of it?"

"Nothing. I was just observing that you had a brain."

"I don't trust brain," he informed her. "If there's any answer to the riddle of existence it won't be found in the human brain."





your wife, Neal! Your wife!"

It'll be found somewhere among the senses, where the whole trouble started."

"Yes, I believe in the senses," said Anne Holloway, pulling up the shoulder strap of her daring evening gown. "I believe . . . But that's what we're all doing now, isn't it? We're searching for life among the senses."

"But always with a qualification!" he cried, throwing his cigaret into the decorative fireplace.

"What you need," she said, softly stroking his arm, "is some sort of work."

"Oh, work!" he growled. "I've no faith in work. Where's the beauty of being shut up in an office, turning out some ridiculous plaything for a world fed up with playthings?"

"That book you were going to write . . . The one you told me about, your war experiences?"

He grinned at her.

"That was an unjustified egotism. My war experiences aren't important. No one man's experiences are important, unless he has the genius to make them so. And I'm not a genius, dear Anne."

"How do you know?"

"I've none of the symptoms. Creative genius expresses itself in non-organic ways. I'm the average. I want to deal in flesh

and blood—my own, preferably. I want to sample my own—potentialities."

"You talk like a genius, anyway," she said, somewhat tartly.

"Oh, I've always been able to talk . . . But to my knowledge I've never said anything important."

"You don't love me," she murmured, clasping her hands and looking straight before her.

He decided, perversely, to seize the initiative. His impulse was both conscious and curiously genuine, sincere.

"Will you run away with me tonight?"

"Run away—?" She turned her body toward him, her white shoulder gleaming suddenly in the lamplight, her white breast like shadowed marble . . . "Run away? Where?"

"Anywhere. To Maine! I'm going fishing—to a camp I own—on a lake—in the mountains."

"Neal!"

"Will you go?"

"But—"

"Will you?"

"Of course not. You know it's impossible—for a thousand reasons."

"No. There's only one reason. Because you don't want to go."

"That's not true," she said with an admirable simulation of emotion. "I'd give my soul to go with you—"

"But not your body. Not your clothes, and your apartment, and your winters in Palm Beach. Not spring in Paris and pearls at Cartier's, not—"

"I think you're perfectly horrid, Neal! You know—"

"I know that people do pretty much what they want to do. You like to play around with me, you like to think you're in love, but it all stops short of reality. That's what gets on my nerves. The saxophone goes ta, ta, ta, and the traps go clack, clack, boom! But nothing happens. We jazz around, we play tunes on our tight-strung nerves, we gamble among the emotions, but the most we get out of it is a headache—or a neurosis."

She rose, smoothing her gown over her hips. Her voice when she spoke was light, slightly impudent, as always. Yet it had a vituperative undertone.

"I'm glad you're going to sit next to Elsa Holt at dinner . . . Ask her to elope with you! I'm sure she'd enjoy it. She's thirty."

"I believe you are trying to marry me off, Anne!"

"You're impossible," she said, as her husband came into the room.

Tom Holloway was a big, flushed man in a smooth-fitting dinner-coat. He shook hands with Neal, apologizing blandly for his tardiness. "Played bridge this afternoon . . . Rather late getting home." He looked at his wife as if to say: "See how considerate I am of your little passion, my dear."

Tom didn't object to Anne's flirtations. They afforded the necessary license for his own. If she went too far he cut down her allowance. The arrangement worked automatically—and beautifully . . .

The other guests arrived. There were cocktails and more cocktails. The talk ran up a scale of shrillness; swelled to a chorus, slightly mad, threaded with arpeggios of female laughter . . .

Neal sat between May Summerling, a brown moth of a woman who looked boldly at Tom Holloway, and Elsa Holt. The latter he knew fairly well, but only as one knows the inhabitants of one's particular plane. She was beautiful enough. Neal had forgotten how beautiful she was. But her effect, the sum total of her presence, was cold. She had a cold white face, framed in masses of heavy black hair. Her eyes were coal-black; they

glistered like coal in a mine when the light from a miner's head-lamp falls on it. Her brows were high and finely drawn. Like all the other women present, she had a vivid red mouth; but Neal discovered, to his astonishment, that hers was not rouged. The discovery gave him a brief shock. It seemed quite unnatural to her to have such a mouth.

She had drunk a cocktail; she drank wine and champagne with her dinner. Neal watched her. But she did not become shrill. Once or twice he caught her looking at the others with something like disdain.

"I haven't seen you," he began, "since the Summerlings', last Fall."

"I've been abroad."

"Paris?"

"Yes. And the Côte d'Azur."

He tried to think of something that hadn't to do with climate or the decline of the franc. He said simply and rather inanely, "Why?"

"Why—?"

"Yes. Why does one do anything so revolutionary as to get on a steamer and—?"

"I was running away."

He was emboldened by the alcohol he had drunk to say, "From some man?"

"No. From myself."

He looked at her with interest.

"What luck?"

"None."

"It's a difficult job, isn't it? Trying to escape one's self."

"Impossible."

"Then—what's to be done about it?"

The coal-black eyes swung around till they met his. He was amazed at the intimacy of the contact.

"You, too—?" she asked quietly.

"Yes, I—"

"Then you're not altogether absorbed by this—?" She made a slight movement of her hand, expressing the bibulous dinner-party.

"I'm not a congenital idiot," he said gruffly.

She continued to study him, not smiling or trying to turn the talk into its obvious shallows, as she might have done.

"It isn't idiocy . . . One needn't be an idiot to be taken in by it. I wish I could be—completely!"

Again he asked, "Why?" this time in surprise.

"Oh, I mean—to have the quality of mind that lets one lose one's self simply in movement. To become a pinwheel, spinning like mad and never wanting to fly off the stick."

"That's good," he said. "That sums it up . . . The only restriction is never to fly off the stick. One can't even suggest a thing," he added bitterly.

She smiled then.

"Instinct tells me that you've been suggesting it—quite recently."

"This very night!" he admitted recklessly.

"Wouldn't the lady fly?"

"No."

"No, of course not . . . It isn't in the nature of a pinwheel to turn into a kite . . . It's a question of structure."

He laughed.

"Look here, I think this has gone far enough."

"Yes . . . Especially as the lady in question happens to be looking at you . . ."

"What? Who—?"

"It's indecent of me to know, isn't it? But I do know. I knew by the way she spoke of you when she was asking me to dinner. Anne was going hunting and I was to be the innocent decoy."

"Then why did you come?" he asked bluntly.

"To prove that I was right, of course. Why else?"

He sank back in his chair, fumbling for a cigaret.

"It's theatrical," he said. "We pretend a secret drama, and all the time we're conscious of our audience . . . We really play for the benefit of the audience. I'm not sure that we're not all actually insane."

"If we're not, we will be," said Elsa Holt, calmly.

"Yes, one can't go on spinning indefinitely . . . Still, it's fun, in a way. It would be fun if—"

"If one were a magician, and could turn one's self into a kite when one wanted to. Or into a spotted leopard, or a green fish—"

"Why green?"

"Because I look well in green," she said. She had on a dress the color of leaves in shadow.

"I'm going to Maine to catch trout," he told her.

"How nice. You're going to revert. When?"

"Tomorrow!"

"It's curious," said Miss Holt fitting a cigaret into an ivory holder, "how few women care for fishing . . . They prefer to hunt."

"You're downright dangerous," said Neal. "I'm afraid of you . . . Will you dance a lot with me tonight?"

"Yes, I think I will. Before I came to dinner I visited a magician who turned me into a cat."

"Who was the magician?"

"My dressmaker."

"You haven't cat's eyes," he said.

"Haven't I?"

"No. A cat knows what it wants and how to get it. Consequently its eyes always shine with satisfaction—either actual or anticipatory."

"And mine—?"

"Lack the shine of satisfaction."

The women were leaving the table. She rose and hesitated a moment, regarding him standing also by his chair.

"Now I'm a little afraid of you," she said; and swept past him, tall and dark, her red mouth unnatural, her perfume faintly reaching him.

Ta, ta, daaa-da! went the saxophone, loud and real.

Clack, clack—boom! went the traps.

Dee-c—ee, mmm-mmm—hoo-hoo! went the fiddles, sawing away at the smoke-grained air.

A room done to represent a prehistoric cave, the pillars stalagmites, the decorations crude drawings of animals and Neolithic men. A square open space presently monopolized by the Cave Primitif Revue. A chorus of young negresses, half naked; negro chorus men wearing feathers and nose-rings; the dance set to music destined for the Broadway musical trade.

The dead faces of waiters floating in a fog. Other faces, distorted, sprung up like mushrooms about the little tables, white arms curiously branching, a laugh coming out of wide red mouths . . .

"What were you and Elsa talking about at dinner? You were frightfully attentive."

"We were talking about—fish."

"I've been thinking it over," said Mrs. Holloway in her vivacious treble. "And really, it isn't a bad idea. Why, don't you marry her, Neal?"

"Elsa?"

"Yes. It would be the best thing in the world for you. Just what you need to humanize you!"

"I thought you said she was cold?"

"So much the better."

"Why?" asked Neal.

"Because you'd be tired of her in a month; then you'd come back to me, nicer than ever."

"Unfortunately I'd be a married man."

"No, fortunately. Married men are always more tractable. There's a feeling of sympathy—the touch of the yoke, you know. One slave to another—"

She waved a slim white hand budded with a monstrous pearl. So it was out at last. She had revealed her purpose with characteristic impudence. He could only look at her and say: "What a damned little cynic you are!"

"Damned is right," murmured the lovely Mrs. Holloway. "But—can you blame me for wanting to enjoy my own, my native hell?"

"It isn't native," he said, "it's cultivated. I'm going to get out of it."

"You will," she answered, serenely. "Men do. But they come back to it. That is, if they've been trained to it, as you have."

"Don't talk. I want to look at the cuties."

But the cuties had finished their number and were flying off in a chocolate-colored riot toward the exits.

The men at the Holloway table pocketed their liquor flasks and the party flocked to the dancing floor.

Anne danced beautifully, as if her body had no more weight than the silk that clothed it. She was in her element; she became sharpened, quickened like a flame under a forced draught.

"Look at that brainless kitten purring on Tom's chest!" she said. "That's what marriage does to people . . ."



Anne burst into tears and flung herself on the couch, where she lay sobbing.

It makes them human. You really must marry, Neal."  
 "You're a fraud, Anne. You're nothing but a spoiled kid. Why can't we chuck it and be friends? When I come back from Maine I'll take you to the zoo."

"The monkey-house—? I hate it. It reminds me of May Summerling's dinners. As for being friends with you, I couldn't. I am a fraud. But I happen to be mad about you, Neal. And as long as I'm young and attractive I'll keep after you. You know I'm attractive?"

"Very," he said impersonally.

"You can't escape me. Run away, if you like. Marry Elsa—or an Abyssinian princess with bells on her toes. But you can't do without me. I'm your sort of life rolled up in a prize package,

with a little Cupid printed on the cover . . . Hold me tighter, Neal!"

"I won't."

"Then I will—!"

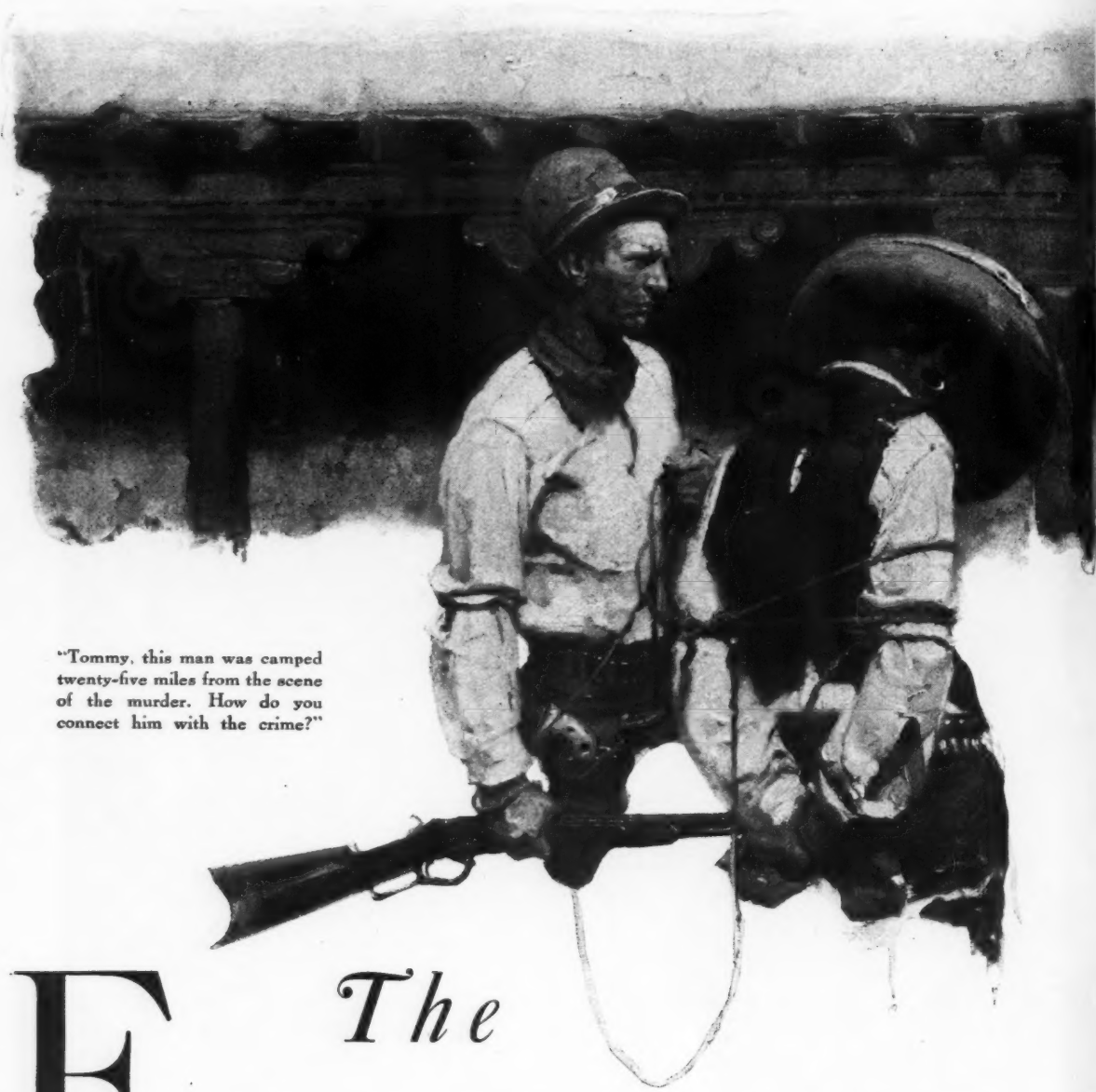
She clutched him, laughing. He put his head close to hers and said:

"You're death . . . You always have been."

"Then I'm inevitable," she answered, trilling the word.

His next dance was with Elsa Holt. She received him silently; gave herself into his arms without a word. She, too, danced beautifully, but her hand in his was cold. He remarked it. She didn't answer. He had a curious notion that her spirit was abroad, not in her body, not in the room. (Continued on page 162)





"Tommy, this man was camped twenty-five miles from the scene of the murder. How do you connect him with the crime?"

# The ENCHANTED

## *The Story So Far:*

LEE PURDY was the center of a hidden drama. Somebody was trying to make his days unbearably miserable, apparently to drive him away from the Enchanted Hill, the New Mexican cattle ranch where he lived with his tubercular sister, Hallie.

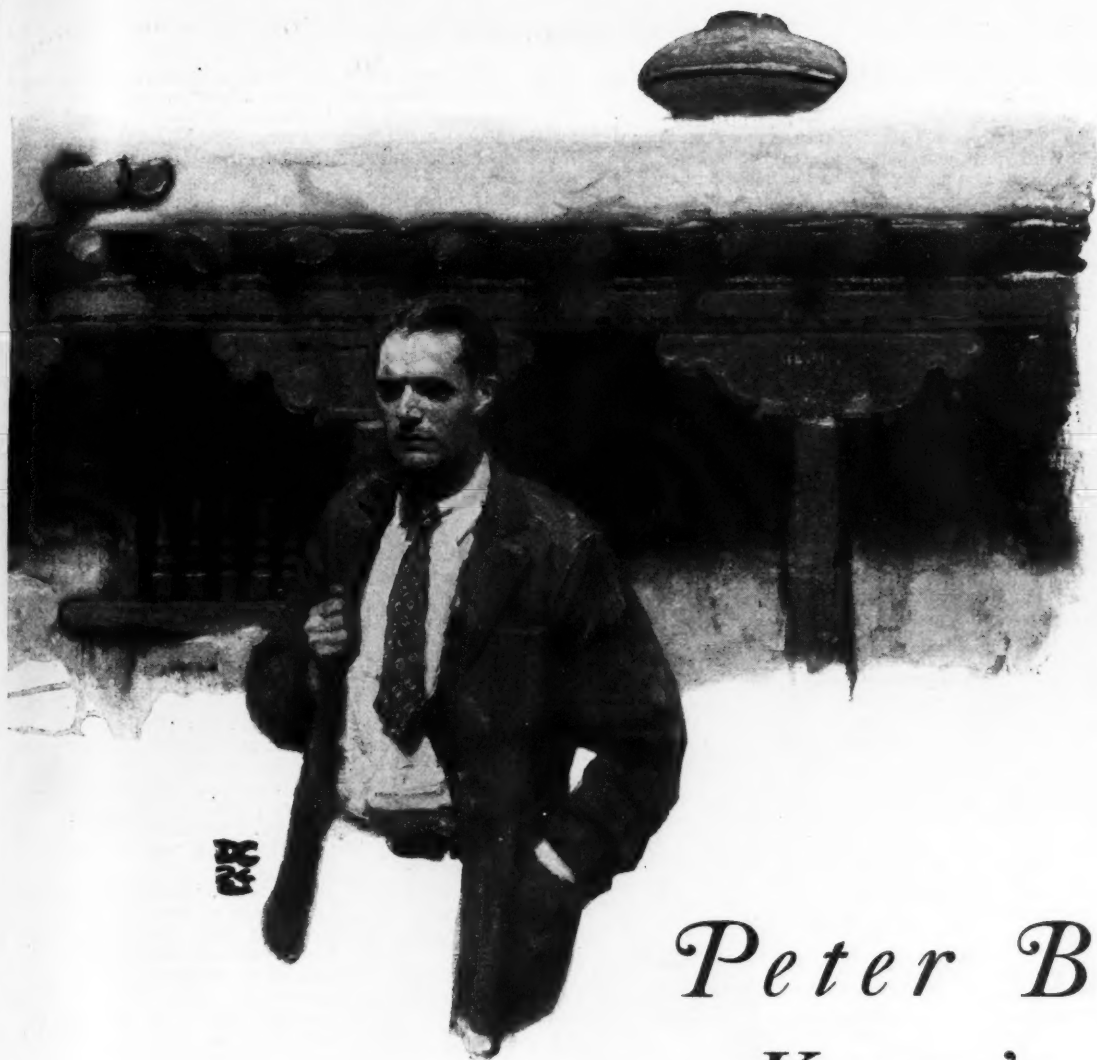
Into the midst of the drama stepped Gail Ormsby. She had just inherited the Box K ranch, whose manager, Ira Todd, was Lee's bitterest enemy and was at that moment in the hospital as an indirect result of a quarrel with Purdy. Knowing nothing of this, Gail accepted Lee's hospitable offer to stay temporarily with them. She was greatly attracted by her host's refinement and charm and daring spirit. She allowed Lee to take charge of her ranch, which, like his own, was mortgaged up to the hilt.

But she had stepped into a hornet's nest. Ira Todd, in the

hospital, told her so circumstantial a story of Lee's villainous past that she could not but believe it; and Lee admitted the main facts. So Gail, deeply disillusioned, prepared to leave La Cuesta Encantada.

She was first to witness a new act in the drama. Purdy had been a Major of aviation, decorated for bravery, in the war, and still kept several planes. Outside his hangar that night Gail saw one of his men, Joaquin, cold-bloodedly murder a prowling stranger, and Tommy Scaife, Lee's mechanic, take the body off in an airplane. Now as it happened, Joaquin was justified; the stranger had already crippled one of the planes in such a way that it was a miracle that not only Lee, but Gail as well, had escaped death when they rode in it the previous day. But this Gail did not know.

Before going to bed, she bitterly accused Lee of complicity in the murder. She also begged him to spare the life of Ira Todd,



*Peter B.  
Kyne's  
New Novel*

*Illustrations by  
Dean Cornwell*

# HILL

whom Tommy had sworn to kill; but Lee assured her he intended to kill that animal himself.

The next day Tommy Scaife learned at Bear Tooth's rancheria that Forest Ranger MacDougald had been murdered. Having seen a mysterious buckskin horse and a column of smoke from his airplane, he decided to set out on horseback for the glade where the suspicious horse had been seen grazing.

**W**HEN within a quarter of a mile of him, Tommy dismounted, tied his horse in a clump of willows and, taking advantage of every bit of cover, proceeded with the stealth of a panther stalking a deer until he found himself, while still hidden, commanding an unobstructed view of the little clump of scrub oaks from which he had seen the smoke rising two hours before. Here he waited patiently

until sunset—and then a small, slight Mexican came out of the scrub oak clump and walked across the field, trailing a horsehair hitching rope behind him. He was about to catch up his hobbled horse. Tommy waited until the man was half-way across the little glade; then he slipped, unseen, into the clump of scrub oaks. When his quarry returned, leading the horse, Tommy spoke:

"Hands up!"

Simultaneously he shot the man's high-crowned felt hat neatly off the latter's head in order to make his command more impressive. Instantly the stranger's arms went skyward; he stood, facing Tommy, trembling violently, his dark face suddenly gone a sickly white.

"Unbuckle your belt and let your gun drop," Tommy commanded next.

The man, silent and trembling more violently than before, obeyed.

## The Enchanted Hill

"Now, then, my friend," his captor addressed him, "what do you want on this ranch?"

"Nada," came the reply in Spanish.

"Bueno, yo hablo Español," Tommy answered, and in Spanish continued, "Who gave you permission to camp here? We don't like strangers camping so close to the house without permission. Now, you saddle that cayuse of yours, roll your pack and come with me to La Cuesta Encantada. Señor Purdy wants to talk to you."

He possessed himself of the man's rifle and pistol and stood by, watching every move of his captive with alert, malignant eyes. "And you keep your hands out of your pockets, too," he warned the fellow.

The horse saddled and the camp equipment rolled and lashed in back of the cattle, at a sign from Tommy the Mexican mounted and rode out into the glade, his captor trotting along behind him carrying both rifles and the pistol and belt. He had no fear that the man would bolt or that, bolting, he could escape; Tommy was far too good a wing-shot with a rifle to fear any such contingency. Arrived at the willows where Scaife's horse was tied, the procession halted. Without once taking his malevolent glance from the Mexican, Tommy uncoiled his riata, pinioning the man's arms to his side. With a short length of buckskin thong he tied the killer's hands securely behind him; then, without removing the riata, he passed the free end along the buckskin's neck, through the *jacimo*, and fastened it to his own pommel. Thus man and horse were tethered to Tommy's mount; there could be no escape. The little man next disposed the firearms on his own horse and leading the buckskin, jogged serenely back to the Enchanted Hill.

## CHAPTER XVII

GAIL ORMSBY did not sleep after her embarrassing and unexpected encounter with her host that night. Fright, sorrow, anger, humiliation and horror struggled for mastery in her soul; at eight o'clock next morning she rose, sleepless and pink-lidded of eye—for she had not ceased to weep the night through—packed her trunk and bags and then decided that to partake of a cup of coffee and a piece of toast could not materially add to the humiliation she already felt at having been made the victim of the Purdy hospitality. Conchita waited upon her in the dining-room and Gail noticed that the table was set for one.

"The Señorita Pur-dee all time have breakfast in the bed," Conchita explained, "and thees mornin' the Señor Pur-dee don't feel good, so the señor too have breakfast in the bed."

Gail favored her informant with a wan smile. "The pig!" she said under her breath. "He's ill from the vile liquor he drank in Arguello last night."

After breakfast she decided that a tip to Conchita would be in order; for a moment she thought of leaving a twenty-dollar bill in a note to Purdy as payment for her board and lodging for two days, but finally decided that this would be a bit gauche—a deliberately impolite act. At least, she thought, his hospitality had been genuine enough and, regardless of his morals, there could be no doubt of one

thing—Hallie was a lady. For the little invalid's sake she must depart from this house with a smile, a hearty expression of appreciation of a hospitality that had become unbearable, a hand-shake for this feudal cattle baron, Purdy. She hoped the auto truck Ira Todd had promised to send for her would not long delay its arrival.

Once back in her room she sought her purse. She could not find it. Frightened, she searched everywhere, even going so far as to unpack her trunk and bags. But the purse was certainly not in that room and when Gail could still the mounting panic that had seized her she remembered she had carried it in her hand when, the night previous, she had strolled up the path toward the hangar. Undoubtedly she had dropped it where she had crouched at the foot of the oak tree.

In a moment she was out the patio gate and hurrying along the path. But the purse was not to be found, although she searched for it carefully.

"Perhaps one of the men found it," was the thought that gave her comfort now, for that lost purse had contained every dollar she had in the world—that being the reason, in fact, why she had carried it with her rather than leave it in her room. She returned to the house, repacked her baggage and indulged herself in a few more tears as the enormity of her predicament dawned upon her. She would have to ask Purdy to inquire among the men at the bunk-house for her lost purse, when her host chose to emerge from his chamber. Meanwhile she must compose her soul in patience, and if the motor truck should call for her and her baggage the driver must wait on Lee Purdy, too.

At noon Hallie appeared in the living room as was her custom; ascertaining from Conchita that her brother was still abed she went to the door of his room and talked a few minutes with him. At twelve-thirty she came to her guest's room and tried not to notice anything unusual in Gail's tell-tale face.

"Lee doesn't feel very well this morning," she explained, "so he decided to remain in bed. Tommy brought him home very late last night. Luncheon is served and my brother has asked me to present his excuses for his non-appearance. Won't you have luncheon with me?"

Gail shook her head, unable to trust herself to speak. "I'll have Conchita bring you some luncheon here," the tactful Hallie then suggested, and withdrew. Five minutes later she returned.

The wistfulness was gone from Hallie's face now; it beamed with genuine childish delight as she danced up to Gail and clapped the latter on both cheeks. "You do not *have* to leave us, Gail," she declared. "Mr. Presbery has just telephoned to say he cannot come for you and that he does not know when they may receive you. One of the Presbery children has scarlet fever and the house is in quarantine."

Gail started up, her face alternately white and red. "I—I must talk with Mr. Presbery," she protested. "I—"

"Why, my dear," Hallie interrupted reproachfully, "don't you want to be our guest? There isn't another place in all this country where you could



Pete Howe entered and stood gazing helplessly at Purdy.



"Lee will make good for anything lost by our guest. He'll advance you eight hundred dollars and repay himself when the purse is found, as it's bound to be."

"Your brother, Hallie, must do nothing of the sort."

"Well, then, permit me to lend you such funds as you may require until your purse is found or you can secure money after your return to Los Angeles."

"But I—I didn't intend to return to Los Angeles. I have no reason to go back—no relatives, few friends—no immediate means of making a living. All I have is the Box K Ranch. I came here to investigate the condition of that property—to decide whether to sell it or continue to operate it. I cannot operate it without a manager—and money, and I have a manager who can—borrow money—and has—to continue operating—and that Tommy Scaife told me yesterday he was going to kill—Mr. Todd on sight——"



possibly put up except the Presbery's, and Tommy Scaife says it isn't very nice there."

"But I—Hallie, I came to this country on business connected with the Box K Ranch. I have to live somewhere close to it—my manager and Major Purdy are bitter enemies, and he cannot come here to consult with me. Really, if I appear rude its because I'm in such a quandary."

"Oh! So that's all. Is that why you're so unhappy, dear?"

"No, I—I've lost or misplaced my purse and it contained all of the money I have in the world."

"When did you lose it?"

"Last night. I couldn't sleep and I went for a walk around the place. I—m—must have dropped it."

"We'll find it. We'll have everybody out looking for it. None of the men would keep it if they found it."

"But if they cannot find it—I've looked all over for it—I don't know what I shall do." And now the tears came in abundance. Hallie perched herself on the arm of Gail's chair and placed her arm around her guest. "Hush!" she protested. "Lee will lend you money. He will see to it that you do not suffer the slightest embarrassment. There, there, please do not worry about the old purse."

"It had bills and traveler's checks for eight hundred dollars in it."

"I got the dope from Bear Tooth this morning."



Purdy, Hallie and Gail were feeding peanuts

Hallie's little white hand against Gail's mouth stopped further complaint. "The wretch! He must have been jesting, Gail." Hallie spoke bravely enough, lightly enough, yet she knew in her heart that Tommy Scaife knew his place and that never by any possibility could he so far forget himself as to make such a statement in jest to a lady; particularly to a lady immune under the sacred laws of hospitality.

"He meant it, Hallie. He's as deadly as a tiger."

"Wait till I see him, dear. He'll be as deadly as a kitten then. I'll tell Tommy Scaife where he heads in," she added in the Western idiom.

Hope stirred in Gail's unhappy heart. "And can you control Link Hallowell too, Hallie? It seems he and Tommy Scaife shook dice for the privilege of killing Mr. Todd."

"I do not understand such unkind actions on Tommy's part,

Gail. Usually he's a dear! And Link is always a dear. I'll guarantee Link's behavior, too."

Gail recalled a vision of Tommy Scaife assisting Joaquin Sanchez to toss the body of a murdered man into the cockpit of his airplane; she seemed to hear again Scaife's merry laugh, following a hearty curse, as the body dropped into the cockpit; consequently she wondered now just what Hallie Purdy's concept of a masculine dear might be.

"Well, Hallie," she replied, "I feel assured now. But Mr. Todd still is in danger."

"From whom?"

"Major Purdy."

Hallie's laugh was genuine now. "Silly dear," she demanded, "who possibly could have told you my brother intended killing Ira Todd?"



to a family of squirrels in the patio.

"Your brother did—last night. I met him just after he came home from Arguello."

"Then no jest was intended, Gail. Excuse me while I investigate." In a few minutes she returned, depressed, trembling and very close to tears.

"Lee says that recently something occurred between him and Mr. Todd which made my brother, Tommy and Link very, very angry. He says nobody really desires to kill Mr. Todd, and he thinks Mr. Todd will be reasonable and not commit suicide. Lee says he will join us at luncheon in a few minutes and after luncheon we will discuss the issue calmly and arrive at a definite conclusion."

"I will do anything to avert murder, yet I am peculiarly helpless among these warring men, Hallie."

Hallie's mouth set in a firm line. "I'm glad you brought this

subject up, Gail. I've known intuitively for a long time that Lee was in trouble, but he wouldn't confide in me because he feared to distress me. Now the truth will out and I'm grateful to you for precipitating Lee's confession."

"I'm so sorry to make you unhappy with my troubles, Hallie, but you can understand now how impossible my situation has become. How may I, with dignity and without embarrassment to all of us, continue to accept your hospitality? I must find some other place to live."

"I think," Hallie replied firmly, "that the very best thing you can do to promote peace is to remain here with us and insist that your manager interview you here. Nobody will hurt him or treat him with incivility; he can come and go as he pleases, and you can talk over your business affairs in Lee's office. You must help me ascertain what lies at the (Continued on page 137)



# Rupert Hughes

*Is so Drastic in this Article that, if You've Been Backsliding,  
His Attack May Irritate You into Going Back to Church—  
Just to Prove How Wrong His Viewpoint is in*

## Q U I T   W H Y   I Quit Going To Church

THERE was a time in this country when I should have been punished for not going to church. In the good old Puritan days, though only a third of the people were church members, the parsons were in power, and they fined people and put them in the stocks if they stayed away from church. They whipped more than one for criticizing a sermon, and they tried to sell two Boston children into slavery because they could not pay their fines for staying away from the church. And they would have done it if the ungodly shipmasters had not refused to carry the children off.

But in these wicked and degenerate times when preachers are not supreme, I can not only stay at home without getting arrested, but I can even tell why without being any more than reviled as a confirmed sinner.

I did not quit going to church because I was lazy or frivolous or poetically inclined to "worship God in the Great Outdoors, near to Nature's heart." I do not believe that nature has a heart.

I quit because I came to believe that what is preached in the churches is mainly untrue, or unimportant, or tiresome, or hostile to genuine progress and in general not worth while.

Staying away from church puts me with such an enormous majority that it carries no distinction. Nowhere does the increase of Christianity keep anything like pace with the population.

The God of the Christians never has been believed in by as much as a tenth of the world's population. Two or three other religions have today far more followers.

Even in this country a great many millions less than half of the population are even "affiliated" with any of the churches. Only about forty percent of the population is affiliated with any of the churches.

As for those who are affiliated, I cannot believe that a very large percentage is sincerely convinced. Recently in New York a pastor read the Apostles' Creed through to a large congregation and asked everybody who believed it to stand up. Not one person arose!

From numberless conversations with church members and church-goers I am honestly assured that very, very few of them really believe in their heart of hearts one-quarter of what their church creeds assert.

A man recently told me of a conversation he held with a woman who spoke of the Virgin Mary. She expressed amazement when he referred to Christ's brothers and sisters. She ridiculed such an idea, and he asked her to look up Matthew xii, 46, and xiii, 55-56 (where it speaks of Christ's mother and his brethren, and names James and Josias and Simon and Judas and refers to "his sisters"). But the horrified woman exclaimed:

"I don't want to look it up! It might destroy my dear faith. And I don't want to lose my belief!"

Of how many must it be true that they are afraid to examine their own Bible?

While I think this a hopelessly crooked and almost sacrilegious frame of mind, I sympathize with it completely, for I went through just such a mental phase when my own faith was in the last throes of disintegration and I desperately refused to argue, knowing that I was hanging on to it by the skin of my teeth.

For only a little while, however, was my faith able to believe two or more contradictory things at once. One simply cannot ride two horses going in opposite directions very long.

I know that countless ministers are driven by all sorts of pressure from within and without to continue preaching what they no longer believe. They do it for the imaginary good of their poor congregations, as nice people go on telling infants that there is a Santa Claus.

But I am of such poor moral fiber that I do not believe in telling lies, even for the glory of God. I am not up to the standard of the Apostle Paul, who asks (Romans iii, 7): "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie, why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" Well, I am just mean enough to judge him as a sinner and to consider Christian lies as peculiarly ugly lies.

It seems to my perverted brain not quite honest, for instance, to pretend that Christianity has only one God; for the Christian religion is polytheistic if ever a religion were. It includes five major gods: God the Father, Christ the Son, the Holy Ghost, Mary the Mother, an almost omnipotent God of Evil known as Satan; also an infinite number of invisible angels and devils with superhuman powers, not to mention the saints who have all performed miracles and are to be prayed to for special favors.

Satan had the power to pick Christ up and carry Him to the pinnacle of a temple and to the top of a mountain and to tempt Him until he was repulsed. Think of it: Satan offered to give the Son of God what already belonged to Him! Then the Devil left Christ, and "behold, angels came and ministered unto Him." This means that two gods had a duel of wits, or it means nothing.

As for God's alleged omnipresence, it is several times stated that He walked in a garden and that He brought people up to see Him. When the rumor of the Tower of Babel finally reached Him, He could not have been omniscient as alleged, because He went down to find out what was going on.

The astounding and inconsistent God of the Bible calls Moses up into the mountains to see Him—has him brought up on eagle's wings. Later he lets not only Moses but seventy-three others see him (Exodus xxiv, 9-10). Still later, forgetting this, God says, "There shall no man see Me and live." Seventy-four people have seen Him and He is exactly described, yet a little later He covers Moses's face with His hand till He has passed.

Yet Christian preachers make fun of the anthropomorphic gods of the heathen and prate of the glory of our religion with its one God, all-wise, all-knowing, all-powerful, unchanging and ubiquitous!

In every detail concerning the birth and the death of the Messiah the four Gospels are in complete contradiction. It is not known whether Christ was born 3 B.C. or 6 A.D. The date and hour of the crucifixion do not agree in the Gospels. The names of the Twelve Apostles are differently given in Matthew x and Luke vi. According to John, Christ was not at the Last Supper. I can't find anything in the Bible where two authorities agree. Who can?

I am tempted to say rudely that anybody who says he believes the Bible to be all true either lies or is ignorant of what he says. How can anybody believe contradictory statements, and there



Rupert Hughes, popular novelist and playwright, in reference to his attitude on religion says: "I speak with blunt sincerity, with eagerness only for the truth."

are three hundred downright mathematical contradictions in the Bible.

The God of the Bible punishes all who do not believe, including those who never heard of Him. Trillions of them must be screaming somewhere for mercy. Still, since I must pass into the flames with no promise of being a Shadrach or an Abednego, I feel that it is a little more dignified for me to go there honestly, having told the truth as I see it, than to refuse to examine my own faith and to sneak into hell by the back-door of lip-service or of hypocritical assent by silence—or to enter it by that

gate reserved for preachers who have preached what they doubted.

This ought not to harm my standing as an American citizen, for this American republic is dedicated to a churchless state, and so declared by Washington. In the senate treaty made with the Tripolitan Mohammedans in 1796 it is specifically announced that "the United States of America is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion" and has no enmity to the laws or religion of the Mohammedans.

Theoretically this nation is free for all; (Continued on page 144)



"I've gone overboard for you in more ways than one!" says Thomas, enthusiastically. "I think you're the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life!"

"There's a lust in man no charm can tame,  
Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame!"

**T**HIS intelligent crack was originally whinnied eighteen hundred years ago by a snappy young Eyetalian limerick writer who I've decided to refer to as Juvenal, as that's how he referred to himself. By a strange freak of circumstances, I didn't have the pleasure of knowing Juvy personally, mainly because in the fiscal annum of 124 A. D. I was far too immature to go out with the boys. I absorbed the above poetry from a novel called "Satires," presented to me as an Arbor Day gift by one of my countless admirers at the Hotel St. Moe, where I'm a switchboard operator and one of that costly Broadway inn's most modern improvements. No, I'm not infatuated with myself—I'm just a true fool girl.

Really, giving me a book of poems is about five-eighths as sensible as sending passes for the Follies to the blind men's home. I'm not too ignorant to appreciate poetry, simply too busy. The only bound volume I get a chance to peruse in the day time is gotten out by the telephone company and when the shades of night begin to fall—well, I generally have plenty other places to browse around in besides the pages of somebody's book. You know that!

Before I lost my literary complex I used to be crazy about reading, though—Honest to McAdoo, I was a regular addict! For no reason whatsoever, I bought whole armfuls of best sellers, encyclopedias and whatnot, including those pamphlets on first-class etiquette containing the answers to such burning questions as "Should she have asked him in?" and "Does your face flame with shame when you can't figure out which fork to use on the salad?" Honestly, I even read history and similar dizzy fiction till I got all cultured up—and all fed up, too!

Just OUT! H

Read All A

R  
S C A

Illustrations by J.

I get no more thrill any more out of an evening with the classics than Noah would get out of an April shower. I think they're all blah,

no fooling! You can figure me a total loss if you like, but I know plenty of people who don't say "ain't" or raucously gargle their consommé and yet suspect that Mr. Woolworth wrote "Nicholas Nickleby" and that Boccaccio is an Eyetalian pastry.

Then again, gentle customers, why should I fritter away my sparse spare moments trying to get synthetic experience and a second-hand kick out of antique books? From my perch on the hotel switchboard I see a little more life daily than a judge and a little less than a taxi driver. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief—they all pass in constant review before me in the gorgeous lobby of the St. Moe. About eleven-tenths of 'em try to promote—in the last two years I've had stepping-out propositions from home-bred sheiks running the gamut of being ham and egged at Childs's to being super-produced in a super-production. It isn't what these boy scouts want to give me that arouses my interest, it's what they consider a fair exchange in return for their throwing a party. However, it doesn't take me long to get their number—that's my business!

But to get back to the topic of reading; magazines and newspapers are my favorite brain massages, really. If you crave descriptions of life as it *should* be, the magazines will give you lots of service. If you want life as it *is*, the daily papers are on the job with drama, comedy, tragedy, romance and thrills—practically fresh every hour! The heroes and heroines are real people, even as you and I. The ambitions, success, griefs, adventures and mistakes of billionaire and bootblack are served up piping hot to feed your hungry curiosity. Especially the mistakes. How we do love to see each other slip on the banana peel Chance and fall in the mud puddle Disgrace. Monsieur Juvenal had the right dope—the average human is a fool for scandal!

For instance, let's take Tommy Brown, née reporter for the *Evening Wow*. I say let's take him, but it really borders on the brutal to pick on the boy further, for he spoke out of turn and New York took him plenty! However, Tom has one distinction that makes him stand out from the mob. He's absolutely the only living male in captivity that Hazel Killian ever did *anything* for without a return—and she did *that* for me! Sit down and I'll tell you all about it, it'll keep us both occupied for the next half hour or so, according to who starts yawning first.

Hazel Killian is my beautiful roommate, but my girl friend in spite of that. At present, Hazel is in pictures, where I managed



T! H. C. Witwer's  
Latest Edition!

# All About The Fool For CANDAL

by J. W. McGurk



J. W. McGurk

"What d'ye know?" he asks. "A library full!" I whispered.  
"Manning and Jackson Young's wife are going to elope!"

heroine that a Seidlitz powder has on a glass of water. Honestly, she wheeled around on me in a young fury.

"Don't talk to me about maids!" she says angrily. "I've had all the charwomen this morning that I can take. If any more of 'em show up, you can entertain 'em!"

"There, there, little girl," I smiled, patting her on the shoulder soothingly. "Tell me your story—perhaps I can right the wrong and—"

to park her through my influence with the world-famous Gordon Daft, original composer of the sensational title "That Night!" and the first director to put a \$100,000 ballroom scene in a film version of the story of Creation. Mr. Daft swears by his puttees and megaphone that Hazel cannot troupe, as she can only think for about ten feet of film, but Hazel has two wonderful reasons for believing she'll sooner or later click on the screen—both reasons are usually encased in the modish champagne-colored silk stockings. In fact, Hazel's last heavy boy friend, broke in heart and in pocket trying to make her see matters his way, once dolefully remarked as he thoughtfully watched Hazel climb a Fifth Avenue bus that she should be arrested for carrying concealed weapons. My fascinating chum lays her failure to goal Mr. Daft to the fact that she once committed the mortal sin of uttering the adverb "No" in the projection room, the "Yes" men's paradise!

Well, nobody but a visitor from dear old Gehenna can properly appreciate mid-summer in New York. Honestly, when Mr. Sun gets the proper range and bears down on Gotham along around August, you can light a cigaret from the pavements and get a coat of tan in the subways! So one torrid day when our jovial mayor had given Hon. Humidity the freedom of the city, I decided to stake myself to an afternoon off. Really, I just had to abandon that switchboard, for one more "Is it hot enough for you, girlie?" would have driven me twelve feet past insanity!

When I arrived at our fashionable uptown apartment—ahem!—I found friend Hazel in a tantrum. We usually keep several tantrums handy; it's a well-appointed place. Being temporarily fluent with money, we had advertised for a maid to do the cleaning, answer the bulk of Hazel's lavish phone calls, and otherwise give us a fair break for about seventy-five a month. We should be annoyed about hoarding jack—you can't take it with you when you de cease, because there's no pockets in a shroud!

Hazel leaped up in alarm when I let myself into our domicile. "My Gawd! What are you doing home this early—did the St. Moe give you the air?" she gasps.

Wouldn't Hazel be a panic on a welcoming committee?

"Sit down and don't be so boisterous!" I says, throwing a twenty-dollar chapeau on what would be a *chaise longue* if it wasn't a sofa. "Haven't I got as much right to a holiday as you have? You act as if you were a guest here, or something!"

"I'm resting between pictures," remarks Hazel haughtily, striking a Ritzy pose.

"Listen, Hazel," I says, "don't try to high-hat me—I knew you when you thought caviare was a tenor! Did you manage to sign up a slavey this morning?"

This innocent question seemed to have the same effect on our

"Oh, cut the comedy!" Hazel rudely interrupts, wrenching away from me, "I'm in no mood for that apple-sauce now. I'm so steamed up I feel like kicking a few window-panes out, just to be nasty!"

"You're dizzy!" I says. "If you wish to confirm the neighbors' suspicions, there's much less costlier ways than that. Stop squawking and tell me what happened to you this morning—you've got me tantalized to death!"

"Well," says Hazel, "when no candidates appeared up to ten o'clock in answer to our ad, I decided to give this drum of ours a thorough cleaning myself—you needn't laugh, me and labor have met before! So I put on that old brown smock you insist should go to the Salvation Army, rolled up my sleeves and tied in. I was busy saying it with the vacuum cleaner when the first volunteer stabbed the doorbell. This entry, who looked like she stepped right out of somebody's nightmare, was a gaily caparisoned importation from either Latvia or the one next to it. Her English wasn't much better than ours and—"

"I love *that*!" I butted in. "Speak for yourself—there ain't a thing the matter with my grammar!"

"Yeah?" sneers Hazel. "Well, see if you can find 'ain't' in the dictionary! Anyhow, when I opened the door that school-girl complexion was still in the cans on my dressing table, the skin they love to touch was covered with soot, my hair was in an uproar, and you know how that old torn smock looks. I admit I wasn't exactly assembled for a dinner party at the Ambassador. Well, this immigrant takes one long, lingering look at me, sticks up her nose, and before I can proposition her she flounces out, remarking that she's not going to work for nobody that looked worse than she did herself!"

Oo la la! I can imagine how *that* crack ruined the highly self-satisfied Hazel!

"Well, don't cry," I says. "As Congress tells the Japanese, it's all in fun! Suppose we go down to one of the beaches and see if we can foil this heat. It must be all of a hundred and eighty in the shade, really!"

"We'll never have any decent weather as long as the fore-caster's job is a political appointment!" says Hazel. "But that beach idea of yours is the elephant's brassiere. Let's go down and teach the fishes how to swim. Warm puppy! I'm full of pep and no control! I just bought a bathing suit that—"

"I saw it," I interrupted, "and you'd better take along enough change to pay your fine. All that costume conceals is your religion!"

"Is that so?" says Hazel, curling her lip. "Well, that sea-going negligée of yours is one garment that calls for beauty—and courage—on the part of its wearer, believe me!"

"What of it?" I asked her. "Haven't I got enough of both?"

"Don't let's fight," yawns Hazel, "it's too hot."

Well, as we can each dress as fast as any fireman in the world, we're motoring to Long Beach within the hour to find out for ourselves just what the wild waves were saying. Honestly, had I known what was going to happen to me, I'd have stayed home and listened to the rollers over the radio!

Leaving the bath-house, dressed to thrill, we found the beach just littered with likely young men, and that coincidence immediately removed Hazel's desire to plunge into the briny. Even I had to

admit that my beauteous roommate was something to think about in a bathing suit, especially in that lo and behold one she was wearing. As far as *that* part of it goes, the boys didn't seem disposed to laugh me off either. Several masculine gasps of admiration—which we divided evenly between us—strengthened Hazel's resolve to strut her stuff and leave the ocean to its proper inhabitants, the fish. However, I came down to the sea to swim, a gift I was very agile at in my beauty-contest-winner days, two or three years ago.

Hazel by no means got hysterical with grief when I told her I was going to leave her flat and do a piece of bathing. She was busy dazzling the handsome lifeguard with her charms. So I waded bravely in, ducked under to get that first horrible chill over with, and struck out boldly for the diving float tethered some distance from the beach.

Then the fun began!

For some time I'd achieved the bulk of my swimming in a bath tub, and with a wildly palpitating heart I soon discovered that I'd more than misjudged both my strength and the distance to the float. A treacherous undertow made things more thrilling, and regardless of what the record may be I know I was averaging fifty-five waves swallowed with each frightened gulp. I was satisfied that as a mermaid I was a first-class telephone operator and this was one time I'd have been double willing to change my name—to Annette Kellermann, for instance!

Thoroughly scared and as weak as seven days, I was seriously in need of one standard-sized, regulation, full-blooded hero, when a young man filed his application. At least, I thought thankfully, as I saw him dive gracefully off the float and swim towards me, if he *wasn't* a hero he'd certainly do till one came along!

Well, to prune a long story, it turned out that the stranger negotiated a wicked wave, and he towed me to the diving platform in safety. Barring the laughing seagulls we were alone there, and as soon as I got back my breath and my dignity introductions were served.

My brave rescuer made a clean breast of being Thomas Brown, a newspaper man, and while he would never be mistaken for Valentino he had lots of stuff, really. He was a nice, clean-cut looking kid and I wasn't a bit burned up when his searching, candidly admiring gaze swept my shivering and not exactly hidden form. Honestly, he was a pleasing change from those cake addicts at the St. Moe, who disrobe you with a glance! He had powder-blue eyes, a weakness of mine, and of course I didn't hold his dare-devil rescue of me against him, either.

"Well," I says, smiling sweetly on Thomas, "I'm certainly glad to check out of the bounding main! If it hadn't been for you, I might be down kidding Mr. Neptune, now. It was nice of you to go overboard for me and I won't forget it!"

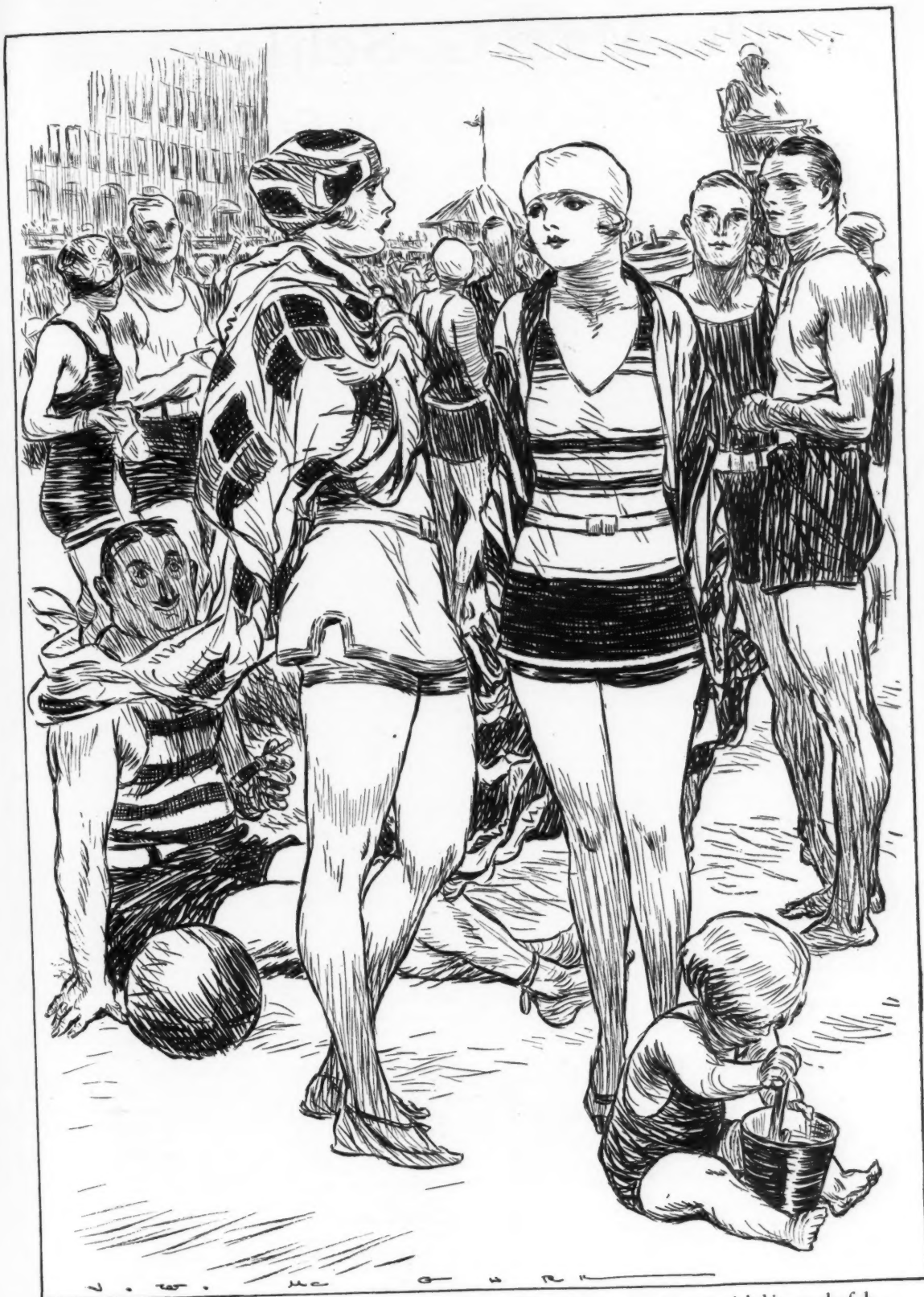
"I've gone overboard for you in more ways than one!" says Thomas, enthusiastically. "I think you're the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life and I've looked at plenty! No fooling, you've got more curves than a French horn and—"

"That's out!" I interrupted severely, moving toward the edge of the float. "Be yourself, you're not at home now!"

"But I don't mean anything wrong," he says quickly, "I just like



She flounces out, remarking that she's not going to work for nobody that looked worse than she did herself!



Several masculine gasps of admiration made Hazel resolve to leave the ocean to its proper inhabitants, the fish.

you and you're going to like *me*, too, when you know me better. Let's see—this is Monday, isn't it? Well, tonight we'll have dinner together and see a show; tomorrow I'll take you to the ball game; Wednesday we'll go to the races and dance somewhere at night; Thursday we'll have tea at the Ritz; Friday we'll take

a nice long auto ride; Saturday we'll watch a good movie; and Sunday we can stay home in your parlor—because by *that* time I'll be down to my last friend's last dime!"

Don't you love that?

"Tommy," I smiled, "you're all damp!" (Continued on page 114)



# Dr. Max G. Schlapp

*Explains Frankly Why the Glands Forbid  
Both Motherhood and a Job*

## ARE YOU WOMEN Fit To Be Mothers?

MRS. DASH, a very pretty woman and much too young for misery, came to me with her troubles one afternoon last spring.

There had been a house party at her Long Island home. One of her guests had missed an emerald bracelet. After the detectives had been called, the servants questioned, and the whole company subjected to embarrassment, it had been found that the hostess's own son, a boy of fifteen, had taken the bauble—stolen it, his mother told me in pathetic accents.

It was not his first offense. Since early childhood, this heir to wealth and a quite distinguished name had been committing all sorts of petty crimes. It wasn't as though he were really bad, his mother protested. He was a good boy; gentle, carefully reared, well mannered and clever in many ways. But, in spite of the lavish expenditure of patience and money, in spite of every kind of persuasion and of discipline, he was continually in hot water. He played truant, was in constant difficulties with schoolmates and teachers, was accused again and again of minor outbreaks, seemed quite incapable of telling the truth, and had been dismissed as an undesirable from one school after another.

The boy's latest schoolmaster had used most energetic language. He was a misfit, a piece of driftwood, a rascal and a pathological liar, terms that still burned in the unfortunate mother's ears. If the boy were not taken to a doctor there could be no telling what he might do, the pedagogue had declared. There was something wrong with his brain. He was defective somewhere.

"I didn't believe it until yesterday, Doctor," Mrs. Dash told me in tears. "I thought he was just a little wild and wayward. Is he sick? He must be. Can anything be done for him?"

The distressed mother was sent away with reassurance, and the boy was taken in hand. A careful examination and the usual laboratory tests revealed the fully expected flaws. The patient was suffering from a severe case of gland disturbance and a resultant nervous condition which accounted for all his delinquencies.

When his mother came back for a report I told her what was wrong and assured her that her son's trouble could be treated and his condition improved.

"Doctor, what is the cause of such a condition?" she demanded, trying to check her own passion. "Why should we be afflicted in this way? We are all healthy people. There is surely nothing wrong with Mr. Dash, and I have always enjoyed excellent health. The boy has had exceptional care and every advantage. What is the explanation?"

There are times when the physician is tempted to the indiscretion of too much truth-telling. In a situation of this pitiful kind he might almost be pardoned were he to put aside his professional consideration and utter what is in his mind. In this case I might have said something like this:

"Madam, the fault is very largely your own. You say, and probably you believe, that you have always been in good health, but when you were bringing this unfortunate child into the world your gland system was out of order. You had no disease that put you down into bed but you were tremendously excited nervously."

Here she would probably have objected:

"Why, Doctor, I wasn't anything of the kind. I was having

the time of my life, on the go from morning till night, never tired, never out of it for a minute."

"Precisely," I should have answered. "Receptions, entertainments, dinner dances, bridge parties, yachting, theaters and, when a possible moment for repose did somehow intervene, a phonograph to turn on. Never any relaxation. Instead of attending quietly to the one great business of women, instead of devoting all your forces to the health and happiness of your coming child, you were carving out a social career. You were exhausting yourself with excitements and rivalries. The fact that you never felt tired shows the wild activity of your glands. You had a kind of thrill mania.

"You were gratifying your personal ambitions and desires at the expense of the next generation. You probably did not know it, but very few women are strong enough to carry the double load. This attempt on the part of so many women to be both personages and mothers is one of the chief causes of the ever increasing army of defective children, who are filling hospitals, institutions for the feeble minded, jails, asylums, prisons and early graves."

Then I might have added that while her son could be treated and greatly helped, it was too late to accomplish any revolutionary change in him. All the resources of science could never make him anything better than a repaired machine. If he had been brought to us as a baby we might have done much. But, after all, the primary damage had been done in the months this child grew under his mother's heart, and the fundamental cause of that damage was the strain and exhaustion imposed upon women by modern conditions of life.

It is, of course, neither humane nor possible to say such things to an afflicted mother, but it is necessary to say them to women in general in the hope that some may take warning.

Until very recent years the causes of mentally crippled children were most mysterious. How often we saw strong, healthy looking, intelligent parents afflicted with deformed, idiotic or lack-witted children. How many grotesque ideas and base superstitions centered about these unhappy youngsters and their innocent mothers. Not until the last decade, when we came to some general understanding of the functions and influence of the ductless glands, were we at last able to hit upon a large part of the secret.

The discovery came none too soon, for the number of defectives has risen sharply in the last fifty years and is today mounting more rapidly than ever, keeping pace with the ever increasing number of insane persons and criminals. The states cannot build hospitals and refuge places fast enough. More than one-fourth of the tax revenue of the states is now being devoted to penal, institutional and charitable expenditures, and yet the end is not in sight. So that parents and doctors have a very serious problem to meet, perhaps the gravest that threatens modern society.

The causes of this great increase of the malformed and mal-adjusted must be sought in social conditions, in our manner of living. No one needs to be told how great the changes have been in fifty years, how much more complex, rapid and exciting is our life today, how many inventions and scientific developments have added to the rush and fury of existence, how the farms have become fewer and the cities ever larger, how the old placidities



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

A fatherly moment in the examination of a small patient by Dr. Schlapp, the eminent neurologist, who is Professor of Neuropathology in the Post-Graduate Medical School and Director of the Children's Court Clinic, New York City.

have rapidly vanished before the tumults of modernity.

Most of us probably never pause to think that such radical changes in what scientists call our environment must have some sort of effect on that complex machine, the human body. We know that if we change the food or the climate of any given man, woman or child we cause certain definite results. But we have not yet come to realize popularly that changes in the nervous tension will bring about even more profound effects upon the individual and his inner mechanism. This is the field of endocrinology or the science of the ductless glands, and it is here that we have come upon the evidence of a decay in parenthood.

For several decades we have been familiar with the high-strung, neurasthenic woman, the victim of nervous breakdown and all sorts of slight aberrations. She is common to both medical literature and fiction. Putting it directly, we have long recognized her as an enemy of herself, but we have only recently found her to be an enemy of the race as well. We know today, from the study of thousands of cases, that these overstrained, unstable, nervous or depleted women give birth to all sorts of mental defectives—the lame and halt of the mind, the world's pitiful flotsam.

To understand how this happens is not difficult nor is it hard

to see why the woman plays a much more important part in it than the man.

The human body contains a series of glands, which work on a chain or in an interdependent system, any disturbance of one being likely to derange the others. The most important of these glands are the interstitials, the suprarenals, the thyroid, parathyroid, pituitary and the pineal. All of these glands secrete their special chemical mixtures, which perform certain functions in the body, such as oxidizing the nutriment stored in the cells, affecting the nerve cells which control muscular action, and regulating growth. These ductless glands work in close harmony with the nervous system. If they become deranged in any way, the nerve cells are quickly disordered. If the nervous system is subjected to shocks and stresses the glands quickly begin to discharge too much of their chemical stuffs, which are called hormones.

In a healthy man or woman these gland hormones are always present in the blood and the lymph in a proper and normal proportion. But, as soon as nervous strain appears, this normal balance of chemicals in the blood and lymph is disturbed. The first result of this unhealthy chemical mixture is a further irritation of the nerves. This, of course, (Continued on page 149)

By

Gouverneur Morris

# A Without



Sabina let it be understood that she was not to be made love to, not now, not ever.

**S**ABINA HUERTA could ride and, of course, she could dance, but she was never observed to walk more than a few steps in succession. This however was true of all the young women in Monterey and indeed in the whole of California. Riding was their locomotion and dancing was their pleasure. There were no theaters, no automobiles, no radios, and there was very little real money. Horses, cattle and acres were innumerable; and these commodities were bartered for fine clothes, bright shawls, tortoise-shell combs for the hair, jewelry and musical instruments. Banks and politicians were unknown. Poverty was unknown. Hospitality flourished so that the first hotel had yet to be built.

To the outside world California seemed a poor, bare country. Nobody wanted it. It had nothing to offer civilization. There was no gold (known); no diamonds—nothing worth having. Calm, and peace, and good nature, and dancing and riding and

love-making are not worth having, are they? They can't be, because wherever wise, canny, businesslike, forward-looking men come across them, they destroy them, and substitute great riches and great poverty, mechanical progress, corrupt politics, neighbor-hating, class-baiting, idealism and disease.

But Sabina Huerta differed in some ways from the other young women. She was more beautiful, and she let it be understood that she was not to be made love to, not now, not ever. Modern girls in high civilization often go through this phase, but under a bucolic and patriarchal system it is exceedingly rare. Because nobody had touched her heart she imagined that nobody ever could. Sometimes when she was running her half-wild horse over the wild hills she imagined that she would like to be a nun.

One day she rode so far that her half-wild horse became wholly tame, and lame in his right fore foot. The day was coming to an end, and fog was beginning to drift in from the ocean. Sabina looked about her for a stray horse—there were thousands in the mountains—which she could rope and to which she could transfer her saddle, but she was in a region exceptionally bare of pasturage, and there wasn't even a gopher or a ground squirrel to be seen anywhere; only scattered pine trees and live oaks, and the thin fog drifting among their upper branches.

In those old California days the sensation of fear, even among women at the approach of childbirth, was unknown. Sabina feared neither horse, nor man, nor the dark—not mice even. Still, when, the fog having thickened, and the darkness too, there appeared suddenly out of nowhere, or so it seemed, a strange man, on a glorious bay horse, the heart beneath her exquisitely adolescent breast fluttered, and involuntarily she dug her heels into the ribs of her lame and jaded horse. He responded little if at all, and the stranger, whom she now perceived to be young, with a long, narrow, dark face, rode quickly forward, and without a word wheeled and placed himself at her side, accompanying the wheeling and the placing by an extraordinary well-timed and sweeping gesture with his sombrero. But he did not speak.

Sabina, glancing neither to the right nor left, rode slowly on, down the long mountain slopes toward Monterey. But of the red-roofed town and the blue bay beyond she had no longer any vision. The fog became thicker, and it would soon be night.

Soon she began to wonder if the stranger were looking at her. He was not. He appeared to be looking at, or between his horse's ears. He sat very lightly and easily, much as a bird sits on a bough. His face might have been sad or it might have been contemplative. She had somehow the impression that here was a man who laughed oftener than he smiled.

They rode thus for an hour, always descending, and emerging gradually out of the fog. The moon had risen and there was a certain baffling brightness. But this hardly mattered. Sabina's horse knew the way.

The presence of the stranger no longer troubled or embarrassed Sabina, nor the fact that he did not speak. She had the feeling that he respected her profoundly and admired her humbly. It was not an unpleasant feeling.

She wondered who he was, and whence he came, and why. Would he accompany her into the town? There would be talk if he did. It wouldn't be easy to explain how they had happened to scrape acquaintance.

But he did not accompany her into the town; he rode with her only as far as the hill on which the house of General Castro still stands. Here he drew rein and, with an inimitable sweeping of his broad hat, wheeled and rode off at a gallop.

Nobody scolded Sabina for being late. There wasn't time. The family had supped, and were clearing away the table, and



# Wooing Words

*The Strangest Courtship in the Annals  
of LOVE*

backing the chairs against the wall so that there would be room for dancing. The Diaz boys and girls were coming, the Bonafacios, the Duartes and others. Sabina had only time to drink a glass of wine, bolt a plate of beans, highly inflamed by a red sauce, and wash the dust from her face and hands.

As she danced with the friends of her youth she made comparisons. In spite of his long, narrow face the stranger was handsomer even than Rodrigo Diaz. And there was no young man of her acquaintance who sat so lightly and so certainly upon a horse. She wondered if there were any other man in the world anywhere who could ride with a pretty girl for two hours without saying a word. She had always been told that men of deep and wise minds were silent men. If the more silent the more deep, then the stranger must be about the wisest and the deepest man in the whole of California. But perhaps his silence was only the silence of good manners—the good manners of the place whence he came. She had heard that when a man has an audience with the Queen of Spain he must not approach closer to her than two paces, and he must not speak, or even sigh, until she has first spoken. The stranger's silence then had been perhaps a hint to Sabina that he had chosen her to be his Queen. And in this thought the heart of the man-hating maiden found a certain pleasant revelry.

A late light in an upper window of old Monterey meant one of three things: that someone was dying, that someone was being born, or that someone who had been singing and dancing and drinking red wine was going to bed.

How the stranger had discovered in which room of the Huerta house Sabina did her sleeping is unknown. Nevertheless when she peeped between her curtains into the first gray of the dawn, she perceived him sitting statuesquely upon his horse, and apparently looking straight at her. She retreated to her candle and blew it out, and then, knowing that her shadow would not reveal her, she tiptoed back to the curtains. He was riding away, his head bowed as if in deep meditation.

For a few days, because of her favorite horse's lameness, Sabina did very little riding. She had a fit of industry and sat much in the patio of the house, helping to fashion a fine piece of brocade which her father had imported from Paris into a dress for herself. She did more walking than was her custom—very slow, deliberate walking—once as far as the house of General Castro to call upon the ladies of the family.

A lagoon of the sea lapped the foot of the little hill upon which this house was built, and upon one side of the lagoon was the burying ground with its melancholy and fantastic live oaks and its fine view of the bay and on the other, warmly yellow and roofed with red tile, was the mission church of San Carlos.

On her way home Sabina had to pass the church, and it occurred to her to enter and say a prayer.

Sabina dipped her little fingers in holy water and made the sign of the cross upon her forehead and her breast. Then she knelt before the high altar and buried her face in her hands. She was alone in the church.

She heard the sound of a door opening, and then the slow, short steps of a man in riding boots.

The slow short steps came nearer, she tried to unbury her face and see who it was, but she didn't. She pressed her hands even tighter to her eyes.

With the faint perfume of incense that lingered in the church there was now mingled the unmistakable odor of stale cigaret smoke. And Sabina knew that a man had knelt at her side.



The stranger was handsomer even than Rodrigo Diaz.

*Illustrated by*  
Forrest C. Crooks

It is certain that she did not look at him sideways through her fingers, or any way at all. It is equally certain that her heart began to beat more quickly, and that she knew very well who he was.

Instinct told her to rise and go her way, coolly, slowly and haughtily, but she was a good daughter of the church. Ought she to leave with only a garbled and half finished prayer to her heavenly credit? No. She must compose her mind, concentrate it, exclude the silent stranger and the cigaret smell, entirely and altogether. And then she must pray the honest straightforward prayer that she had meant to pray.

Alas! she was scatter-brained. And her prayer became so mixed with the thought of the stranger that she actually found herself praying God to make him a better man, and she had to begin the prayer that she had meant to pray all over again from the beginning.

When Sabina took her hands from her face and rose from her knees, she was extraordinarily careful to keep the stranger entirely out of the range of her vision. She did not see so much as the tips of his fingers or the soles of his riding boots. In a court of law she could not honestly have sworn that it was he.

A month passed and both Sabina's family and her friends imagined that she had undergone a subtle change. And with unerring instinct they attributed this effect to its true cause. When a girl is by turns tender and caustic, when she loses her appetite, when she dances with no more spirit than if she were dancing in her sleep, and when she bursts suddenly into tears without any provocation whatever, it is reasonable to suppose that she has fallen in love.

And that is precisely what Sabina had done. The silent stranger occupied all of her thoughts when she was awake, and when she slept he galloped through her dreams. Her imagination had dressed him in purple and crowned him with gold. She had invested him with every noble and masterful quality, and oddly enough, since she had yet to hear him speak, with a rich voice at once manly, challenging and beseeching.

She lost much of her reserve during that month and in every way that she could think of made herself as approachable as possible. Daily she rode by herself among those hills where she had first seen him, and daily she slipped quietly into the church of San Carlos, and knelt with her face buried in her hands.

But just as mysteriously as the stranger had entered into her life, so now he had vanished out of it. The strained eyes had never a sight of him among the hills, and the strained ears never heard the click of his boots on the tiled floor of the church.

If this state of affairs had endured very long, Sabina must have ended by falling out of love. For love which is built on so sketchy a foundation does not, in human experience, endure very long. But one day when she had just about given up the hope that she would ever see him again, and was plunged in a very deep mood of melancholy and self-pity, an old Indian from down the coast came to the door of the Huerta house and asked to speak to the Señorita. When told that there were eight of them, he said that his business was with the eldest. Sabina was called. She liked Indians. They were good children, reserved, mysterious and respectful.

The Indian spoke to her in a whisper so that no one might overhear what was said.

"My patron," said the Indian, "has been sick with a broken leg. When he is well enough to ride you will see him again."

"Where is he?" asked Sabina, breathless.

"With my people," said the Indian, "in the Santa Lucia mountains."

She gave the Indian food and drink, and plied him with questions which he either could not or would not answer. He would only say that his patron was a very big chief. And he departed at length, and left a trail which no one but another Indian could have followed. And Sabina's love for the silent stranger burned with renewed warmth. And her longing to be with him and to nurse him in his sickness was almost intolerable.

Then it occurred to her that to fall in love with a stranger was perhaps a sin, and she told the priest all about everything.

The priest was a little puzzled. He had never known of a similar case. And without more data he could not very well convict Sabina of sin and impose a penance upon her. She had fallen in love, it is true, but falling in love is no more voluntary than falling over a cliff or out of bed in the course of a nightmare. On the other hand it might be a sin for Sabina to be in love with a stranger if it should transpire that the stranger happened to be married to somebody else. As nothing however was known positively about the stranger, it behooved the priest to give both him and Sabina the benefit of every doubt.

But the priest scolded her for falling in love with a gentleman of whom nothing was known. He spoke of her duty to her parents and of her duty to herself. And he said that whereas it was no sin for her to be in love with the stranger, it would be a sin if she were to meet with him ever again except by accident.

Sabina's love fed and grew upon the message which the Indian had brought her, and by dropping into the church daily to pray, and riding widely and daily in the hills, she gave accident a fair chance.

Just when Sabina was beginning to give up the hope that she would ever see her lover again, and was riding slowly with her back to Monterey, he came galloping out of a ravine, thick with blooming buckeyes, and ranged himself at her side.

So far as it concerned Sabina the meeting had been purely accidental. There was no sin of connivance upon her conscience. The afternoon was young; she had set out for a long ride, and could see no reason why being shadowed by an attractive stranger should be allowed to cut her purpose short.

She put her horse to a gallop and they rode stirrup to stirrup.

Then she ran her horse, and the stranger ran his. And when her horse was pulled down to a walk so was the stranger's. It was as if one will guided their horses instead of two, and so nicely even the paces of one horse suited to the paces of the other, that it almost seemed as if the pair of them must be twins.

The stranger (no longer a stranger, but her beloved) never spoke a word, not even to his horse, and of course Sabina didn't speak either. That would have been the height of forwardness and immodesty. But happiness and contentment reigned in her heart, and she felt as if she were riding, not among dull, crumbling mountains, but upon rainbow-colored clouds.

Now and then she stopped her horse to gaze a little upon some large and striking arrangement of the landscape. She had the feeling that the things which gave delight to her eyes, were to the same precise degree delightful in the eyes of the stranger.

About the middle of the afternoon Sabina turned her horse's head toward Monterey, and the stranger turned with her. He accompanied her to the hill upon which General Castro had built, and then bowed his adieu.

Early the next afternoon, and in the very same place, accident (on Sabina's part) once more brought them together. And once more they rode together. And once more they rode together until dark, in a happy and exhilarating silence. And upon the next afternoon it was the same story, and only their parting was different.

For instead of departing after a stately sweep of his hat, the stranger pressed his horse close to hers, and with his left arm drawing her body close to his, and with his right hand tilting her chin a little upwards, kissed her with a kind of tremulous savagery upon the mouth.

Sabina made no effort to resist. It was as if it had been ordained from the beginning of things that she was to be kissed for the first time just thus and just so. And from that moment it seemed to her that not only her body but her mind and her soul belonged to the stranger, so completely had he captivated her.

All that night he watched her window from the street (she got up many times to see if he was still at his post) and the next morning, he presented himself to her father, and the pair were courted for a long time. Sabina nearly died of curiosity.

When the stranger had bowed himself out of the house, Sabina's father sat for a long time in the patio smoling cigars and occasionally smiling to himself. And it was not until after supper, when some couples had come in to sing and dance, that he spoke to anybody of his interview with the stranger, though Sabina's mother had questioned him more than twice.

It was to Sabina herself that he spoke. But first he danced with her very gaily, to the admiration of the young people, and thereafter invited her to stroll with him in the patio.

"Little darling," he said, "it is time that you thought of marriage. At your age your own mother was already the mother of two and about to become the mother of a third . . . You perhaps know that I was closeted today with a young man who is a stranger to us here in Monterey; but his credentials are impeccable, and although it is true that he was once before in love enough to feel desperate and even suicidal upon the occasion of his being jilted, it is also true, he has convinced me, that in the hope of making you his wife his sun rises each morning . . . What do you think of him?"

Sabina wondered how much her father knew, and said that she thought the stranger an extremely presentable young man.

"He is of an excellent family in Toledo," said her father, "and it is to settle the family estate that he is forthwith returning to Spain. How would you like to go with him?"

"Father!" exclaimed Sabina.

"My little blessing," said he, "here is an exceptional opportunity, and if I could talk to you as eloquently as this young man has talked to me, I am of the opinion that he would persuade you to accompany him."

"I would not be so foolish," said Sabina, "as to deny the efficacy of something which I have never heard. Do you wish me to marry him?"

"I believe that you would be greatly envied."

"Well," said Sabina, "I suppose he could be introduced to me, and if he asked me to marry him, and proved as irresistible as you say, I might end by saying yes."

Sabina's father stroked his beard.

"When this young man was jilted," he said, "he swore by Castile and Aragon and the bones of his lamented grandmother, that no other woman should ever have the chance to jilt him



With his left arm drawing her body close, and with his right hand tilting her chin a little upwards, he kissed her upon the mouth.

again. He swore that he would never speak to any woman as long as he lived unless she were his wife . . . At the time of making this oath, you perceive, the thought that he might ever again fall in love seemed preposterous to him."

"And he has never spoken to a woman?"

"He has not and will not—unless to his wife . . . And that is why I am paying his addresses for him."

"He will not even speak to me?" asked Sabina.

"Not until the priest has pronounced you man and wife."

"And after that he would never speak to any other woman but me?"

"Only the Holy Father in Rome could absolve him from his vow."

"If it is your wish," said Sabina, "I will think the matter over."

"He wants an answer tonight," said her father. "He is waiting in the shadow before the house. Shall I invite him in?"

"One might have a look at him," said Sabina.

"I will leave you alone with him."

"But if he cannot speak to me?"

"The man is a Spaniard," said Sabina's father. "He has a pair of eyes in his head."

But it was not with his eyes only that the stranger spoke to Sabina when they were alone together in the rose and honeysuckle perfume of the patio.

She laughed in a kind of reckless happiness the moment she saw him, and he took her at once in his arms and kissed her ever so many times.

They rode to Mexico City on their honeymoon and sailed from Vera Cruz for Barcelona. They were gone two years. There was some talk between them of a little side trip to Rome, so that the Pope might be induced to absolve Sabina's husband of his vow, because speaking only to the one woman had its social disadvantages. But it had its advantages also, and Sabina put her foot down on the Italian trip.



By  
O. O.  
McC  
INTERRE



Tommy Gray



© PAUL THOMPSON

Arthur ("Bugs") Baer

# The MEN WHO DOPE

**A** VAUDEVILLE actor, Chic Sale, gave America the term "wise crack." He coined it as befitting the ready retort of the cracker-barrel comic along Main Street.

Today wise cracking is the universal term for the new slang that burgeons on Broadway. The wise crack is one of the higher attainments along that brilliant—electrically at least—thoroughfare. Ordinary conversation has become as dull as ditch water. Unless you are able to wise crack you are considered stupid—a moron among the magnificents.

Slang as a medium of expression is not confined to Broadway. From the muck it lifts its head lilylike at the Park Avenue tea and the Piping Rock luncheon.

Cafés, tea-rooms, hotel lobbies and theater foyers crackle with wise cracks. If some jester invents one in the morning it is almost certain that the same night the stage—from self-assured comedians to "wonder kiddies" of vaudeville—is wafting the wheeze.

And the next day it sweeps Manhattan like a fire in the prairie brush.

The wise crack is often slang with a sting, but as a rule is merely good-naturedly contemptuous. A silly, senseless phrase that may be used no matter what turn the conversation takes is the sum total of the wise crack. It doesn't mean a thing.

It serves to give an air of worldly superiority, and indicates the perpetrator is "in the know." A few years ago there were only two or three slang phrases a year. Today there is a daily output, and unless the New Yorker who has the zest for being pointed out as a wise lad keeps up with it he is out of the picture. He doesn't belong.

There are several young men in New York who make a living by merely being deft at keeping pace with the new slang. They are not originators. They keep their ear to the rail and mouth the japeries of others.

One of these social clowns has been taken to Europe, Palm Beach and on yachting cruises. It is his job to suffocate ennui and enliven the jaded. And nothing will stop him, even if he has to accentuate a wise crack by fanning himself with his toupee.

They serve as court jesters to bored millionaires. They attend smart functions, café carousals and bachelor dinners. They have never been known to pay a check. They live off the wit of others instead of their own.

A memorandum from the editor of this magazine read: "How

about basing your next piece on the new slang of Broadway? Where does it come from?"

Contrary to the popular notion the wise crack does not originate on the stage. The actor and actress receive theirs second-hand—and palm them off as spontaneous stuff.

Those who do not salvage them from the turbulent current of Broadway's constant flow have "gag men" whose jobs are to fashion the quip and quirk.

Two of them maintain rather gaudy offices in the Times Square district and Tommy Gray, recently won over to the movies, used to make from \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year giving musical comedy and vaudeville comedians a smart sally to interpolate here and there.

He is now making double that amount furnishing comic situations for screen players.

Some of his smart lines include:

"Be yourself!"

"You certainly could!"

"How do you get that way?"

The popularity of American slang is easily traced back to George Ade. Though for years he was about the only originator, the field is now crowded.

The most gifted and prolific fashioner of slang is T. A. Dorgan, known to millions of newspaper readers as "Tad," the cartoonist. He is the fount from which bubbles nearly all of America's bright and merry wise cracks.

"Tad" has the solemn expression of the owl. At a funeral he might easily be mistaken for the chief mourner. When he smiles it is a drooping, lugubrious grin. Yet his solemnity is a mask for the mime, for here is a fellow whose trenchant pen drips most of the humorous slang of the period.

It was "Tad" who had one of his cartoon figures say, "Yes, we have no bananas!" The cartoonist picked it up in actual conversation one day with a newly arrived Italian whose little fruit stand bloomed in a crevice along Forty-seventh Street.

As silly and as meaningless as it was it swept the country and resulted in the song that made a million dollars—but not a cent went to "Tad." Tin Pan Alley is no respecter of persons.

Tad also immortalized:

"Easy on the whip, Phil, it's a hired horse."

"Up with the napkins, here comes the soup."

"Come on, let's put on the feed-bags."

"Dead from the neck up!"

"There's gold in them hills, boys!"



Damon Runyon



T. A. Dorgan ("Tad")



Walter Catlett

## OUT YOUR SLANG

Arthur "Bugs" Baer is another newspaper wit whose clowning paragraphs are golden nuggets for the Broadway wise crackers. "Bugs," too, has the solemnity of a Dorgan. Sometimes his wheezes have a rapier thrust but generally they are just good-natured kidding—a super-burlesque on life's little ironies.

Baer is a rough and ready slangist. It was he who coined "chirp" for talk, "bozo" for any male of the species, "blue serge" and "bimbo" for a fellow's girl, "squawk" for a protest, and "dirt" for malicious gossip.

Damon Runyon is still another who has a penchant for scattering *bon mots* along Broadway. A teetotaler, Runyon is usually found where lights are brightest wearing a drolly wise expression.

His companions are generally those of the sporting fraternity. Most of the time he listens, but now and then drops a swift and closely clipped remark that the next day swings from lip to lip.

It is difficult to interpret Runyon in cold type. His humor is staccato and as brittle as dried hay. He has a way, for instance, of saying "For Land's Sake!" at the auspicious moment and with the proper inflection so that in a short while every comedian is doing it.

About the only comedians of the stage responsible for slang that is popularized are Walter Catlett and Julius Tannen. Catlett is a Californian who has been featured in many musical comedies and was one of the principal comedians in the long run of "Sally."

He is one of those unusual people of the stage—a comedian on and off. He is rarely given lines. He "ad libs," and his verbal buffoonery is changed almost nightly. Not even the members of his company know what he is going to say.

Catlett is responsible for the revival of "Hot-diggedy-dog!" and gave Broadway such titillating trivialities as:

"Thanks for the peanuts and buggy ride."

"Don't be ridic!"

"So's your old man!"

"Be your age, dearie, be your age!"

"Bring on the hot groceries."

"Put on your hat; here come the wood-peckers!"

However, all slang must not be attributed to those who write or act in lighter vein. Sometimes it comes from the intelligentsia. It was Charles Hanson Towne, a serious-minded poet and essayist, who gave Broadway the deathless line: "Ain't nature grand!" It has clicked in at least twenty musical comedies and a hundred or more vaudeville skits.

These, then, are the leading personalities figuring in one of

America's newest and liveliest arts. The bulk of the country's "slanguage" is theirs.

The wise crack is born as a rule about the café tables, or in the clubs or other sanctuaries where men gather to toss away the cares of the day. The crumbs are picked up by the wise crackers. And magiclike, New York is ringing in a few hours with such insane idiocies as:

"And how!"

"And I don't mean perhaps!"

"Love and kisses from you to me!"

"You would, you're just the type!"

"Sic gloria mundi—and a cup of coffee."

"Don't be a sap, you sap."

"Warden, will it tingle when I sit in the chair?"

Slang's flippancy has little regard for cherished institutions. Under its sway a wife becomes "the ball and chain" or "the sheriff."

Whiskers are "lace curtains" and employers are "Simon Legrees." A man's pedal extremities are a "pair of dogs." The girl of sweet sixteen is a flapper and adolescent youth is a cake-eater.

The chief broadcasting station for slang is the Palace theatre, a vaudeville house. Monday afternoon it is half filled with Merryandrews who flock there to pick up the latest repartee to broadcast during the week.

A revue without an official wise cracker is a hopeless flop. Indeed three during the last summer owe their long runs to this form of amiable asininity.

Wise cracks are repeated in San Francisco within twenty-four hours after they are born in New York. And at the same time in New Orleans, San Antonio, St. Louis, Kansas City, Phoenix and where-not. The explanation is simple. New York telegraph operators during dull moments that come at night exchange bits of telegraphic tattle with co-workers in all parts of the land.

They repeat the wise cracks and thus the town slicker in front of Biggerstaff's Grocery store in Big Pump, Neb., is giving his admirers the same wheeze that Damon Runyon pulled a night or so before in the old rose and gilt magnificence of a Broadway midnight supper club.

An older generation perhaps sees nothing in it all but the flimsiest nonsense—indeed a sign of decadence. Yet wise cracking has added its mite to the gaiety of nations. And so long as it only does this it can do very little harm.

So: "Fool around with that one for a while!"

# The Pleasure Buyers

*A New  
Mystery Novel  
Laid in Exotic  
Palm Beach*

*Illustrations by*  
Charles D. Mitchell



## *The Story Thus Far:*

NO EVENT in the frivolous history of Palm Beach had ever shocked and astounded its pleasure-mad inhabitants so much as the grim, sensational murder of Eugene Cassenas. This despicable social butterfly who had trifled with the affections of countless women was one of the Devil's favorites, and the luxurious routs which he had given at Seminole Lodge were notorious. For many years he had been a bright and sinister figure in the vanguard of Palm Beach's social life, and yet at the same time he had many enemies, men and women whom he had ruined, and any one of a dozen people might have killed him.

Even the naive and unfortunate Helen Ripley was among the suspects, and had it not been for the protective generosity of Mrs. Wellington Wiswell, social leader of Palm Beach, she would have had to face certain disgrace. One of Cassenas's innocent victims, lured by the suave scoundrel to the famous watering place, Miss Ripley had been led to believe that Cassenas intended to marry her.

On the very night of Cassenas's murder, after his terrible quarrel with General Gary whose daughter Cassenas had also promised to marry, Helen had gone to a midnight rendezvous at Seminole Lodge, there to encounter Cassenas transformed to a drunken beast from whom she fled in terror.

The following morning Helen had to endure the merciless interrogations of Detective Wolters and the evangelist, Thaddeus Workman, an ex-wrestler and ex-detective who had volunteered to help discover the murderer. Helen thought at first that a certain Mr. Terry might be guilty. He was the first to tell her of Cassenas's reputation, and she had heard him actually threaten Cassenas and accuse him of a long list of criminal acts.

Mrs. Wellington Wiswell's championship of Helen had been invaluable. The very day after the murder she invited the frightened girl to be her guest, and defied malicious gossip by deliberately taking this girl who was involved in a criminal tragedy and in scandal under her powerful wing.

Meanwhile the energetic Reverend Workman had plunged into the work of investigation. At Seminole Lodge where he went for evidence he encountered Kildare, Cassenas's valet. To the evangelist's surprise Kildare told him that he had a copy of the knife with which his master had been stabbed.

"Why," said Kildare when Workman had expressed his astonishment, "last year Mr. Cassenas bought half a dozen knives that were all alike. He gave five of them away to people here at Palm Beach. With one of them he was killed."

"Father was back here by half past one. I know because he was fearfully excited, and I stayed with him until almost dawn."

THE Reverend Thaddeus stared at Kildare; for a moment it seemed that the patent excitement in his eyes would precipitate speech from the wide mouth. Then a recollection of where he was seemed to conquer his excitement. The corners of his mouth curved downward; his upper lip seemed to lengthen; his voice was lugubrious.

"Wait for me downstairs," he said.

Kildare silently left the room. Now that he was alone the revivalist rolled his eyes upward, his hands clasped tightly together. He dropped on his knees beside the bed on which lay the body of Gene Cassenas. His lips moved in prayer; he exhorted the Lord to be merciful to the soul that but yesterday had inhabited this cold clay. His actions proved that there was no affectation about the man. Of old Puritan stock, the traditions of generations were firmly ingrained in him. The praying Puritan and the fighting Puritan were two distinct personalities incorporated in one body.

He finished the prayer at length and rose from his knees. The rapt, fanatical expression left his eyes; the nostrils of the bony nose seemed to quiver again, like those of a hound upon the scent. He looked shrewdly about the room. But there was in it nothing that claimed his interest. Oddly, in this bedroom of a fashionable bachelor, there were no pictures of women. One would have thought to find a few inscribed photographs, but there were none here, either upon the walls, the mantel over a broad fireplace, or upon the table or chest of drawers. At this latter Doctor



By Arthur

Somers Roche



Workman stared curiously. He advanced to it; with a deftness incredible to such huge hands he ran through the contents of the drawers. There was nothing there save shirts, socks, collars and the rest. And when he closed the drawers no one could have suspected that they had been subjected to a close examination. Everything was folded and replaced exactly in the position it had occupied before Workman began his examination.

He looked again about the room. He shook his head slowly. There was nothing here, he felt, that would yield a clue to the murderer of Cassenas. Once again he reverted to the Puritan revivalist.

"St. Paul said to the Romans that the ways of God are past finding out. But the ways of man are different. They

are not sealed books. They may be found out, and I shall do so."

He left the room and went downstairs. In the great living room he found Kildare. An air of camaraderie mantled Workman. There was heartiness, almost gaiety, in his greeting of the major-domo of the Cassenas household. He slapped the expugilist on the back.

"You and I ought to have some great talks," he declared. "What a match we'd have made twenty years ago."

"Think so?" asked Kildare. "I thought you were a wrestler." "So I was," assented Workman. "But I wasn't so bad at rough-and-tumble. I take it you could handle yourself outside the ring where there were no rules."

## The Pleasure Buyers

Kildare's slit of a mouth drew down at one corner. "No one ever pushed me off the sidewalk," he admitted.

"I guess not," declared the revivalist. There was an undisguised admiration in his voice. "Well, sometimes my memory reverts to the days of my lusty youth. We'll talk them over some day. But now business is before us. You said you had a copy of the knife which killed your master. Let me see it."

Kildare walked a few steps to a table. He picked up an article and handed it to Workman. "While you were in Mr. Cassenas's room I went to my room and got this."

Workman accepted the offered dagger. He drew it slowly from its metal sheath. It was a beautiful thing. Fashioned like a Moorish scimitar, though only eighteen inches long, it was a deadly thing. The blade was curved as though, despite its lack of length, it could be used for slashing as well as thrusting. And it was heavy enough, though perfectly balanced, to deal a severe wound if used in broadsword fashion. Tiny grooves ran down the blade, and in them were stains that might have been of blood drawn centuries ago. For the weapon was indubitably of great age.

The blade was ornamented with beautiful scroll work; the hilt was inlaid with a metal that must be gold. And the steel sheath was also inlaid with the same dull yellow metal. Tiny jewels were inset in sheath and hilt. Workman returned the blade to the sheath. He looked at Kildare.

"Who owns this one?" he asked.

"I do," replied Kildare.

The Reverend Tad sat down. "And four other people in Palis Beach possess daggers like this, you said. Sit down, Kildare, and tell me who they are." He held up his hand. "No, first tell me where Cassenas obtained these blades."

Kildare sat down. His hard face held an expression of frankness that was impressive. "I wish I didn't have to say anything," he declared. "Getting people in bad ain't my line."

"But it used to be mine, and temporarily it is again my line," retorted Workman. "And it is your duty to tell me what you know."

"Oh, I'll do my duty all right, but I hate having to do it."

"You talk as though you weren't anxious to catch the murderer of your master," said Workman.

Kildare flushed. "That ain't so. But I hate to see scandal started. Every little thing he ever did, every party he gave—he was a bachelor, not a saint. But the newspapers won't take that into account."

Workman shrugged. "But we can't help that, Kildare. I respect your feelings, but murder has been done, and the criminal must be discovered. A sweet young girl is threatened with disgrace or worse. We must remove the stain from her name. Tell me about the daggers."

Kildare's face lost its stubborn expression, with a shrug of his great shoulders he obeyed Workman's orders.

"Well, we did a little cruising in the Mediterranean last winter. You know: Sicily, Corsica, the Riviera and all that. The boss was great for getting into the back country. He'd leave the yacht in some harbor and hike off into the mountains. He like to wear the dogs right off my legs sometimes. He used to go where motorcars couldn't travel, and where you couldn't even hire a mule to carry you. He'd give a whale of a party on the yacht, and the next day beat it to a place where there wasn't anyone but peasants. I don't know that this has much to do with his being killed, but lots of times he got in jams. You know—peasant girls. And those Sicilians and Corsicans are bad medicine." He looked inquiringly at the minister.

Workman nodded his red head. "It's a lead," he admitted.

"Well, on the way home we stopped at Gibraltar. The boss took a sudden fancy to go to Granada and take a look at the Alhambra. He gave a big dinner to a bunch of English and Spanish people while we were there, and next morning had the usual reaction. He wanted to get away from people. He made me go on a long tramp.

"We spent the night at an inn twenty miles outside of Granada. The boss could talk Spanish in sort of a way. I couldn't follow his conversation with the landlord, but I know he bought six daggers from him. It seemed that an ancestor of the landlord had been a soldier in the last war between the Spanish and the Moors of Granada. This ancestor had copped off as a bit of loot the weapons of Prince Bobadil's bodyguard. He had the lances, the armor, the scimitars and the daggers. According to the landlord there had been a hundred Moors in the bodyguard, but each generation had sold off some of the weapons, until this last descendant only had these six daggers left. And the boss bought.

"Of course," Kildare smiled, "the boss wasn't sucker enough to fall for the landlord's fairy tale. His idea was that somebody—maybe the landlord himself—had stolen the daggers from some museum. But he should worry! The daggers took his fancy, and anything that took his fancy was liable to be parked right near him until his fancy weakened. That's how he got the daggers."

"Very interesting," said Workman. "And now tell me to whom he gave them."

Kildare nodded. "This one here is mine. He gave the other four to Mr. Sturtevant Sanders, Mr. Peter Gould, General Carolus Gary, and Mrs. Wellington Wiswell."

The Reverend Workman's wide mouth pursed in a silent whistle. "That makes five of the daggers: the sixth?"

"He lost that," said Kildare.

"Where? When?" demanded Workman.

"He was showing it to some guests aboard the West Wind and it slipped out of his hand and fell overboard. That was about three weeks ago. He offered a hundred dollars to anyone who would recover it, and three or four men of the crew dived into Lake Worth and tried to get it, but they couldn't find it. I offered to give him back mine, but he wouldn't hear to that."

"He must have been fond of you, Kildare," said Workman.

"How long had you worked for him?"

"Ten years in April," replied Kildare.

"A long time," commented Workman. "Now tell me about Sanders and Gould. Are they in the hotels or clubs, or have they cottages?"

Kildare shook his head. "Neither of them is here now, sir," he answered. "They were both house-guests here at Seminole Lodge. But Mr. Gould went North three weeks ago, and the other gentleman left ten days ago."

"And their daggers?"

"I superintended the packing of their trunks and bags," said Kildare. "The weapons were in the baggage of each of them when they left here."

"H'm," said the Reverend Tad. "That seems to put it up to the daggers owned by General Gary, Mrs. Wiswell and by you."

Kildare smiled. "My dagger is here," he stated.

The revivalist laughed. "That eliminates one weapon. Well, I shall question the General and Mrs. Wiswell. By the way, you were present at the quarrel between the General and Cassenas. What did your master do after the party broke up?"

"He just sat on the deck and drank," replied Kildare.

"Did he say anything?" asked Workman.

"He just sort of mumbled to himself, except when he ordered me to stay on the house-boat. Then he went off by himself on foot."

"Did you know where he was going?"

"He'd ordered that all the servants stay in their quarters. You know they live in rooms over the garage. So I suppose he was expecting someone at the Lodge here whom he wished to see alone."

"A lady?"

"I guessed so," admitted Kildare.

Workman pursued the inquiry no further. He rose abruptly. "I'd like to go through the house," he said.

"Certainly, sir," assented Kildare.

Through the music room, the dining room, the card room, the butler's pantry and the kitchen Workman proceeded, led by Kildare. But in none of these rooms did he seem to see anything of interest, although in the music room an exclamation escaped him at the grandeur of the apartment. Upstairs, once again, he permitted Kildare to show him through six guest rooms, each with a private bath, and each furnished with a magnificent simplicity. At the end of one wing was a closed door.

"And that room?" asked Workman.

"Mine," said Kildare.

"I thought the servants lived over the garage," said Workman. Kildare flushed. "I was more a secretary than a servant," he declared.

"Of course," said the Reverend Tad.

Kildare opened the door and together they entered. The room was as fine as any of the guest rooms. Its location, at the end of one wing, made it one of the two most attractive bedrooms. The other was at the end of the other wing and now contained its master in his final sleep.

Workman's glance was cursory. But he pointed to a framed photograph on a small table. He walked to it.

"A beautiful girl," he said.

"My daughter," said Kildare. Into his voice crept harshness.



The night watchman saw her come in at two-fifteen.

"And where is she?" asked Workman.  
 "In her grave," said Kildare. "She died four years ago."  
 "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," said Workman.  
 "And where did she die?"  
 "In Glendale," said Kildare. "Glendale, New York, where Mr. Cassenas had a farm."  
 Workman nodded. "Oh yes; the farmhouse that Miss Ripley remodeled." He touched Kildare gently on the shoulder. "It must have been hard to lose a lovely child like that."  
 Into the hard eyes of the ex-pugilist came a look of agony; tears glistened there. "It was, sir," he replied. "Anything

else you'd like to see?" he asked, brusk and businesslike of manner, as though defiantly ashamed of his exhibition of sentiment.  
 The Reverend Workman shook his head. "Not now," he answered. "Thank you for your assistance."

Kildare laughed heartily. "I'd be a queer duck if I didn't try to help you find the boss's murderer."

In the patio Workman changed his mind. "I think I'd like to talk to the servants," he said.

Kildare assented at once. He led the way to the garage a little distance north of the Lodge. It was a building almost as large as the Lodge itself. On the ground floor were half a dozen



cars ranging from a seven-passenger limousine to a station wagon. In the doorway were two chauffeurs and a couple of men in overalls who looked like mechanics. Questioned by Workman they declared that they had gone to bed early last night. Cassenas had said that he might use a roadster, but that he needed no driver and would get the car himself. However, he had not used the car. They were sure of that, because it had not been moved from the place in which it had been left by one of the chauffeurs.

In back of the garage Workman found, gathered together in an awed, whispering group, the five Japanese who had staffed the establishment. They all returned the same replies. Kildare had ordered them to keep out of the Lodge and they had obeyed orders. They had heard nothing last night. They had all been asleep before midnight. There was nothing to be learned from them.

"The boss," said Kildare to Workman as they walked away from the servants' quarters, "didn't want anyone in the Lodge last night. He was expecting a lady."

Workman nodded. "Miss Ripley," he said. "Not a nice business for you to be in, Kildare."

Kildare flushed. "I know it, sir, but I wasn't running his morals."

"I do not judge you, and the Lord has judged your master. The wages of sin is death." He became brusque. "Have funeral arrangements been made? But Mr. Quintard told me that you were awaiting word from relatives. Who are those relatives?"

"Cousins by the same name who live in New York," replied Kildare. "We ought to hear from them soon."

He followed Workman to the Lake Trail. "Anything else I can do?" he asked.

"Not now," answered Workman. "I may—unquestionably I will—want to talk to you many times again. But at the moment there are other matters to busy me. Thank you for your assistance."

He strode swiftly down the Lake Trail in the direction of the Lanthia Hotel. Arrived there, he inquired of the man in charge of the wheel-chair service as to the present whereabouts of the negro who had found Cassenas's body. The man, a Bahaman, had just returned from a trip. He was pleased at the fame which he had acquired.

"Name Alonzo Heddy, sir," he said. "Been riding these chairs twelve years. Everybody in Palm Beach knows me. Yes, suh! Took the Wilkersons home from Montmartre about three this morning. On the way back I saw the body."

"You are sure it wasn't there on your way to the Wilkersons' home?" asked Workman.

Alonzo shook his woolly head. "No, suh. I'd have seen it if it had been there."

"Didn't see anyone else, did you?"

The chair man shook his head. "No, suh! I was that scared I didn't do no lookin' round! I just raced back to the hotel."

"Didn't touch the body to see if he was alive?" asked the revivalist.

The colored man shook his head emphatically.

"I should say not! Believe me, boss, when I see the handle of a knife sticking out of a man's chest, I don't stop to touch him, or look at him, or ask him, 'How come?' I just say, 'Alonzo, there's a lot of people don't take no stock at all in ghosts. Maybe, Alonzo, them people are perfectly right. Maybe, Alonzo, nobody but a ignorant colored man is afraid of dead people. But, Alonzo, what is you but ignorant colored people? Let the white folks monkey with corpses. Alonzo, you're needed anywhere but here.'"

"And so you came back to the hotel. What time did you get here?"

The man in charge of the chairs supplied the answer. "The boys are checked in and out, from each station, and the reports

are turned in here by eight o'clock. According to the records Alonzo left Montmartre at ten minutes of three and was back there at quarter to four."

"Fifty-five minutes," Workman's forehead wrinkled. "How long would it take you to get from Montmartre to Seminole Lodge?"

"About fifteen minutes," replied Alonzo.

"And from Seminole Lodge to the Wilkerson place?" persisted Doctor Workman.

"Fifteen more," said Alonzo.

"Then you passed the spot where the body was found at about quarter past three. Because it took me ten minutes to ride from Seminole Lodge to there in a wheel-chair. That gives you five minutes to reach the Wilkerson home. Five minutes more brings you back to the scene of the murder. That gives you twenty minutes to do a twenty-five minute journey."

Alonzo rolled his eyes. "I want to tell you that when I'm scared I can cut my running time considerable."

The Reverend Tad laughed. "Well, let's see how quickly you can take me to the telegraph office."



## CHAPTER XI

HE COULD have telegraphed from the office in the Lanthia, but he preferred not to send his messages from the hotel. Wolters, the house detective, unquestionably would read any dispatches sent by Workman, and he did not wish to gratify

Wolters  
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Doctor, would I be fool  
enough to be so frank  
unless I could prove  
every word I say?"

which was barred to automobiles. Wheel-chair boys needed not to solicit patronage today; a couple of miles up the Trail was the spot where Gene Cassenas had been murdered and this was the Mecca to which pilgrimage was being made.

Ordinarily these people would have lingered in front of Bailey's, to stare curiously at the persons who entered, to nudge each other as much-photographed features were recognized, to exchange excited speculation as to the identity of someone accompanying a recognizable celebrity.

But today they did not loiter on the way; an extra edition of the afternoon paper had informed them of the tragedy, and they were hastening to view the scene. That morbid curiosity which exists in all of us made them swarm down the trail, oblivious to the blue waters of the lake, and to the stately grandeur of the palms which lined the path.

Workman, watching them as his chair was momentarily delayed, shrugged his shoulders. He noted a certain complacency on the faces of those who came from across the lake. We dislike everything which is different from the things to which we are accustomed. The main reason why the public dislikes the wealthy is because the lives of the wealthy are different from the lives of the rest of us. They do things which we cannot afford to do, which we do not even in our dreams hope to do, and so we dislike them. And when one of them totters on his high perch, we inwardly hope that he will fall.

A sad smile flickered on the Reverend Tad's lips. He preached the doctrine of love, and when that doctrine was accepted for daily use there would be no rejoicing at the misfortunes of others. Then he shrugged; today he was not merely a minister of God, he was a detective. But not the kind of detective, he assured himself, that he had been in the old days before he had heard the call which summoned him to his present vocation.

For then it had been his work to discover the guilty in order that they might be punished. Now he was a detective again in order to protect the innocent from unjust condemnation. He would discover the guilty, if possible, but not merely in order that a murderer might be punished; he would do so in order that mire should be erased

from the reputation of Helen Ripley.

Nevertheless, though his motives were more kindly, the gleam in his blue eyes was as hard and cold as in the old days, and there was a grim intensity in his face that was called there by the joy of the chase. He suddenly forgot the sightseers, while he reviewed the circumstances of the murder as he knew them.

Cassenas, according to Alonzo Heddy, had been slain between a quarter past three this morning and ten minutes after that time. At least, his dead body was not on the Lake Trail the first time and was there at the second time. Of course, it might have been carried there from some other spot; but this was pure assumption based on no facts thus far obtainable. There was no reason to assume that Cassenas had

(Continued on page 168)

Wolters's curiosity. Untimely prying never helped an investigation. So he chose to wire from the office on Main Street.

Seated in a wheel-chair propelled by the stocky Bahaman who had discovered the body of Cassenas, Workman rode along the lake front. The ferry from West Palm Beach was landing passengers at the little dock. More than the usual number of people had made the trip across the dancing waters of Lake Worth. And the toll bridge looked like a long black caterpillar, so thronged was it with motorcars. An extra traffic officer was stationed between the railroad track and Bailey's gambling house in order to hurry the cars up Main Street. The cars would pause a moment; everyone but the driver would alight and, crossing the street, would proceed up the narrow Lake Trail,

By Margaret Sangster  
*A story of jealous Chinese gods*  
*The Soul of Lily Sing*

**T**HIS is the story of Lily Sing, and a preacher who learned to pray—  
Of hearts that met on a new world street, and pulsed in an old world way—  
This is the story of vague ideals, of passion that warred with pride,  
This is the tale of a soul that lived—and of Lily Sing, who died . . .

He preached the fear of a Christian God through the throb of Chinatown,  
And his eyes were a cloudy, Maytime blue, and his hair was golden brown,  
And his body was lithe and tall and straight as he stood in his mission door,  
But the words that he spoke when he led in prayer, were words—and nothing more!

And some of them came to hear him preach because of his stilted pleas,  
But most of them came for the food he served, and his yearly Christmas trees—  
For the Chinese gods, they are jealous gods (ah, the taming years move slow!)  
And they clutch their own, though the seas divide, and they will not let them go!

She entered in at the mission door, on swift little dancing feet,  
And her eyes were dark as the Chinese night, and her lips were full and sweet,  
And her hair was black as a burnt out flame, as black as her questing eyes,  
And her hands were tiny and pale and warm as two yellow butterflies!

She sat on a bench in the chapel room that was bare and almost grim,  
Oh, she sat as still as a slender ghost, while they sang each long, slow hymn—  
And after the parting word was said, and the rest had gone, like a tide,  
She drifted, soft as a wistful sigh, to the waiting preacher's side.

And "Oh," she said, "I am sad—so sad—an' I know not—how you say—  
Which way to—turn! But perhaps, through you—I go in the white God's way . . .  
Perhaps you tell me why wrong—ees wrong . . . An' perhaps—why right ees right—"  
(And the preacher wondered what scent she wore and his eyes were young and bright.)

"For I," she said, "I have been—the girl—of the hatchet man—Chang Low—  
I have shaped my path—to the path he take—but my soul, she hurt me so . . .  
I have give him—all—but I can not love—an' he do not understand—  
See—" she raised the sleeve from her arm, and showed the mark of an angry hand!

She paused and the preacher looked at her and he started twice to speak,  
And his voice, at last, when an answer came, was strange to the ears, and weak.  
"You must come, each night, to the mission school; you must come each night," he said,  
"And I will give you a God who cares—" But he thought, "Her mouth is red!"





#### THE PREACHER

And so she came to the mission school, and all of the lonely place  
Was gay whenever she entered there, because of her flower face;  
And the preacher talked with a burst of sound but his words were wan and gray,  
And the girl sat waiting, her eyes upraised, for all that he did not say.



#### THE HATCHET MAN

For a man must know of the wage of sin, of a mad world's loss and gain,  
And he must love with a hungry heart and must feel the ache of pain;  
When his lips are white he must learn to kiss a cross that is grim with fear,  
Before he can preach the Word of God—and can make that God seem near!



#### THE GIRL

He told of Christ as a little lad by the shores of Galilee,  
He talked of the Man who stilled the waves of a troubled, grasping sea—  
He talked of a Body crucified, in the spring of a sullen year,  
But the eyes of the girl grew hurt because of the words she did not hear.





#### THE MESSAGE

For the Christ he knew was a picture Christ who lived in a land alone,  
And Lily Sing, like a child, had asked for a hand upon her own;  
The God he prayed to was all untouched by sorrow and doubt and strife—  
A God who looked, with unseeing eyes, past the little ways of life!

And at last she came to his side, one night, and her slim hand touched his arm—  
“But, meester, what have you teach—” she asked, “that can keep—this girl—  
from harm?”

“That hatchet man he have say—‘*You come!*’—an’ what have you give to me,  
That can tell me how I should—answer him? That will set my spirit—free?”

And the preacher gazed at her flutelike form in its vivid Chinese gown,  
And he thought of a house on a shaded street in a prim New England town;  
And he thought of his mother, robed in black, with lace at each slender wrist,  
And he thought of her face made keen, with pride, as she raised it to be kissed.

And thinking so, he half turned away, from the smile of Lily Sing—  
From her waiting eyes and her hair as dark as a raven’s broken wing!  
And he said, “I have given you all I have—I have given my God to you,  
And if you have listened to me, *at all*, you will know what you should do!”

For he thought—though his soul was all unborn—that his preaching reached its mark,  
And he did not know that it gave no light where the way was rough and dark;  
He did not know that the Christ he preached was a figure years away—  
That he uttered words that were only words when his calm voice tried to pray . . .

But Lily Sing, with a little sigh, looked into the heart of shame,  
Though her eyes were fixed on a pulpit cloth that was worked in gold and flame;  
And she turned away, and she did not know that he stood with a drooping head—  
And she murmured low, so he could not hear—“But the God you preach—ees dead!”

And later they brought him a little note, in a childish, untaught hand,  
That said: “I have followed the only gods—the gods of my motherland—  
Where the poppy glows I have entered in—for the poppy speaks of peace,  
And who shall say that we may not sleep—when with sleep shall come—release?”

Oh, there was a little coach that drove through the throb of Chinatown,  
Past a door where a man stood silently, and his head was bended down;  
And papers were scattered behind the coach, that the devils might flee below,  
And the one who paid—for these have their price—was the hatchet man,  
Chang Low . . .

And, after the little coach had passed, and the street was almost still,  
The man turned into the mission door, and he stumbled over the sill,  
And he knelt in the dark and his words were swift and his eyes had a frightened shine,  
And the prayer that he said was his first real prayer—“Oh, God, keep her  
soul—and mine!”

This is the story of Lily Sing and a preacher who could not give  
The simple rules that a girl must keep if her heart shall grow, and live—  
This is the story of vague ideals, of passion that warred with pride,  
This is the tale of a soul new born—and of Lily Sing—who died!

By Albert Payson Terhune  
*If You Love DOGS, Your Heart Will Be Touched by*

# A Mother That Defied Heaven

*Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull*

A HUMAN mother will sometimes risk her life for her young. A collie mother, I believe, will *always* risk her life for her young.

Here at Sunnybank, a while ago, lived our slender little mahogany-and-snow female collie, Sunnybank Gael. She was stout-hearted enough about ordinary matters; but there were two things of which she was hideously afraid, and there was a third thing which she loathed.

The two things she feared were thunderstorms and heavy winds. With all her dainty nature she detested rain.

A big wind was enough to drive her into a panic of nervous terror. No six-foot wire fence could keep her in her kennel yard when a north wind swept fiercely across the lake. She would clear the fence-top with a scramble and make for the nearest safe shelter, hiding far under the veranda or in the dark cellar.

As for thunderstorms, the first rumble of far-away thunder would reduce her to shivering anguish. Under a bed or in some similar remote hiding place she would lie, flattened against the floor, panting and trembling in stark horror, till the last remnant of the storm had rolled past. Even then, she was scared and sick for the rest of the day.

Well, Gael had a litter of six collie babies. Luckily, they were born in very early spring long before the thunderstorm season. She was an adoring little mother. The puppies thrive, and presently they looked like a sextet of Teddy Bears.

One day in June they were playing on the lawn, more than a hundred yards away from the house or from their kennel nest. They were still at the age when pups are slow and unsteady on their feet, and when their pudgy bodies are unwieldy. With much patience Gael had lured them forth on this exercise-stroll.

Then, out on the warm grass of the lawn she lay down, her babies playing around her. Presently she dozed. She was awakened by a roar of thunder.

She woke to find that one of the hill-country's sudden virulent thunderstorms was sweeping down from across the lake. Also that the soft south breeze had changed, in a twinkling, to a spectacular northwest hurricane.

Up jumped Gael, shaking all over, the picture of panic terror. She bounded for the house to seek shelter. Then, at the second leap, she halted and turned around. Behind her were following her six pudgily awkward babies. They were yelping to her, infected by her fright. But they were making no sort of progress.

Indeed, even as she turned, one of them gave up the pursuit and sat down in silly despair, squealing inanely and refusing to stir. Two of the others followed his silly example—which is puppy nature.

Gael, moaning and shuddering, sought frantically to nose the brood along toward the house. They were frightened still more by her nervous insistence, and they refused to take a step.

Then, with a dazzling white flash and a blast of deafening thunder, the storm burst.

Gael went into action, but not the action one might have expected. In a few deft maternal shoves, she herded the six infants safely beneath her own furry body. Then, crouching above them, she faced the storm.

The sheet rain soaked her to the skin—the rain she hated so. The hurricane all but blew her off her braced feet—the

hurricane from the first breath of which she was wont to flee in mortal terror. The lightning played blindingly around her and the thunder bellowed unceasingly in her ears.

Did she flinch? She did not. She crouched there, crooning softly to her frightened babies, shifting her body so as to continue shielding them from the rain and wind. Every now and then, at some especially vivid glare of lightning and at the accompanying detonation of thunder, she would rear her head and snarl ferociously into the teeth of the storm the voice of which seemed to threaten her precious babies.

All this took place in the short space of time before one of the men and myself could come to the rescue with a big covered basket and carry the pups to safety. Even then Gael would not bolt for shelter; but pattered along uneasily beside the basketful of sprawling youngsters, crooning encouragement to them and disregarding the storm which, ordinarily, would have thrown her into paroxysms of fear.

She feared much. But she loved more. And that is the way of a collie mother.

When Lady's first litter of pups was born, years ago, she reverted to the wild. Escaping from the brood-nest, she made her way to a sort of tunnel she had dug beneath the barn. There her puppies were born. There she proceeded to guard them against all human intruders with all the ferocity of a she-wildcat.

The Mistress and I came home to find the lair in a state of siege. One human after another had gone thither to investigate. One after another, they had been driven back by Lady's murderous assaults. The humans she loved, the hands that had fed and cared for her—it made no difference. They were her foes now. They were the potential destroyers of her offspring.

The Mistress went straight up to the lair. Lady did not fly out at her. The Mistress was leaning down to explore the new family when I stopped her. The dogs are fonder of her than of me. She is fearless, and she has a queer gift with all animals. But that was no reason why she should risk a bitten hand.

I took her place, kneeling at the edge of the lair. Lady whimpered piteously, looking up at me with real agony in her dark eyes. Gently I reached into the lair to count the puppies.

Lady did not snarl, nor attack me. But she sobbed, precisely as a human mother might have sobbed. And with one forepaw she pushed at my hand, seeking gently to thrust it aside.

I did not try to resist that pathetic appeal; but left the babies as they were until such time as she should get over her new distrust and should realize nobody meant harm to her brood.

Perhaps you don't catch the full import of the incident. To a dog all humans are gods. Lady knew we humans were infinitely more powerful than she. She knew we had the power of life and death over her, and that any breach of Sunnybank's simple laws might be followed by swift penalty.

She risked all sorts of danger in fighting off the humans who had been her friends. By her pitiful protests and paw-thrusts she had even resisted my own attempts to handle her young. It was no light thing for a mere dog thus to declare war on mankind. Lady knew that for she had much intelligence. But she had more mother-love.

This mother-love takes odd forms sometimes among the Sunnybank collies. Sunnybank Jean is the best collie-mother we have





CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL.

The terrified Gael sought frantically to nose the brood along toward the house, but they refused to take a step.

had here. But when her pups are weaned and put in the puppy-yard by themselves, I have to keep an eye on Jean every time she is let out for a run.

First of all, she rushes over to the puppy-yard and gallops solicitously around it. Then she disappears. Apparently that gallop of inspection convinces her that her darling and obese pups are in immediate danger of starving to death. Presently she darts back into sight, lugging along an enormous bone or a loaf of bread or a huge chunk of raw meat. Once, she even brought a roast chicken. She offers this stolen food to her puppies.

Jean is a mighty well-bred and ladylike little dog, who knows the Law as well as does any human. In normal conditions, she

would die of hunger rather than steal. She can be left in a room with any amount of tempting food, and she will pay no attention to it.

But, when she has pups, nothing is safe. She will raid refrigerator or pantry or any other sacred place where food may be found, though she knows she is committing theft. She believes her pups are hungry—which they are not. That is enough for Jean. No matter what the penalties may be, they are going to be fed.

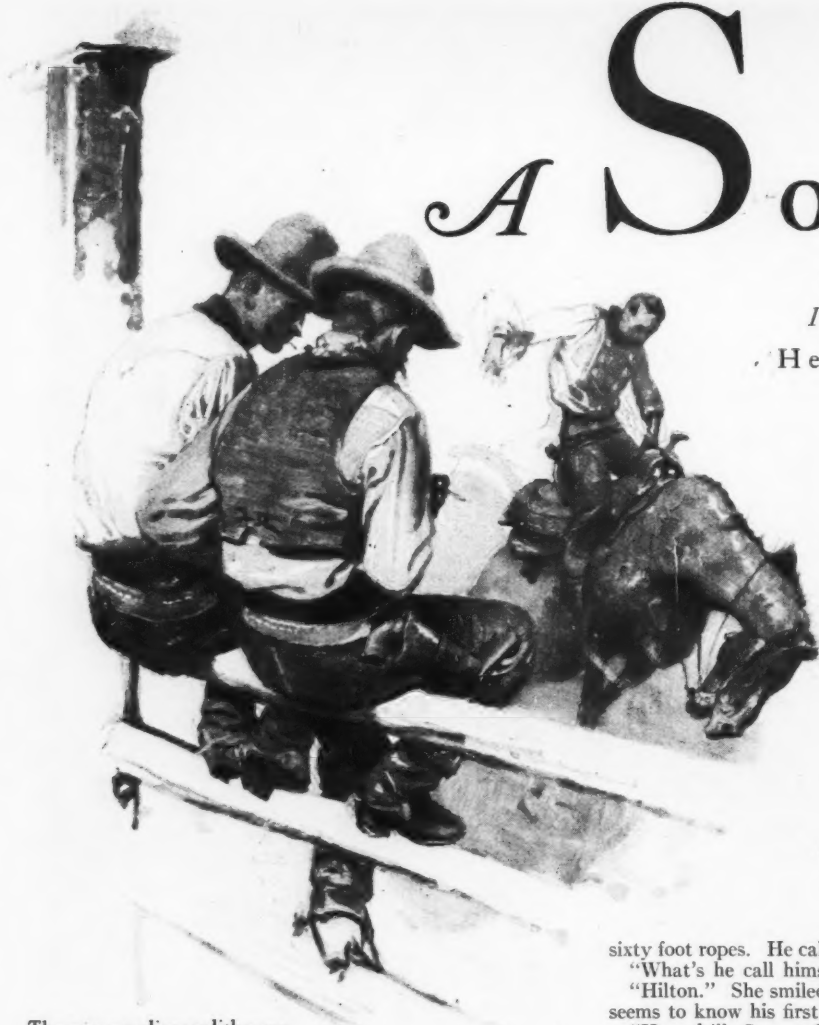
The Scotch have a quaint old proverb that flits into my memory when I note the strangely human traits of these Sunnybank dogs of ours. It runs:

*"A collie has the brain of a man and the ways of a woman!"*

# Son-In-

By F. R.

Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops



There was a slippery litheness about the rider of the outlaw horse that held the pair on the corral fence fascinated.

**B**ILL SAVAGE happened to be administering high justice in the Sierra Madre when the new hand was taken on at the home ranch. Returning from the empurpled mountains down beyond the border, where he had accomplished his grim errand, he found his wife and daughter awaiting him on the long veranda. They had watched him from afar, a moving speck upon the tawny plain. Now, when they saw he had come unhurt, they indulged themselves in no further curiosity, knowing that whatever had taken place was not for women's ears.

The ranch house stood on the mesa's edge overlooking the valley's floor for miles. In those days, before the law had come beyond the ragged summits of the Dragóon mountains, a view like this had its decided advantages. The marauding bands of Apaches appreciated the fact and gave Bill Savage's home a wide berth during their excursions into Mexico. So, likewise, did the outlaws who had drifted over the mountains from the San Pedro in recent years. Here in the heart of No Man's Land, where the renegades of three races rode, preying on all comers and on one another, the narrow-eyed Texan sallied forth, sometimes alone, sometimes with his foreman, now and again with half a dozen of his cowboys, hunting them down across the glaring flats and through the sunbaked mountains. Thus, by the wiles of strategy and by bold battle in the open, he made his home safe for his womenfolk and kept his far flung herds from utter devastation.

The morning was young when he rode in from his lonely pasear across the Mexican boundary. After he had kissed his wife and daughter, with that deep tenderness which silent men like him bestow, they set to work to bring him breakfast. While he was

eating, the girl sat across the table from him and answered his terse questions. Next to his foreman, who had shared with him the secrets of his grim raids on savage enemies, Molly was his greatest confidant. As he glanced into her piquant young face his narrow eyes grew softer. So they sat there talking over the table, curiously alike in their dissimilarity, and she told him of the new hand.

"Where's he come from?" he demanded.

"Tombstone," she answered. "The sheriff give him a letter saying he was a good man." Savage grunted.

"Sheriff wouldn't know a good man ef he seen one," was his comment.

"I think he's from California," Molly went on. "He rides a center fire saddle and uses one of those

sixty foot ropes. He calls it a reata." She smiled humorously.

"What's he call himself?" her father muttered.

"Hilton." She smiled again at his look of surprise. "Nobody seems to know his first name. He's very good looking."

"Humph!" Savage finished his coffee and rose from his chair. "I'm going down to the corrals," he told her. "No nickname. Reckon the boys don't like him."

Rafe Lawton, the foreman, was sitting on the topmost rail of the round pole corral. He turned his head as Bill Savage climbed beside him.

"Get 'em?" he asked.

"Got the half-breed." The cowman hooked the high heels of his boots on the rail beneath and settled himself on his perch. "Mimbres done slipped off with a bullet in him som'ers. I trailed him five miles by the blood. Reckon he'll be back to make more trouble."

"I reckon so," the other agreed. "Yo' ort to of taken me along, Bill."

Savage nodded. "Sooner or later we got to clean out the hull gang," he growled. "That the new hand?" He jerked his head to indicate the center of a swirling dust cloud wherein the forms of horse and rider appeared, now clearly, now swathed in a brown haze.

"That's him." Rafe's lips went tight. They sat with their backs bent, their hands folded between their knees, regarding the spectacle in the corral; the older man, dark eyed, broad shouldered, short of stature; the younger, tall and blond, his fine gray eyes aglow with recklessness.

The horse was a large bay; and even in the fog of dust, back bowed and twisting as he was, he showed clean strain: one of those brutes which should have been good clear through but, by some mischance in handling, had been warped to outlawry. His tongue protruded, and at intervals he uttered a deep moaning. Blue light glowed from his eyes. Always he pitched; there was no cessation in his fighting; but never for two moments did he fight the same.

"How come," the cowman asked, "yo' give him Colonel?"

"Said he could ride 'em all." Rafe's eyes narrowed.

"Reckon he tol' the truth," Savage said drily.

R. BECHDOLT

# Law With Sand

"Yo' bet!" The foreman swore with vigor. "He's a better buster than I be." But there was a note in his voice which showed that the admiration was for the riding, not the rider.

There was a catlike grace about the new hand, a slippery liteness in his ever changing postures, which held the pair on the corral fence fascinated. Four cowboys, who had postponed mounting their own ponies to witness the show, were draped over various other portions of the barrier, their hard young faces alight with interest. Now and again one shot a stream of brown tobacco juice into the dust beneath him. In all of them, as in their foreman, there was a latent gleam of something deeper than mere recklessness; a suggestion which was in complete accord with the big butts of the six shooters dangling beside their lean thighs.

Once the horse reared until the members of the little audience held their breaths awaiting the instant when the front legs would straighten out and he would topple backward. The slim form shifted slightly in the big stock saddle; one booted foot was sliding back in the stirrup; and in a flash, the bay was pitching again. Bill Savage swore quietly.

"He's throwed me twice by that there trick," Rafe muttered. Ten minutes later the new hand rode at a gentle fox trot round the corral. Colonel's flanks were heaving; his coat was dark with sweat; the blue light was gone from his eyes. Hilton reined up beneath the spot where the cowman was sitting.

"Good horse," he cried. "A little lively."

Bill Savage made no reply; he was looking down into the upturned face; it was a rather handsome face, but there was an unpleasant curl to the lips—a suggestion of cynicism in the smile—and the brown eyes were too aggressive in their boldness.



"Molly, you must not ride that horse," Rafe told her quietly. "I certainly am going to ride him," she answered.



"If yo' like him," Rafe said drily, "yo' can have him on yo'r string."

"Suits me." The curl to the rider's lips became more marked. "I'll have him gentled for you fellers in a week or so."

Bill Savage grunted and climbed down from the fence. What he thought of the matter he was not saying.

Almost every night the young foreman came over from the bunk-house to discuss with his employer such details of the business as needed conference. Thus, sitting on the wide veranda, with their chairs tilted back and their high bootheels resting on the railing, they talked over feed conditions and the sale of beef steers or planned forays on the outlaws who were forever harassing the herds. Two or three times a month, when the counseling was over, there remained various matters of a clerical nature demanding attention. Then Rafe went into the long living room and sat down with Molly, who attended to the bookkeeping and letter writing.

The blind, unswerving loyalty which marked Rafe's service to Bill Savage extended to the cowman's womenfolk. There was no measure to this fealty, nor any question. And during the years since she had grown to young womanhood Molly had taken it for granted that his devotion belonged to her. When she and her mother went to Tombstone, Rafe rode along to guard them against Apaches. He gentled her horse for her, and it was he, more often than her father, who interposed his prohibition when she was about to risk her young person against some of the many perils which were forever lurking about the neighborhood of the home ranch. Of late he had fallen into the habit of coming to the house clean shaven, with a colored handkerchief knotted about his sunburned throat. The other men had noted the change and spoke of it during their foreman's absence. Bill Savage was mutely cognizant of it, and by his tacit acquiescence gave it sanction. It was beginning to be assumed by everyone about the place, that the courtship was well along.

This evening there was bookkeeping to do. When they had finished Molly spoke her mind concerning the affair in the corral. If she owned a greater volubility than her father, she had at least inherited his directness.

"It seems to me, Rafe," she said, "that if you want to kill a man you could find a fairer way than giving him Colonel to ride."

"Meaning Hilton?" Rafe smiled broadly. "I didn't notice that it hurt him."

"That," she retorted, "wasn't your fault. Why didn't you let him know he was forking an outlaw?"

Rafe's smile faded. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her of the new hand's boast, made in the presence of the other cowboys, that he could ride them all; to which he had responded by bidding him to try the Colonel horse if he felt himself capable. But it was not in his creed to question any man's word behind his back and something told him that Hilton had a motive in misrepresenting things to Molly. Being as straightforward in his love making as he was in his fighting, he chose to hold his peace.

"It wasn't fair," she persisted, "just because you don't like him—"

"Now, Honey, how do I know whether I like him or not?" His smile returned and there was a light in his young face which softened all the reckless lines and made it very tender. "All I've got against him is his ways. Been here four days, and makes as free as if he'd been raised with the family. Yo' never see Owlhead or Bob West buzzin' round yo' like he does."

"I'd like to see them try it once," she declared warmly. "Well," he shrugged his broad shoulders, "mebbe they ain't so good lookin', but they are good men. I'd a heap rather see yo' with one of them, somehow, than with him."

"You let me tend to my own business, Rafe," she bade him quietly. "I reckon I am old enough."

"There now!" he told her softly. "Le's not be gettin' mad about it. I'm sure I don't aim to go interferin' with yo', dear. But I would like this Hilton feller better if he'd make his kicks to me."

He rose. And before he left the room he bent over and kissed her gently. But she had sensed the repression which had come over him when she had repeated the new hand's accusation, and—not altogether wrongly—she had put it down to jealousy. It was the first time that any difference had arisen between them and, being accustomed to an unquestioning fealty from him, she felt it the more keenly.

A week after his return from the Sierra Madre, Bill Savage stood beside his young foreman watching Hilton swing into the saddle. The Colonel horse stood without a tremor while the rider leaned forward and twitched the leather blind from his eyes, then stepped out, as docile as a lady's mount. The new hand nodded at the cowman.

"Nothing wrong with him," he called. "He's been mishandled, that's all."

"Meanin' me," Rafe remarked quietly.

Molly was on the wide veranda. She waved her hand as Hilton passed. His teeth flashed and he waved in answer. Bill Savage made no comment on the whole proceeding other than a grunt.

That day Rafe rode far up the valley with Owlhead Johnson to look into the condition of a waterhole. Swinging homeward in a wide semicircle, they cut the Tombstone road in the foothills of the ragged Dragoons and came upon a pair of freighters resting their teams before the long climb over South Pass.

"What's new?" the foreman asked when they had pulled up beside the outfit. The elder teamster stroked his grizzled mustache reflectively before replying.

"Mimbres," said he after some moments, "is back in Galeyville. He give it out two nights ago that he aims to kill Bill Savage or any of his men on sight."

Evening was well along when Rafe finished his belated supper and came over to the ranch house with the news. He heard the murmur of voices through the dusk. Molly was sitting on the veranda steps with the new hand. They moved aside to let him pass, and she barely lifted her face to speak to him.

"Reckon," the cowman said when he had heard the tidings in the living room, "I'll have to make a better job of Mimbres next time." They sat there for an hour going over this and other matters of business and when the foreman departed the pair were still on the front steps.

"Mr. Hilton," Molly called after him, "has promised to break Colonel for the side saddle." Rafe wheeled and faced her.

"Molly, yo' must not ride that hoss," he told her quietly. She flushed at his tone.

"I certainly am going to ride him," she answered.

Had he been as apt at wooing as at warfare he would not have said that. Thereafter when evening came he usually found Bill Savage inside the house; Molly and the new hand had taken possession of the veranda.

Life went along by day as usual. Every morning the riders sallied forth in pairs to visit the far corners of the range, returning at nightfall to report conditions to the foreman. Occasionally more news drifted down from Mimbres: the robbery of the Lordsville stage, the slaying of a sheriff's deputy in the Dragoons; but beyond his defiance the outlaw had done nothing to Bill Savage. The men fell to speculating as to what his next move would be.

"Me," the new hand announced during one of these bunk-house discussions, "I'd like to see that *hombre* long enough to line my sight on him." The silence with which the remark was received was in part due to the fact that the others were accustomed to saying nothing of their intentions in such matters, in part because the cowman had walked in on them.

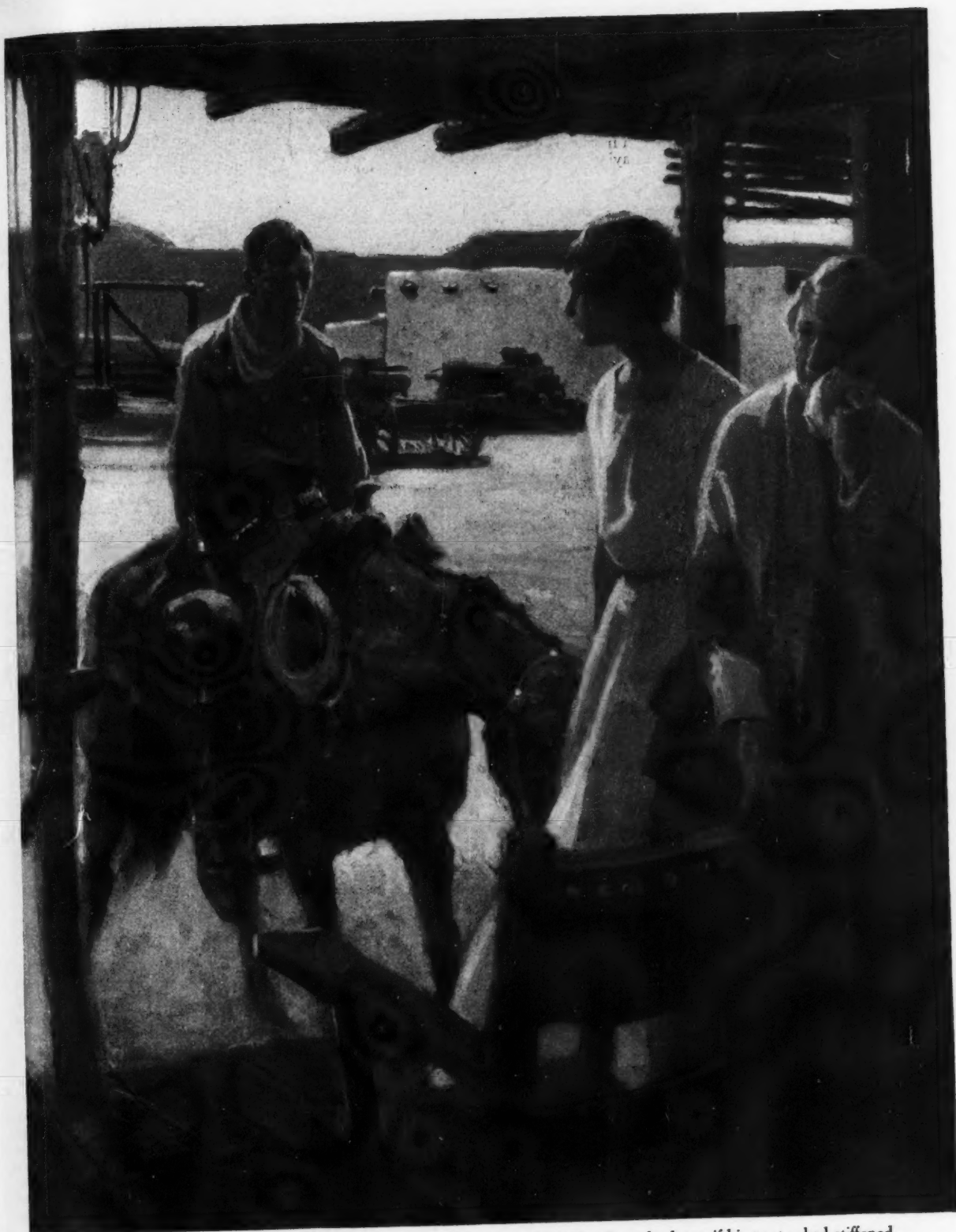
The days passed by. Hilton's evening calls on Molly had become a regular thing.

"Gall is what a man needs," Soldier Jones told his companions in the bunk house. "Gall and a line of talk. That gets the women. But what I can't understand is why Bill stands fer him."

"Reckon Bill's lookin' fer a han'some son-in-law," was Owlhead Johnson's cynical comment. "Yo' notice he done took this Hilton feller along with him when he rode over to Skeleton Canyon today, instid of Rafe?"

"Well, any time Bill rides where there is trouble, he'll have Rafe with him," Bud Wilcox prophesied. But like many another prophet Bud merely voiced his own hopes. The departure of the cowman and Hilton in each other's company became a frequent spectacle. Rafe rode alone and a puzzled line was beginning to show between his brows.

One night early in August three riders long overdue returned to the home ranch and the youngest of them came on a led horse, bound by his rawhide riata across the saddle with a bullet hole to mar his forehead.



He sat swaying in the saddle. "There were too many of them," he said at last, slowly, as if his tongue had stiffened.

Soldier Jones told the expected story with quiet terseness. "Us three was workin' a bunch of lean cows down through South Pass. Me an' Owlhead was behind and Bud had rode ahead. We heard the shot and when we got to where the kid was layin', they opened up on us from behind the rocks. The' must o' been four or five of 'em; but we stood 'em off till dark an' then they quit. Twice I got sight of Mimbres." He cursed himself and his luck with drawling intensity. "Both times I overshot."

"Wish I'd had your chance." The voice was Hilton's. Soldier Jones did not so much as look at him, but his eyes were narrow as he addressed Savage.

"They're headed back fer Galeysville, Bill."

"We'll bury Bud," the cowman said, "then saddle up."

Dawn was beginning to leak over the eastern horizon when the eight riders set forth. For the first time in weeks Savage was keeping his foreman by his side. The others trooped behind.

So through the long day they traveled northward along the valley's level floor. The flaming sun dipped behind the ragged summits of the western mountains; dusk came on.

"The's eight or ten in the gang," the cattleman told Rafe, "an' the hull town's afraid of 'em. We'll stop at ol' Castenada's corral. He's honest. I'll send him in ahead of us to find out where they be."

Midnight found them within the adobe walled enclosure where Santa Cruz Castenada sold feed and hay to passing teamsters just outside Galeyville. Their cigarettes made little flecks of red in the blue darkness; occasionally one of the horses shook himself, rattling the stirrup leathers; within the flat roofed house a Mexican was playing an accordion. So they waited for a good half hour, until the swarthy old proprietor came silently out of the shadows and whispered to their leader the tidings for which he had been sent. When he had gone again, Bill Savage spoke.

"Mimbres is eatin' in that little adobe place acrost the street from the Owl Saloon," he said. "I'm goin' in to get him. Yo' boys stick here till the shootin' starts. Hilton, yo' come along with me."

Rafe Lawton had taken a step toward him as he was speaking. At those last words the foreman halted abruptly. He stood silent, caught in the middle of his stride, as if the thing which he had heard had frozen him. So, while the two men turned to their ponies tightening the latigos, and after they had swung into their saddles, he remained without stirring, unconscious of the murmurs of incredulity about him and of all else save the one fact—Bill Savage had chosen another man to ride with him where there was danger.

The Texan said no word to his companion. The soft thud of the ponies' hoofs in the deep dust of the roadway was the only sound save the faint creaking of their stirrup leathers. Buildings appeared on either side, vague blots of shadow deeper than the night about them. The low adobe houses became thicker; and from windows ahead of them streams of radiance cascaded into bright pools of orange lying athwart the street. Sounds came: the click of billiard balls, the murmur of men's voices; somewhere a woman laughed. Savage raised his hand abruptly and reined up. In silence he dismounted and the new hand followed his example. A hitching rack stood at the road's edge. They threw the reins across it. The cowman pointed to Hilton's rifle in its sheath beneath the stirrup leather and started on. The other plucked the weapon forth with sweating fingers and ran to overtake him.



With the swiftness of a striking snake, the outlaw seized the coffee cup and threw it

The restaurant was in the middle of the block, a one-story adobe. The door was blind. They halted beside the single window. Within the place a man was sitting by a table. The Texan's narrow eyes grew hard as they rested on the solitary figure. His hand fell on Hilton's shoulder and he spoke for the first time since they had left the corral.

"Hold the door till the boys come." He pointed to the saloon across the street. "Them outlaws is over there. They'll bile out when the first shot is fired." He started to take a step but Hilton gripped him by the elbow.

"Where are you going?" he whispered.

"I'm goin' in here to get Mimbres," Bill Savage answered. With that he opened the door very quietly. For a bare instant he stood on the threshold; then he went in and closed the door behind him.

A single lamp hung from the low ceiling, lighting the room from end to end. Four or five round tables, which had in days gone by served poker players in some saloon, were ranged along the middle of the floor. The place was too narrow for more than the one row. At the third table Mimbres sat.





scalding contents into the cowman's face. His right hand reached for the big revolver.

The lamp's yellow rays revealed his features in hard profile; the gray eye slitted by its heavy lid, the hawklike nose, the drooping wisp of mustache. They bathed the big ivory butt of the revolver which hung beside his thigh. So, during the instant of the cowman's silent entrance, he sat busy with knife and fork. The sound of the door's closing made him look around. The knife and fork clattered upon the plate. Bill Savage spoke.

"Just keep yo'r hands above the table," he said quietly. His own right hand was resting on the butt of his six shooter. Now as he came on down the room his eyes remained fixed on the eyes of Mimbres. The outlaw sat rigid. He made no sound. His gaze alone moved, shifting slowly with the movements of the Texan. Bill Savage halted beside him.

"I'm goin' to kill yo', Mimbres." His grim face seemed to have grown a full shade darker as he made the announcement and the eyes were like two gleaming lines of jet. "But I'll give yo' an even break." With his foot he shoved back the chair opposite the outlaw. He sat down and laid both his hands upon the table.

"Now," he added the supreme epithet of insult, "when yo' are ready, commence."

Silence followed, save for the rattling of dishes out in the kitchen. The two regarded each other across the table, unwinking, immobile as a pair of statues. The seconds dragged on by. Small drops of perspiration appeared on the desperado's forehead. His lips squeezed to a tight line beneath the drooping mustache. Then, with the swiftness of a striking snake, his left hand moved. He seized the coffee cup and flung its scalding contents into the cowman's face. His right hand swept under the table. It clutched the big revolver. But even while the weapon was coming forth from its holster, the fingers relaxed.

Bill Savage wiped the blinding fluid from his eyes with his free hand, as soon as he had fired the shot. Mimbres was sagging forward in his chair, his head upon the table, dead. The Texan bestowed one brief look upon him and rose.

The kitchen door opened; a frightened face appeared; it vanished and another door banged in the building's rear. Voices sounded out in the street. Then the hoofbeats of a running horse came in rapid diminuendo. Bill Savage nodded and, uttering a single grunt, raised his revolver for the second time. The lampchimney shivered

into splinters as the weapon flamed. He reloaded the two empty chambers in the darkness.

While the man from the kitchen fled to spread the news, the Texan crouched behind the table awaiting the coming of the other outlaws.

Eighteen hours later Molly Savage was standing beside her mother on the long veranda watching the solitary horseman who came slowly toward them from the northward. Waiting was an old ordeal with these two; they had learned long since that silence made it easier for both of them. So neither spoke until at last the forms of man and horse grew quite distinct. Then:

"It's Hilton." The girl's eyes went up the valley and she shook her head. "He rides alone." Her voice was flat.

The Colonel horse was trembling with weariness in every limb when the new hand drew rein before the house. Dust streaked his sweaty flanks; his eyes were glazed. The man's face was haggard; his mouth hung half open.

"Where's father?" Molly called. He made no answer. She repeated the question sharply. He sat (Continued on page 152)

# How JACK LONDON Would



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Mrs. Jack  
London

**A**S LONG ago as 1907, Jack spoke to me of a certain novel he looked forward to writing. We were in the Hawaiian Islands, the yacht *Snark's* first port of call on our two years' voyage into the South Seas. That trip supplied Jack, as perhaps you remember, with valuable material for a number of novels.

Jack, as always deep in biology, was studying the great racial melting-pot which this Territory of the United States had become, in order to determine what the results of racial mingling might be. Intermarriage in Hawaii was to be the theme of his book.

But he never undertook the projected novel until shortly before his death on November 22, 1916, following another sojourn in Hawaii. Thus the story was in and out of his thoughts for nearly ten years. The day

## His Wife, Charmian How the Famous Last Days on His

preceding his death saw the first half of the manuscript completed. He was actually at work on it on November 21.

Jack's mortal illness, visibly encroaching for more than a year, latterly with acute stages, had become alarming during the week before his death. But he maintained his pace of a thousand words daily on the novel until Tuesday, the twenty-first. On that morning, when his coffee was brought at six, the indicator on his door showed that he was not to be disturbed.

He arose at ten from a heavy sleep, saying that he had passed a bad night, and dragged himself to his writing table.

"Come and see how this goes," he said, brightly enough, as I glanced in at his open doorway.

But I saw that he was wretchedly ill. He read me the few pages he had composed, and we discussed further description of Cherry's Japanese hero. And then, "I think I'll call it a day's work, mate," Jack said, and blotted his last correction—the third word from the end of his ultimate sentence.

After discarding "The Screen Maiden" and "A Daughter of the Screen," he tentatively decided to entitle his story with the name of his rare little Japanese heroine, "Cherry," the working out of whose race-problem is the big motif.

Jack and I enjoyed more discussion about the development of this romance than about any of the other thirty-five-odd books he published during our eleven years together. And so it happens I feel unusually close to his unfinished tale. Not entirely unfinished, happily; for he left notes, and in my mind his intention is unforgotten. This being true, I have tried to fuse notes and memories into some sort of cohesion for the benefit of those interested in the last work of Jack London.

*alert, backward carriage of head, gave a curiously Egyptian aspect, which was augmented by the large long eyes, bold and insistent, with dark glittering lights—that seemed to emanate from within*

# Could Have Ended Eyes of Asia

## an London, Tells mous Writer Spent His His Last Novel

Before I go on to conclude "Eyes of Asia," according to Jack's unfulfilled intentions, let me summarize the story briefly, as far as he was able to write it:

The little nameless waif who was destined to become the radiant Cherry Mortimer had been cast upon the shores of Hawaii when she was a baby, the only person to be rescued from a Japanese sampan that had been blown hundreds of miles out of its course. Adopted by the wealthy Mortimers she enjoyed all the advantages of Occidental education and culture, and grew up to be a beautiful woman whose exotic loveliness captured the hearts of all men.

Yet she had never been quite able to respond to the entreaties of any of her lovers, for she had never felt real love for any man. It was particularly difficult for her to refuse the charming and impulsive youth, Kenneth Argyle, who had implored her time and again to marry him. It was equally painful to have to decline the offers of marriage of her two dear friends, Robert Wheelwright and David Landsdowne.

As time went on Cherry began to grow restless and to fear that she might never know love.

Then she began to feel a strange interest in one of her Japanese yard boys, Nomura, whose patrician bearing and noble character awakened old dreams of her own people. Despite his menial position, Nomura bore the unmistakable marks of the Japanese aristocrat. He made frequent excuses to work in the garden outside Cherry's window when she played upon the piano or the harp. At the point at which Jack had left off writing, Cherry had just caught sight of Nomura standing upon her veranda listening to the music of her harp. She was enamored, as any artist might be, by the beauty of his face. Suddenly her eyes met his.

SHE became aware gradually that her eyes were being held by this garden servant whom she had lured with her music.

She was able, however, before shifting her gaze, to make her glance impersonal—as if she had been looking through him, unconscious of his presence.

Although her indiscretion pulled her up short, Cherry's mind pursued its adventurous channel. But she had begun to realize that the channel was becoming dangerous. Often she caught herself catching the Japanese yard boy's brilliant, inscrutable regard.

Everything seemed to flow with her mood: the sub-tropical clime; the fragrance of its flora; the speech, love-toned, of Hawaiians about the demesne; the love affairs (Continued on page 124)



For ten years London kept in mind the theme of his last novel—"Eyes of Asia." In it he intended to portray the effect of racial intermingling as he interpreted it in that great melting-pot—Hawaii.



By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill

When  
I  
Risked  
Court  
Martial  
In Search of WAR

Illustration by Herbert M. Stoops

IN THE closing decade of the Victorian era the Empire had enjoyed so long a spell of almost unbroken peace that medals and all they represented in experience and adventure were becoming extremely scarce in the British Army.

The veterans of the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny were gone from the active list. The Afghan and Egyptian warriors of the early 'eighties had reached the senior ranks. Scarcely a shot had been fired in anger since then, and when I joined the Fourth Hussars in January, 1895, scarcely a captain, hardly ever a subaltern, could be found throughout Her Majesty's forces who had seen even the smallest kind of war.

How we young officers envied the senior Major for his adventures at Abu Klea! How we admired the Colonel with his long row of decorations! How we wondered whether our chance would ever come—whether we too in our turn would have battles to fight over again and again in the agreeable atmosphere of the after-dinner mess table. Prowess at polo, in the hunting field, between the flags might count for something. But the young soldier who had been "on active service" and "under fire" had an aura about him to which the Generals he served under, the troopers he led, and the girls he courted accorded a unanimous, sincere and spontaneous recognition.

My father had decided to put me in the army because he was convinced from a careful study of my scholastic attainments that I should never make a living at the bar or in any highly competitive profession. And after several long and weary years of examinations confined to barren topics and usually unsatisfactory in their results, I succeeded in passing into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and became in due course entitled to a commission. My father had intended to send me to the infantry, and had selected the Sixtieth Rifles as the corps.

In the cavalry there is extravagance. Horses have to be kept as well as the man. The whole tone is lavish. The infantry is more serious and more professional, less fertile in temptations to idleness or profusion.

"A few years in a Mediterranean fortress will prepare your constitution for the East. One should not go to India too young." Such were the family counsels and decisions which governed my fortunes, and to them I gave a dutiful acquiescence.

Then suddenly the hand which steered my affairs was withdrawn. My father, to whose judgment and wishes I most willingly conformed, died. I found myself to a very large extent my own master, on the threshold of twenty-one and with a commission in the army at my disposal. But since the "years in a Mediterranean fortress" had never greatly attracted me, it was to the cavalry rather than to the infantry that I decided to go. Thus it was that in the spring of 1895 I found myself in the society of a number of merry, sport-loving, gold-laced companions who were all suffering from the lamentable dearth of war to which reference has already been made.

Their complaints were destined to be cured, and their requirements to be met to the fullest extent. The danger—as the subaltern regarded it—which in those days seemed so real, of liberal and democratic governments making war impossible, was soon to be proved illusory. The age of peace had ended. There was to be no lack of war—enough for all. Aye, enough and to spare. Few indeed of the keen, aspiring generations of Sandhurst cadets and youthful officers who entered the Royal Service so light-heartedly in these and later years were to survive the feast which fate had in store. The little titbits of fighting which the Indian frontier and the Soudan were soon to offer, distributed by luck or favor, were fiercely scrambled for throughout the British Army. But the South African War was to attain dimensions



The air was full of whizzing and whistling, and the palm trees smitten by bullets yielded resounding smacks and thuds. The Spaniards were on their mettle.

which fully satisfied the needs of our little army. And after that the deluge was still to come!

From very early youth I had brooded about soldiers and war, and often I had imagined in dreams and day dreams the sensations attendant upon being for the first time under fire. It seemed to my youthful mind that it must be a thrilling but terrific experience to hear the whistle of bullets all around, and to play at hazard from moment to moment with death and wounds. However, now that I had assumed professional obligations in the matter, I thought that it might be as well to have a private rehearsal—a secluded trial trip—in order to make sure that the ordeal was not one unsuited to my temperament. Accordingly at the end of 1895 when I secured my first leave, I hastened out with a brother officer to Cuba where at that time the long-drawn guerrilla warfare between the Spaniards and the rebels was entering upon its most serious phase. All was conveniently arranged. Excellent introductions commanded the best of welcomes, and within a month of leaving England we found ourselves marching through the sub-tropical forests of that delicious island with a Spanish mobile column.

Campaigning with the Dons was both amusing and exciting, and the experiences fully justified the excursion. The straggling column toiled through immense jungles dripping with moisture

and sparkling with sunlight. Every now and again the insurgents crept up through the undergrowth, fired a few shots and vanished into impenetrable recesses. Each night as we slept in hammocks they beset our camp with random fire; and finally we were spectators and participants in a regular skirmish which lasted for about twenty minutes.

On the one side the insurgents lined a rail fence along the edge of the forest, dotting it with the white smoke puffs of their rifles. On the other, in open country, the Spaniards—horse, foot and artillery, about twelve hundred strong, advanced in battle array; and in the center of the plain the General, his staff and his two British visitors rode solemnly forward on their horses until the smoke-crested crackling fence was only four or five hundred yards away.

Here we halted and, sitting mounted and without the slightest cover or concealment, watched the assault of the infantry. During this period the air was full of whizzing and whistling, and the palm trees smitten by the bullets yielded resounding smacks and thuds. The Spaniards were on their mettle; and we, too, had to do our best to keep up appearances.

It really seemed very dangerous indeed, and I was astonished to see how very few people were hit amid all this clatter. In our group of about twenty, three or four men and horses were wounded and not one killed.

When the Spanish troops reached (Continued on page 112)

# The Needle's Eye

*Illustrations by W. D. Stevens*



## *The Characters in the Story So Far:*

**R**HODA McLANE, the "Shame Child" daughter of the McLanes who flooded the newspapers with their divorce scandal. Convinced by her own bitter experience that great wealth can bring only evil in its train, she is the unhappiest young woman in the world. She is engaged in relief work among the striking coal miners of West Virginia.

**JOHN GRAHAM**, of New York, the richest young man in the world, who met Rhoda as a small boy and again years later at a social lecture where for the first time he heard himself and his family reviled for their riches and power. John fell in love with Rhoda at first sight. But the progress of his love was stormy, for he was president of the Mid-West Coal Company, whose striking miners Rhoda was befriending.

**CECILY COUTANT**, of Greenwich Village, frankly using her personal charms to angle matrimonially for a rich old man.

**SHIRAS GRAHAM**, John's octogenarian, bull-voiced, fast-living great-uncle, who wanted to sow a few more wild oats before he died. His appraising eye had been especially attracted by Cecily, until he found at the last moment that she was very likely his own granddaughter. The shock was too much for Shiras's heart.

**DEGOUTET**, the picturesque and famous sculptor who has just completed a bust of John's father.

**THORNTON GRAHAM**, John's father, several times a millionaire, whose favorite pastime was modeling toy ships, and who died in the midst of a board meeting as a result of overwork and worry. He was pleasant and unostentatious, not at all the sort of malefactor the Socialist papers, and notably the "Vortex" painted him.

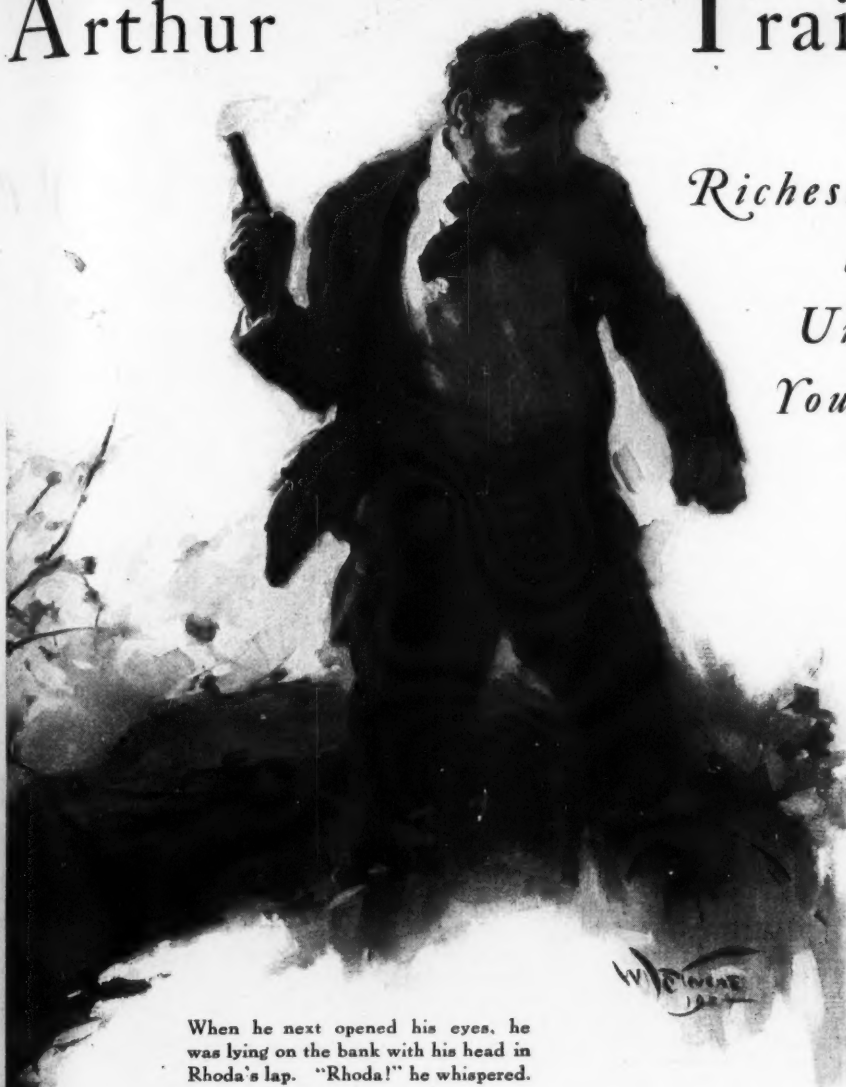
**MRS. GRAHAM, TOTO AND DITTY**, John's mother and sisters.

**MR. PEPPERILL**, the Graham's trusted old lawyer.



Arthur

Train's Novel  
of the  
Richest Young Man  
and the  
Unhappiest  
Young Woman  
in the  
World



When he next opened his eyes, he was lying on the bank with his head in Rhoda's lap. "Rhoda!" he whispered.

THORNTON JUNIOR, a student at Harvard and roommate of Rhoda's devil-may-care younger brother, Ranny.

LUCIE BEVIN, pretty and unsophisticated granddaughter of old Tom Bevin, caretaker of Thornton's Adirondack camp. At Ranny McLane's invitation, Lucie ran away from home to join the movies in New York—and thereby nearly precipitated a disastrous scandal, as Thorny was suspected of having brought

her to the city until John cleared the matter up.

**B**EFORE leaving New York, Mrs. Graham had exacted from Dr. Dominick a promise to keep an eye on John and to watch over his health and safety. No such promise was in fact necessary, since the scientist loved the youth devotedly. So when John determined to go to Bitumen, Dr. Dominick suggested going with him. John was delighted, and in turn proposed adding Degoutet to the party. The sculptor accepted the invitation with alacrity, saying that he had run out of ideas and wanted some new types.

The party had reached Washington at nine o'clock the evening of Shiras's death. Here Mr. Kurtz had boarded their train. He had come, he said, to warn John that it would be undesirable, if not dangerous, for him to go into Bitumen County. The action of the management in publicly repudiating its former policy had been taken everywhere in West Virginia to mean that the company was prepared to recognize the union. If and when

this was discovered not to be the case, violence of some sort was more than likely to occur, and should John's presence become known, it might even be wreaked upon him.

The night was torrid and Mr. Kurtz's emphasis left him dripping. John, however, was obdurate. He had, he said, no intention of abandoning the property at a crucial time, particularly when the two chief local officers had resigned. This, however, did not silence Mr. Kurtz.

There was another reason, he said, for keeping out of Bitumen County at that time—the

miners were concentrating from all parts of the State for a march on Pango County, where Sheriff Dan McCallum was enforcing martial law. These marches were no joke, either! There'd be five or six thousand armed men on their way to Pango inside of thirty-six hours! What was more, they would undoubtedly march right down the Indian Branch Valley, straight through the Mid-West property, and their arrival would add fuel to the flames. Curiously enough, the news had not yet reached the outside world. For some mysterious reason it was "canned," but the march was on—and it was a real one.

"It's war, gentlemen! That's what it is—war!" Kurtz declared. "And why the world outside West Virginia don't know about it is beyond me! Pango County, which is solidly non-union, has been the scene of violence for years! And it will continue to be so until the question of unionism or non-unionism is settled for good, one way or the other!"

"But to put the whole country back on a non-union basis would be to go right back to the dark ages. You'd have a cut-throat hammering of wages all over the country, would you not?" protested Dominick. "The miner would lose everything he has gained through the union—become practically a serf again. You grant, don't you, that the union has been of benefit to the miner—in the past at any rate?"

"Sure!" assented Kurtz. "There's no denying that originally things were bad. You see, I was a spragger boy myself and worked underground for ten years. I agree it was slavery. They used to cut wages until it looked as if the race of miners might become extinct. It was the operators themselves who introduced the union—in order to stabilize wages."

Doctor Dominick nodded. Degoutet had fallen into a doze. "The whole trouble is, Mr. Graham, that there are just about two hundred thousand more miners than are needed to work the bituminous-coal mines in this country, and a great many more mines than are necessary—high-cost producers that can only run when prices are 'way up. The instant a strike order goes into effect mines that ordinarily aren't worth operating begin to open up everywhere, the new labor demand being taken care of by the excess labor-supply I just spoke of.

"It's a fool business, this strike—a bad proposition for the union. They might better let 'em all go back to work. It costs the organization twenty-five thousand dollars every week. It's cost 'em three million already. That shows you how determined the union is to get in here. But it's got to get in or go bust. Unless, when it calls a national strike, the union can close down the mines out here in southern West Virginia, that strike is bound to fail."

"Will you tell me then, Mr. Kurtz," said John, "why, if there is an excess production capacity of bituminous coal in the country, there need ever be a shortage?"

"The reason is, Mr. Graham," answered the mining man, "that coal cannot be conveniently stored, and there are not enough freight cars to go round."

"The real issue then, I take it," said Dominick, "isn't merely whether a particular set of miners shall get a few cents an hour more pay or better living conditions, but whether the union shall continue to function as an effective agency to represent labor and attain its objects through collective action?"

"That's it, doctor! If we beat the union in West Virginia now, it's dead and it'll stay dead!"

"Do you want it dead?" inquired Dominick seriously.

"Do I want it dead! Let me tell you, doctor, the union has outlived its usefulness, or, rather, it has grown into a wild beast—that's it!—a wild beast!"

"Have you any explanation of why it has done so?"

"I have my own theory," answered Kurtz. "And that is that the union has fed on carrion until it's ready to devour all the rest of society. It isn't all the union's fault, either. Part of the blame is due to the crooked operators—fellows like Waggoner, for example. You see, it didn't take long for both the union and the operators to discover that an easy way for everybody to get rich was to create a 'shortage'—a coal famine. So the union and the operators got together and worked the poor old boob of a public for all that it was worth—and in this they were assisted by the jobbers, the wholesalers, the retailers, and the newspapers under their control—and they all profited equally—operator, jobber, and miner. All they had to do was to talk 'strike' and the public would rush in and buy and create its own famine, by Gad!"

"Why, sir, I've known—and this is gospel!—I've known the operators to pay the head of a union to strike—and I've known a labor leader in one State to bribe a leader in another State to call a strike so as to create an additional demand in the first State and hike up prices."

John and Doctor Dominick looked at one another with raised eyebrows.

"As I look at it," interpolated John, "the United Mine Workers want to turn the coal industry into a monopoly under union control, capable of making its own price to the public and exerting a political leverage so powerful that our government will cease to operate as a democracy, the revolution being wrought not by violence but through the control of government by the basic industries in turn controlled by unions, or 'blocs,' or minorities."

"That's right," said Kurtz heartily. "This whole movement is political rather than industrial!"

"Have you ever considered that possibly in this day and generation the two words may be practically synonymous?" inquired Doctor Dominick. "What I am thinking about is this. The workers in a great industrial plant have assured to them under the Constitution of the United States a certain kind of liberty. It was the conception of liberty held by men who had fresh in their minds the political tyranny exercised over his American colonies by an English king. It is a political liberty that the Constitution guarantees. But the fathers of the Constitution never imagined what the future of the country would be, or the extent to which wealth would pass into the hands of the individual.

"With the growth of the country came a great industrial civilization. Colossal private fortunes sprang into being with a control over the lives and conduct of others almost feudal in character. And, as we both know, there was an abuse of this control. It seems to me in these great industries employing thousands of men—however physically perfect they may be—

there can be little real freedom, even political freedom. But of freedom in its wider meaning—the freedom to think and talk freely, to have a voice in things concerning their own work and welfare—that sort of freedom I sincerely question whether a Constitution designed to meet the simple economic conditions of a former era can longer guarantee. Is not the modern plant with its swiftly traveling machines, with which the worker must keep pace or drop out—a plant like Henry Ford's, for instance—irrespective of the wages paid—is not such a plant wholly destitute of liberty? A flower without fragrance, a fruit without taste?"

"Good stuff, Doc! Go on!" exclaimed John.

Degoutet had awakened and was feeling about for tobacco. Dominick went on:

"In order to better their condition the workers in an industry claim the right not only to band together themselves but also to compel other individuals to join with them, on the ground that only by collective action can real liberty be achieved. Is there not something to be said for this point of view? I admit that to compel such coöperation certainly infringes political liberty. The liberty which they seek collectively to achieve is liberty of another kind, which might be called 'industrial liberty,' if liberty it is. But, as the saying is, there is 'something there!' They are working for a 'liberty' undoubtedly more valuable to them than 'liberty' under the Constitution."

"But," interposed John, "the liberty they seek involves depriving others of the right to work and others of the right to employ; it is a direct attack on property rights. That sort of liberty may be of more use to them than the other liberty, but it certainly is inconsistent with it."

"Beyond a doubt!" agreed Dominick. "That sort of liberty is inconsistent with property, just as the other sort is an appendage of it. But the urge toward it is just as spiritual as the desire for political liberty that animated our forefathers. Of course the two freedoms are inconsistent with each other. One must yield to the other. It will be a finish fight. But the poor men always defeat the rich men in the end."

"Beyond question we are inevitably drifting toward an industrial form of government better suited to an industrial era, perhaps, than our present form of government. And this being so we shall, without a doubt, gradually see the curtailment of political liberty in favor of industrial or economic liberty or betterment. Eventually we shall have government by industry, where each monopoly will seek to exploit the public and the other monopolies, until, after price and rate fixing have been tried and found wanting, some despot will seize control of the situation, eventually to give way to chaos."

"Do you really believe that, Doc?" asked Degoutet. "If you do I'll go back to Russia!"

"Yes, I believe it, but after all is it important? Another thousand years or so and we shall have an entirely new conception of the relationships of mankind. What we all—rich and poor, exploiter and exploited—have to face is another sort of struggle between liberty and property in which we as living souls shall be struggling to escape the domination of things. That is the great contest. The vital question is whether man is to preserve the freedom of his own soul. Men have always been slaves—to their Pharaohs, to their passions, to their gods—but never until the present age have they all been overwhelmed by goods, machines, property. It is not the rich the poor have to fear; it is riches. Not the wealthy, but wealth; the materialism that is encrusting the lives of both alike.

"In his struggle for freedom the worker is losing his real liberty in direct proportion as he achieves his aims. For what are they? More wages, more amusements, more food, more comfort; money in the bank, Liberty bonds, a Ford car, a talking machine; part ownerships, monopoly; property. Men are born free, but they become enslaved by their possessions. The miner with his hundred-dollar Liberty bond is to that extent as much a slave as Rockefeller."

"From all of which I gather that you are as much of a Bolshevik as our dear friends Schirmer and Lefkowitz," said Degoutet, "but that you don't think it matters a damn because we all of us are barking up the wrong tree."

Dominick laid a caressing hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Men seek liberty, Raoul," he said, "but can they ever find it when their aim is the very thing which they claim is the barrier to freedom?"

"This is all very interesting," said Mr. Kurtz, "although it's rather beyond the size of my hat-band. I'll tell you gentlemen one thing, though! And that is, whatever these fellows are after they mean business. It isn't any theory of liberty that confronts Mr. Graham, but an actual condition.



Rhoda was standing on the opposite curb. She met his glance without a sign of recognition.

"Two weeks ago Sunday the union called a mass meeting at the State capitol to discuss the Pango situation, and this Sid Halloran you've heard so much about made a speech in which he said that the State government of West Virginia had sold itself to the operators; and he called on all loyal union members to arm.

"He said, and I can prove it: 'The only way you can get your rights is with a high-powered rifle, and the man who has not got this equipment is not a union man.' He went on to say that women and children were being murdered in the southern part of the State, and that the government had refused to give protection. He said they were going to unionize Pango if it took all the United Mine Workers of America to do it, and that there were already five hundred men under arms.

"Immediately, all through these valleys to the north of Kawanda you could sense action impending, if you know what I mean. First arms appeared in the hands of the unionists; then they began shooting at citizens on the assumption they were McCallum's deputies. They told members whom they regarded as lily-livered that they must 'fight, guard or die,' and set 'em patrolling the roads along the Pango border.

"About a week later they called a mass meeting at Kirby Creek, and began combing the union counties for ammunition and money—took them wherever they could find them, at the point of the gun—a house-to-house collection. While the miners were gathering at Kirby they posted sentinels on the roads and would let no citizens either in or out. They got hold of a machine-gun with three thousand rounds of ammunition. A young fellow named Petry was sent to a company store to demand rifles.



The miners of Graham with their wives and children swarmed down the street.



He came back without 'em, and was immediately shot and killed!

"Yesterday they started marching toward Pango in two columns—one by way of Walton and Handleberg, and the other by Windom and Fox Branch, which will take them right over the ridge into our valley through Thornton and Graham. Their objective is Pango County Court House, and the two columns will converge at Bitumen. Governor Handley has directed Sheriff McCallum to swear in a couple of thousand deputies out of the non-union men in Pango, and I understand that volunteers are coming in from Crockett, Blair and Sharples Counties, too.

"The militia hasn't been reorganized since the war, and there are only a hundred police in the entire State. All the available men—about seventy—have been ordered to Pango to assist in maintaining martial law. Two State police tried to stop their

advance-guard yesterday afternoon and were shot in the back. I tell you, it's a no-quarter proposition. If the strikers reach the border there will be a battle line twenty miles long, and believe me, both sides are ready for it! I don't want to discourage you, Mr. Graham, but if you'll pardon the expression, this is one hell of a time for you to be coming out here!"

"I'm used to it!" answered John. "It's usually a hell of a time for me wherever I am!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV

JOHN was awakened by a hand on his ankle.

"Bitumen!" shouted Degoutet over him. "Up, malefactor! Unless you want to be carried through to St. Louis. Old Doc Dominick is out on the platform already—devouring bananas."

He raised the blind and peeked out, to encounter clouds of



"On to Pango!"  
That was the  
password tossed  
from lip to lip.

steam. An oiler's head streaked with coal dust emerged from the confusion—magnified, gigantic—and passed within a couple of inches of his nose; only a fragile inch of glass separating the laborer from the millionaire.

He looked at his watch—six o'clock—dressed hurriedly and went out. On one side a crowd of intermingled whites and blacks loitered about a dingy waiting room; on the other flowed the Kawanda, its broad blue shallows rippling in the sunlight under low banks clouded with willows. Wooded hills rose steep on either side, the valley narrowing to the misty west, where the river lost itself in a great bend.

Dominick and Degoutet were strolling up and down on the platform. Kurtz, perspiring profusely, came hurrying toward him across the tracks, holding a newspaper.

"Good morning, Mr. Graham," he said lugubriously. "The Indian Branch local leaves in about ten minutes. I thought you

might be interested to see this." He handed John a copy of the *Kawanda Clarion*.

#### MAY ASK FEDERAL AID

Langhorne, W. Va.—Several thousand armed miners, aroused by the report that deputy sheriffs on the payroll of the operators in Pango County are putting union sympathizers in jail and assaulting them, and that women and children are being killed, have mobilized here and are starting to take the field. They are well organized, and said to be led by ex-service men in uniform, and to have nurses and ambulances. Governor Handley admitted last night that he had sent a representative to Langhorne to order the miners to disband and in the event of their refusal would request the Federal authorities to lend military assistance.

The crowd parted civilly enough to let them through, but John could feel the eye of hostility (Continued on page 153)

# *A Traveler Over the Field of Life*

W. Somerset Maugham

*Wonders If Prudence Yields the Best Crop*

## *The ANT and The GRASSHOPPER*

WHEN I was a very small boy I was made to learn by heart certain of the fables of La Fontaine and the moral of each was carefully explained to me. Among those I learned was *The Ant and the Grasshopper* which is devised to bring home to the young the useful lesson that in an imperfect world industry is rewarded and giddiness punished. In this admirable fable (I apologize for telling something which everyone is politely, but inexactly, supposed to know) the ant spends a laborious summer gathering its winter store, while the grasshopper sits on a blade of grass singing to the sun. Winter comes and the ant is comfortably provided for, but the grasshopper has an empty larder: he goes to the ant and begs for a little food. Then the ant gives him her classic answer:

"What were you doing in the summer time?"

"Saving your presence, I sang, I sang all day, all night."

"You sang. Why, then go and dance."

I do not ascribe it to perversity on my part, but rather to the inconsequence of childhood, which is sadly deficient in moral sense, that I could never quite reconcile myself to the lesson. My sympathies were with the grasshopper and for some time I never saw an ant without putting my foot on it. In this summary (and as I have discovered since, entirely human) fashion I sought to express my disapproval of prudence and common sense.

I could not help thinking of this fable when the other day I saw George Ramsay lunching by himself in a restaurant. I never saw anyone wear an expression of such deep gloom. He was staring into space. He looked as though the burden of the whole world sat on his shoulders. I was sorry for him: I suspected at once that his unfortunate brother had been causing trouble again. I went up to him and held out my hand.

"How are you?" I asked.

"I'm not in hilarious spirits," he answered.

"Is it Tom again?"

He sighed. "Yes, it's Tom again."

"Why don't you chuck him? You've done everything in the world for him. You must know by now that he's quite hopeless."

I suppose every family has a black sheep. Tom had been a sore trial to him for twenty years. He had begun life decently enough: he went into business, married, and had two children. The Ramsays were perfectly respectable people and there was every reason to suppose that Tom Ramsay would have a useful and honorable career.

But one day, without warning, he announced that he didn't like work and that he wasn't suited for marriage. He wanted to enjoy himself. He would listen to no expostulations. He left his wife and his office. He had a little money and he spent two happy years in the various capitals of Europe.

Rumors of his doings reached his relatives from time to time and they were profoundly shocked. He certainly had a very good time. They shook their heads and asked what would happen when his money was spent. They soon found out he borrowed. He was charming and unscrupulous. I have never met anyone to whom it was more difficult to refuse a loan. He

made a steady income from his friends and he made friends easily. But he always said that the money you spent on necessities was boring; the money which was amusing to spend was the money you spent on luxuries. For this he depended on his brother George. He did not waste his charm on him. George was a serious man and insensible to such enticements. George was respectable.

Once or twice he fell to Tom's promises of amendment and gave him considerable sums in order that he might make a fresh start. On these Tom bought a motorcar and some very nice jewelry. But when circumstances forced George to realize that his brother would never settle down and he washed his hands of him, Tom without a qualm began to blackmail him. It was not very nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favorite restaurant or to see him waiting on the box-seat of a taxi outside his club. Tom said that to serve in a bar or to drive a taxi was a perfectly decent occupation, but if George could oblige him with a couple of hundred pounds he didn't mind for the honor of the family giving it up. George paid.

Once Tom nearly went to prison. George was terribly upset. He went into the whole discreditable affair. Really Tom had gone too far. He had been wild, thoughtless and selfish, but he had never before done anything dishonest, by which George means illegal; and if he were prosecuted he would assuredly be convicted. But you cannot allow your only brother to go to jail. The man Tom had cheated, a man called Cronshaw, was vindictive and was determined to take the matter into court; he said Tom was a scoundrel and should be punished. It cost George an infinite deal of trouble and five hundred pounds to settle the matter. I have never seen him in such a rage as when he heard that Tom and Cronshaw had gone off together to Monte Carlo the moment they cashed the check. They spent a happy month there.

For twenty years Tom raced and gambled, philandered with the prettiest girls, danced, ate in the most expensive restaurants, and dressed beautifully. He always looked as if he had just stepped out of a band-box. Though he was forty-six you would never have taken him for more than thirty-five. He was a most amusing companion, and though you knew he was perfectly worthless you could not but enjoy his society. He had high spirits, an unflinching gaiety, and an incredible charm. I never grudged the contributions he regularly levied on me for the necessities of his existence. I never lent him fifty pounds without feeling that I was in his debt. Tom Ramsay knew everyone and everyone knew Tom Ramsay. You could not approve of him, but you could not help liking him.

Poor George, only a year older than his scapegrace brother, looked sixty. He had never taken more than a fortnight's holiday in the year for a quarter of a century. He was in his office every morning at nine-thirty and never left it till six. He was honest, industrious, and worthy. He had a good wife, to whom even in thought he had never been unfaithful, and three daughters to whom he was the best of fathers. He made a point





It was not very nice for a respectable lawyer to find his brother shaking cocktails behind the bar of his favorite restaurant.

of saving a third of his income and his plan was to retire at fifty-five to a little house in the country where he proposed to cultivate his garden and play golf. His life was blameless. He was glad that he was growing old because Tom was growing old too. He rubbed his hands and said:

"It was all very well when Tom was young and good-looking, but he's only a year younger than I am. In four years he'll be fifty. He won't find life so easy then. I shall have thirty thousand pounds by the time I'm fifty. For twenty-five years I've said that Tom would end in the gutter. And we shall see how he likes that. We shall see if it really pays best to work or to idle."

Poor George! I sympathized with him. I wondered now as I sat down beside him what infamous thing Tom had done. George was evidently very much upset.

"Do you know what's happened now?" he asked me.

I was prepared for the worst. I wondered if Tom had got into the hands of the police at last. George could hardly bring himself to speak.

"You're not going to deny that all my life I've been hard-working, decent, respectable and straightforward. After a life of industry and thrift I can look forward to retiring on a small

income in gilt-edged securities. I've always done my duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place me."

"True."

"And you can't deny that Tom has been an idle, worthless, dissolute and dishonorable rogue. If there were any justice he'd be in the workhouse."

"True."

George grew red in the face. I was quite alarmed.

"A few weeks ago he became engaged to a woman old enough to be his mother. And now she's died and left him everything she had. Half a million pounds, a yacht, a house in London and a house in the country."

George Ramsay beat his clenched fist on the table.

"It's not fair. I tell you, it's not fair. Damn it, it's not fair!"

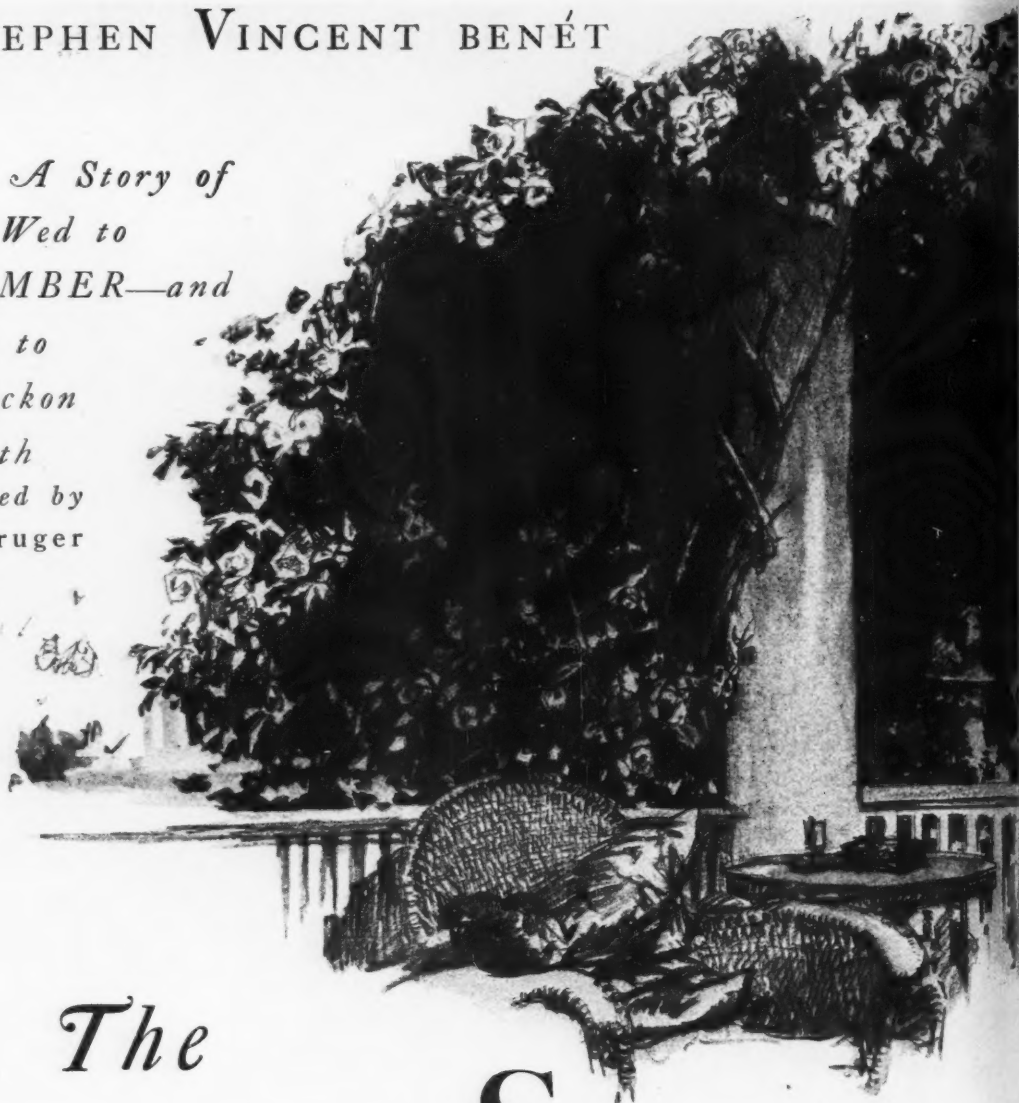
I could not help it. I burst into a shout of laughter as I looked at George's wrathful face, I rolled in my chair, I very nearly fell on the floor. George never forgave me. But Tom often asks me to excellent dinners in his charming house in Mayfair and if he occasionally borrows a trifle from me that is merely force of habit. It is never more than a sovereign.

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

*A Story of  
MAY Wed to  
DECEMBER—and  
JUNE to*

*Reckon  
With*

*Illustrated by  
F. R. Gruger*



# *The* Raveled Sleeve

*Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

*Macbeth—Act II, Sc. 2.*

"NO," SAID Carberry Stark, reflectively, lowering the revolver, "I don't think we had better settle it that way, after all." The young man opposite stared at him with life coming back into his face.

Lucrezia Stark was very beautiful. Half Italian, born near the toe of the boot of Italy where the sun sinks into the stones of old palaces like a dye, her skin had the pallor and texture of a camellia-bud, her hair was black as the coat of a black stallion, her mouth young and wise. The knight in the Morte D'Arthur who, seeing a raven light upon a field of new-fallen snow, and blood upon that snow, swore never to quit his quest until he had found a woman with skin as white as that white, lips red as that red, hair black as that black, might, beholding Lucrezia, have called himself quits with God.

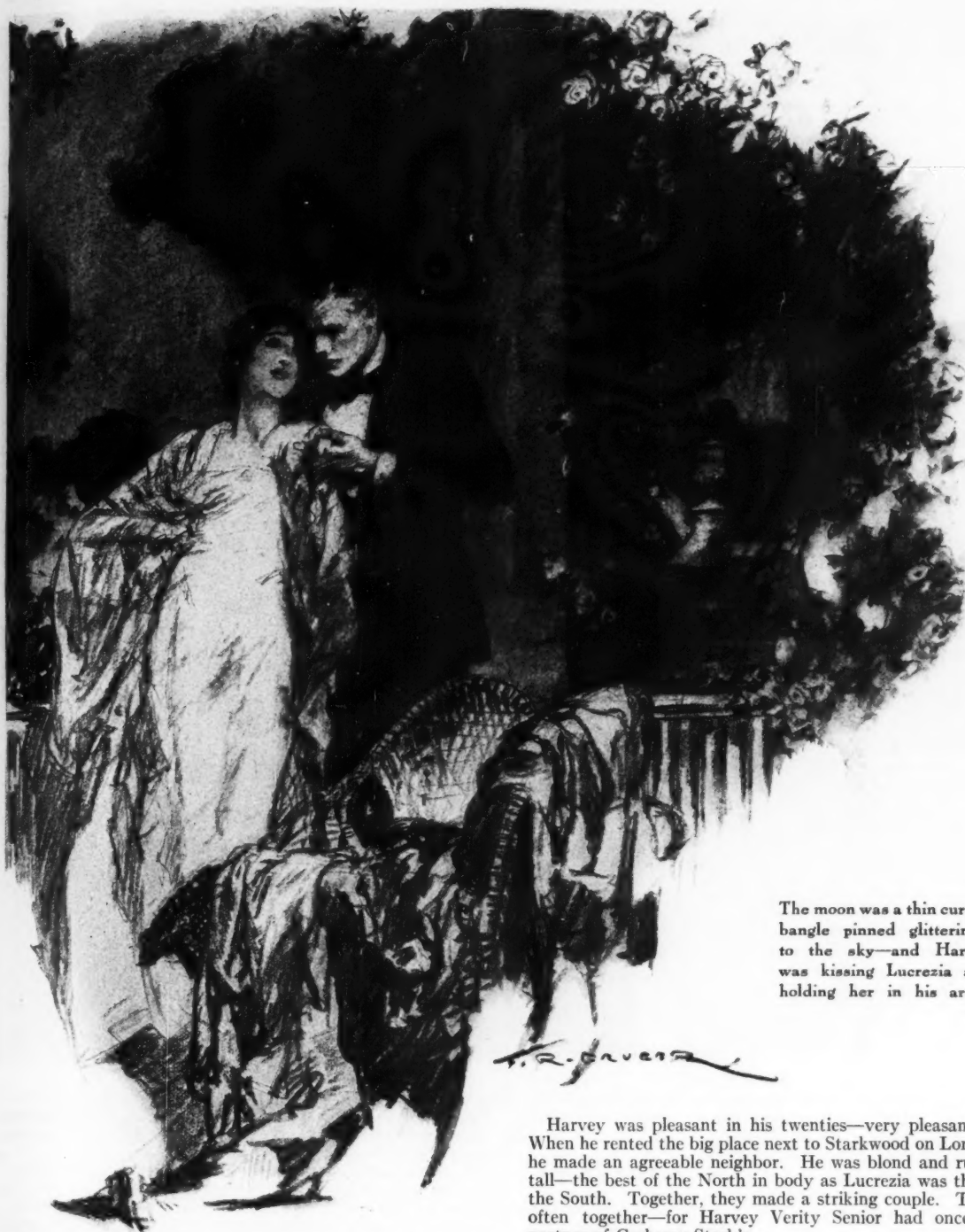
Those who are interested in such things as the beauty and pleasantness of women admitted enviously that Carberry Stark had never driven a better bargain in his life than when he married Lucrezia—and yet Stark was known as a man successful in

bargains wherever bargains are made. Many mothers of marriageable daughters were careful to remark that, rich or not rich, they wouldn't have their darlings marry a man as old as Carberry Stark, and with *his* reputation—not for anything—and, nevertheless, regarded the aforesaid daughters with an arid eye when the announcement of the marriage appeared.

For one thing, Carberry Stark was a little man—a grim little man. They had called him, somewhat scoffingly, "The Pint-Size Plunger" when he first began—later the nickname had changed to "Hagenbeck" Stark; for, among the bigger, softer men who were his rivals, he moved with the unerring dominance of a skilful trainer disciplining a herd of performing elephants.

He had started out as a gambler—a faro-dealer said some—and now, though his counters were mines and railroads and the wheat of the world, he was still a gambler, though on a heroic scale. Two things he had preserved from the first, his emotionless stare in victory or defeat, and his boast that he had always given the other man at least an even chance. "But, hell," as one of the men he had broken remarked disgustedly, "an even chance with Stark in the street is worth just about as much as an even chance with Houdini to get out of a pair of handcuffs. You don't know how *he* does it—all you know is you *don't*." Which was more or less true.

He must have made a rather scary husband. At least everybody



The moon was a thin curved bangle pinned glitteringly to the sky—and Harvey was kissing Lucrezia and holding her in his arms.

said so—and everybody is so apt to be right. A beautiful young thing like Lucrezia—and that grim little man. "I'd just as soon marry a porcupine!" said Mrs. Trimble with a shiver—but then Mrs. Trimble had three marriageable daughters. Mrs. Trimble so seldom realized that a man may be able to hold a woman to him by other ties than those of money or youth. Nor had Mrs. Trimble ever studied Lucrezia's heredity.

Nevertheless, it may be admitted at once that, in marrying Lucrezia, for the first time in his life Carberry Stark had hardly given himself an even chance. A man who marries beauty twenty years younger than himself seldom does. No, we are not talking of the Warrens, whom you know, and whose home-life is so ideal in spite of Ted's being fifty and Elsie thirty, but of the usual thing. The gamble appealed to him, doubtless—unkind people said that he was born with a roulette-ball instead of a heart. But the gamble seemed to be going well enough, when Harvey Verity was shuffled into the pack.

Harvey was pleasant in his twenties—very pleasant indeed. When he rented the big place next to Starkwood on Long Island, he made an agreeable neighbor. He was blond and ruddy and tall—the best of the North in body as Lucrezia was the best of the South. Together, they made a striking couple. They were often together—for Harvey Verity Senior had once been a partner of Carberry Stark's.

The contrast to Carberry Stark was rather unfair: between the two of them, he faded to nothing but a grim little smile—the gnome that held the horses of the proper prince and princess. But if Stark felt that contrast, he never showed it—and always made Harvey a welcome guest in his dry way. Perhaps he had grown too sure of himself in the daily contest with Fate—men do. In any event that happened which was bound to happen, given the conditions. Harvey and Lucrezia from being thrown together fortuitously, became more and more drawn together—youth going to youth—and after not such a lengthy period, Harvey, at least, discovered himself in love with his neighbor's wife.

He made the usual mental gestures of a gentleman in his position—and Harvey was a gentleman, let it be said. He put her out of his mind and she came back—he tried to avoid meeting her; but, after all, they were friends as well as neighbors, and it is a little difficult to go to a man old enough to have begotten you and say, "Look here—I can't come over to dinner any more



—I've fallen in love with your wife." He tried to run away, but he didn't run very far or very long. In fact, he acted with a certain lack of originality that is rather common—and Harvey's kind of love feeds most easily upon just that kind of infirmly attempted resistance. He was not a deliberately dishonorable young man—but he did love Lucrezia. And, as the days passed, he loved her more and more.

His last attempt was to shut up his place in the country temporarily. But then the Starks invited him down for week-ends, and he fiddled with his principles and came. It was on one of these week-ends that the crisis came. A summer night, after dinner, on the porch, when Carberry had gone into his study for a moment to get some cigars, and the moon was a thin curved bangle pinned glitteringly to the sky—and Harvey was kissing Lucrezia and holding her in his arms.

It wasn't more than five minutes before Carberry came back, walking with a loud tread for so light a man, and when he appeared in the doorway his wife and his friend were composed and distant enough. But five minutes is quite long enough in which to make a girl a good many desperate promises, when one is young.

The rest of the evening wore out in talk chiefly sustained by an unusually loquacious Carberry. As soon as she could, Lucrezia announced that she was going to bed.

They bade her good night and sat smoking for a while in silence. After a time, Harvey knocked off his ash and said he thought he'd better go up too—he was staying the night.

"Want a nightcap?" said Carberry, with casual hospitality. "Come into the study a minute—don't generally need a nightcap to put me to sleep—but this evening—"

He left the sentence trailing, and rose. Harvey followed him unwillingly. He would have given a good deal to be able to refuse the proffered drink, but—could Carberry have seen? One never could be quite sure how much Carberry saw or didn't see with those cold marbles of eyes. And, thinking of that—and Lucrezia—Harvey didn't quite dare.

When they had reached the study—"Sit down," said Carberry, with a friendly wave of his hand. Harvey hesitated, and sat. The next moment the door was locked behind them, the key in Carberry's pocket—and Harvey was looking into the black, round ring at the muzzle of a revolver that Carberry with catlike quickness had plucked from a drawer of his desk.

A little wheel somewhere inside of Harvey seemed to jolt and stop. "What the dev—" he began hoarsely.

"Oh, hush!" said Carberry, dispassionately. "What's the use? The porch was well lighted—considering."

"If you think—" began Harvey again.

But, "I don't think. I know," said Carberry, quite unmoved. "Don't be silly. I saw quite plainly."

Harvey exhaled a long sigh. "All right, then," he said, rather decently on the whole. "You saw. All right. If you want to shoot—go ahead."

After a while, "Why don't you shoot then, damn you?" said Harvey, tormented a trifle beyond his powers, for the little black ring still pointed straight at his heart, and still Carberry had not replied. Another pause came, that seemed ages, while a clock ticked.

Then, "No," said Carberry Stark reflectively, lowering the revolver. "I don't think we had better settle it that way after all."

He laid the revolver carefully on the desk within easy reach, but no longer directly ominous, and sat down in the desk-chair opposite Harvey. "How long?" he said.

"Ever since I first saw your wife," said Harvey, believing it thoroughly. "But—"

"H'm," said Carberry. "Yes. I believe you. Yes."

He leaned forward a little in his chair.

"You are—very much in love with Lucrezia?" he said, the



words coming slowly. "Die for her I suppose—all that—yes?"

Harvey flushed. But the man had the right. "Yes," he said.

"And—Lucrezia—?" said Carberry, sketching a meaningless pattern in the air.

"Yes. She does," said Harvey, firmly, though in his heart of hearts he was not quite sure. That moment on the porch—perhaps he had only swept her off her feet—she was young. Whether it would have been the same in the sunlight—how could he tell? But proverb admits the fairness of all things in love or war—and this was both.

"H'm," said Carberry in a flat voice. "I wonder. If I were quite convinced . . ."

"That'll make a noise, you know," said Harvey, oddly.

"Yes—it would make a noise," said Carberry laying it down. "But, nevertheless, there is only one way out of this—unless you give me your word to leave for—Kamchatka—tomorrow—say—"

He went on. "Understand—I do not intend to shoot you—if I shoot you—merely because I happened to—find you—kissing my wife. Life goes deeper than a single kiss—and that would be a little disproportionate, even for me. Besides—I don't quite believe you when you say she loves you—yet. We have been married some time, Verity—and I know Lucrezia. She has faults, but she can't conceal. If she loved you as you imply she does—she could not conceal it—from me at least. No. But



The man in the chair saw her, and Carberry could see the terror rise in his eyes like a ghost.

I do think this—I think you could make her love you.” (He beat down Harvey’s exultant exclamation with a motion of his hand.) “Yes, I think you could—in time. It is natural—you are young and personable—she is young—I am older—well— But I do not intend you shall, Verity, while I live!” (And his voice rang sharp.) Lucrezia is mine while I live, Verity—and what I have I hold!”

He leaned forward again. “Will you give me your word to leave for—Kamchatka—tomorrow, Verity—with all that implies?”

Harvey looked at him steadily. “No,” he said.

“Then,” said Carberry, sighing, “there is only that one way out.”

He took the revolver and went to a closet in the wall. Harvey watched him, fascinated, as he mixed two glasses of whisky-and-soda, came back, and set them down on the table. Then he produced a little paper spill from his pocket, and quite openly divided its powdery contents between the two glasses. Then he pushed one over to Harvey. “Bottoms up!” he said.

Harvey took the glass with reluctant fingers. Carberry sighed. “No—it isn’t poison,” he said. “I assure you it isn’t. You are perfectly at liberty to exchange glasses with me if you wish.” Then, seeing Harvey still hesitated, “I assure you it isn’t poison—but, of course, if you prefer—there is always the other alternative—” and he tapped the revolver.

After an instant of furious thought, Harvey took up the glass and drank—gingerly at first, and then long, for he needed the liquor. He even felt a little ashamed of his suspicions—the powder in both glasses had been obviously the same and Carberry was sipping with every appearance of enjoyment.

“So,” said Carberry, when both glasses were drained to the bottom. “Now,” and from the drawer where the revolver had lain, he produced an ordinary hypodermic syringe and laid it on the desk.

“What’s that?” said Harvey, clearing his throat.

“Death,” said Carberry, smiling. “A wise man always keeps easy death very close at hand. You see that colorless stuff in it? Yes—it’s filled and ready. I always have it ready. There.”

“You mean to say—?” said Harvey, aghast.

“I mean to say,” said Carberry, picking his words, “that that is death. Employ it—and you die—quite painlessly—within a few hours. It also has the advantage that almost any ordinary doctor will diagnose heart disease. Now do you see?”

“No,” said Harvey, shivering.

“Well,” said Carberry, “you see—I always like to give a man an even chance. They called me ‘Even Chance’ once—out in the West. And I have always been somewhat proud of that reputation. The difficulty, Verity, between you and me, can only be solved by one of two things—your death or mine. Well—there is death—and here, as you perceive are we.”

"But I don't understand!" cried Harvey, desperately. "You will," said Carberry, sighing. "I could have shot you, Verity—and done it with as little compunction as when I have shot the head from a rattlesnake. But I prefer to give you an even chance for—life—and, well—Lucrezia—I suppose. I would have fought you with my bare hands till one of us died, had I been able. But you are twenty years younger and ten times stronger. I would be no match for you. With revolvers we would be equal—but there is the noise, as you say, and the scandal, too. I don't like noise. So I shall put this aside for a moment," and he pushed the revolver a little away from him.

"Now. This desk is wide as you perceive—very wide. I take death—" and he picked up the syringe, "and put it so, between us—quite out of reach of both of us, when we sit. It is midnight now. The drink I shared between us contained a sedative—a sleep-maker. It should act in an hour. Till then we sit—and wait. You see?"

"Yes," said Harvey with dawning horror.

"You see. Good. We sit here—it is late—time to go to bed. We are both about equally tired. You have been out playing golf—I've been working hard. The normal need of our bodies for sleep has been a good deal increased by the action of the sedative. But we sit here—and wait—and try to keep from going to sleep—till the body of one of us rebels and he can try no longer. Then—the other—the winner—" and with his hands he made the gesture of one inserting the needle of a syringe into a sleeping companion's arm. "That's all."

"Look here, though—" said Harvey, defiantly, but Carberry went on.

"Neat, isn't it? No noise—no fuss. One of us simply dies of—heart disease—in his chair. The survivor unlocks the door, carries whoever dies upstairs to his room, if he so prefers, and goes to bed himself with a clear conscience. You can see the simplicity of the explanations. An even chance—" he mused. "Yes—even better than an even chance for you—for I am older and accustomed to going to bed at eleven."

"But—God, man—" said Harvey frantically, and stopped, for Carberry's eyes had again traveled lovingly toward the revolver.

"You accept?" said Carberry.

"What else can I do?" said Harvey bitterly.

Carberry nodded. "Sensible man. Oh, one moment—" he paused. "I keep the revolver here—within reach. You're young and impetuous, you know—it's merely in case you should get tired waiting and grab—"

"And what guarantee have I that you won't grab?"

"Merely my word," said Carberry with his face like steel.

He glanced at the clock. "Twelve-fifteen. Our vigil commences. By one, we shall be sleepy—by two—ah well—I have often wondered just how long a man could go without sleep—sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care—you know the quotation—tired nature's bath—all the rest of it—"

"Talking to keep yourself awake?" said Harvey sneeringly.

"That might work both ways. No. From now on, I keep silence—more or less. One last word—should I be the one to fall asleep—I should wait at least five minutes if I were you before you—give me the *coup-de-grace*. The action of the sedative can be resisted, but once the brain has succumbed to it for five full minutes—well—"

He fell silent and there was no sound in the room but the tick of the clock. Harvey sank back in his chair, then, remembering, sat up stiff. He thought he saw a smile cross Carberry's face and vanish.

Keep awake. Keep awake. For how long?

It was all so unreal, this. So damned unreal.

Carberry sat in his chair, like a mummy of himself, without stirring. But his eyes were open. Harvey tried to read those depths, but he could read nothing.

Keep awake. Think of things to keep awake. Quotations or something.

Sleep. Sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care. Sleep that—no, no—mustn't think of that now.

But how long?

Twelve-thirty now.

He lost himself in thoughts of Lucrezia. Yes, he loved Lucrezia. Lucrezia was marvelous. The rise of her throat—the play of her fragile hands. Worth starving for—worth dying for—killing for. Even if he came to her—by this—he would not repent. She was wonderful. Wonderful.

And then, when you came to think of it, it was logical enough, this. After all—in older times—such a situation could only have been settled by combat to the death. A different kind of combat,

true—perhaps an easier kind than this deadly duel of silences—but in its essentials the same. Only men had grown too civilized, of late, to duel for the women they loved. Well, he was not too civilized.

He had been willing to take any other way out that did not mean giving up all hope of Lucrezia forever, hadn't he? If this duel was strange and ghastly—Carberry had planned it—not he. Forced into it now, he would win; he would outlast Carberry. He was stronger than Carberry—must be—he *must* outlast him. If he didn't—he quivered, almost feeling the sting of that needle in his wrist.

Lucrezia—Lucrezia—

One o'clock.

But it was more than even Lucrezia now—it was life—naked life itself, he realized with a jerk. That hadn't seemed real before—but, now, minute by minute, with each tick of the clock, as his eyes crawled back and back to that stiff, unsleeping enemy across the desk from him, it grew more and more terribly real. God—if he fell asleep—for five minutes only—he would never wake from that sleep—he would be dead—dead as that crushed mosquito on the blotter—and he had never felt more alive—more desirous of life. He shuddered, seeing himself stretched out upon a bed with his eyes closed stiffly and his loose hands colder than wax—forever—*no!* He had not meant to kill Carberry at first, not really meant it, even if he won—but now—he must kill Carberry or perish. He must kill Carberry. Fear drove the fact into his brain like a nail. His eyelids drooped for an instant—he felt drowsy—God—and he pressed his nails into his hands. There—that was better—much better.

Two o'clock.

He stole a glance at Carberry. Carberry had hardly moved his position in the last two hours, but his eyes were wide and alert. Damn him! What was he made of—rubber and steel? For a moment the horrible suspicion came to Harvey that Carberry had not played fair with the sedative—but no, he had seen him measure it out into both the glasses himself.

It wasn't fair, all the same. Carberry might talk—but everybody knew that a man of Carberry's age could do with less sleep. Much less sleep. And he, Harvey, was tired—very tired—the eighteen holes of golf—the good dinner—the whisky-and-soda—the drug. He needed sleep—needed it. His body clamored for sleep. Clamored—and was beaten down.

He was biting his fingers. As long as it still hurt when he bit his fingers—he was all right.

The syringe glittered on the desk. Damnable little machine that winked at him like an eye—like Death's pale eye—whenever the light struck it. But, thank God, the lights were on!

Sleep. Deep sleep. Deep sweet sleep. Sleep that knits up the—*no!*

Three o'clock. His heavy eyes rested on Carberry anew. Ah-h-h-h!

Carberry's face had changed—grown quieter. His eyes were still open but his breathing came softer, deeper; his hands were relaxing. Harvey glared at him—made his eyes move away—glared again—his lips going back.

The parchment eyelids of Carberry fluttered—steadied—fluttered again—again. The hands grew limp. Slowly, as if pressed together by an inexorable weight, the eyelids drooped—were closing—recovered again—were closing—definitely—were closed—

"No, not *quite* yet!" said Carberry, tapping the revolver. Harvey, rising out of his chair with gradual, terrible stealth, fell back into it again, shaken all over—his nerves jangling like broken glass threads. Carberry smiled.

The man was a devil. And yet—he *must* last him out.

Pretty soon, dawn would come—a blue blur at the window. Then things mightn't be so bad. But till then—till then.

Pretty soon. In—three hours? Oh Lord God, sooner than that! Oh, let it be sooner than that! Pretty soon—pretty soon.

Think of Lucrezia. Fight it off by thinking of Lucrezia. But how?

Lucrezia was a pretty woman—a pretty woman. Her hair was black, yes—and her lips very red and sweet. He loved her, yes. But what was Lucrezia—what was any woman on God's earth—to this warm tide that rose from the floor, slowly, resistlessly—this warm and comfortable tide that soaked through muscle and will till they were soft—and at rest—and soft—and soft? What mattered Lucrezia—what mattered even death—as long as one could let go for an instant and rest—rest on feathers—on down—on the fleece of a cloud—on warm and buoyant air? Sleep was all that mattered—dear sleep—comfortable sleep—or not even that, but just sleep. Sleep. Sleep—

His head jerked up from his breast (Continued on page 132)



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Mr. Cornwell  
choosing the  
slippers his  
model is to  
wear with an  
evening gown.

By Dean

Cornwell

President of the  
Society of Illustrators



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

## We Artists Are Not Sheiks

WHO hasn't read at some time or other in his daily paper some such headline as this:

ARTIST'S MODEL FOUND  
CHLOROFORMED

Was Broadway Butterfly

Wealthy Friend Suddenly  
Vanishes

If my experience counts for anything the chances are a hundred to one that the girl in the case had never seen a studio except perhaps in the glamorous movies. Let a girl—young and pretty, with no visible means of support—get into difficulties, and she is immediately labeled an artists' model. Sometimes there is the color of remote truth to justify the story; perhaps the girl has "posed" on the cloak and suit platforms. But as a rule the popular idea of a model paints her in pretty dark hues.

A similar tradition applies to artists themselves. At the wedding of a fellow artist recently, I happened to overhear some of the bride's relatives discussing the affair.

"I hope she'll be happy," said the bride's father's sister

dolefully, "but I don't see how she can be. The man she is marrying is an artist, and you know what artists are."

"Yes, indeed," said the bride's uncle's wife understandingly. "They're terrible, carrying on the way they do with their models."

The other day up in Mamaroneck, where I am having my recently bought house remodeled, I ventured to speak to one of the workmen about the faulty way in which some timbers were being joined. He looked at me in amazement.

"I understood that you were an artist," he said apologetically. "I didn't suppose that an artist would know anything about construction work."

We find incidents like this constantly occurring. Landlords are unusually exacting about references before they lease apartments or studios to us; merchants wonder whether, as artists, we will pay the bills we contract; church people debate whether or not we are respectable enough to be invited to dinner; the wives of our neighbors pity our wives because of the sheik's life they imagine most of us live.

I am beginning to wonder just how poor an opinion of us artists people have. I am almost beginning to believe that the general public regards an artist as some sort of a cross between an unmitigated moron and a successful lounge-lizard.

To me, being an artist is a high, almost a sacred calling. All

The picture Mr. Cornwell is finishing re-appears in this issue, on pages 2 and 43. Like the model, try sitting in this difficult position for half an hour without moving a muscle. Not so easy, is it?



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

my working life I have been an artist, and I am proud of the fact. I regard myself as an entirely normal citizen. I own my home, pay my bills, and do my utmost to respect my obligations both to my family and to the community.

I have a wife and two youngsters to whom I am devoted, and for whom I am doing my best to provide. I want my two children to grow up to respect their father's profession, so I feel that someone ought to try to correct the mistaken impressions the public seems to have about us artists—our models, our wives and our lives. As president of the Society of Illustrators—there are about four hundred of us in New York—I come in close contact with many artists and know about their lives, too. I know them as hard-working, ambitious, law-abiding citizens.

Let us examine first this meaty matter of models, with an epigram by James Montgomery Flagg to preface our remarks. He said very aptly that "artists make models famous, and other men make them infamous."

There are models and models—men models, grandmother models, children models, clothes models, figure models, cowboy models; but the popular idea of a model seems to be a young, pretty vamp without scruples of any sort.

To be sure, some girls of that sort are to be found about the studios, but the vast majority of models are thoroughly

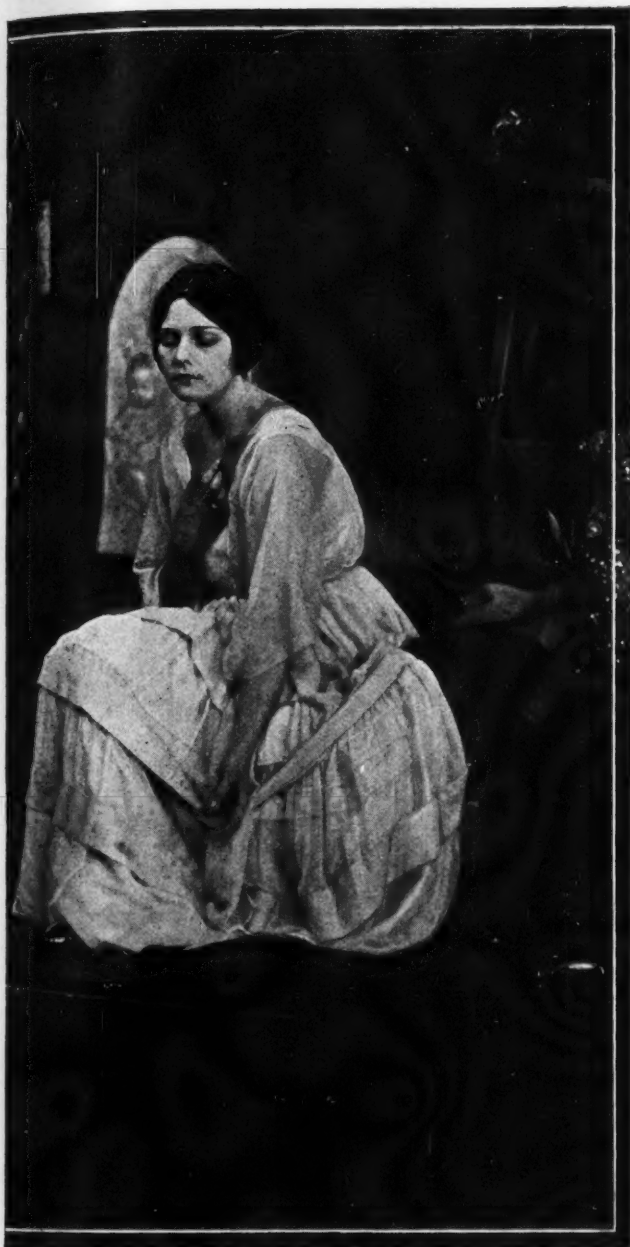
respectable young women, untrained to any occupation, who for any number of reasons find themselves suddenly thrown on their own resources. By posing they can earn from six dollars to eight dollars a day—far more than they would get in unskilled work. The usual rate is one dollar an hour.

And don't let anyone tell you that a model's life is all champagne and silk stockings. If you think she doesn't have to work, just try standing or even sitting immovably some dull afternoon for ten minutes with a fixed expression of face and perhaps an arm extended in mid-air. Then multiply that period of muscular torture by three—inasmuch as rests come only every half hour, as a rule.

When a woman is posing she almost invariably talks a blue streak, airing all sorts of intimate details about her life. I suspect that the babble is a nervous reaction from the strain of holding a difficult pose. In my opinion, the fact that the majority of models are given to this amiable habit is actually beneficial to the artist. Every glimpse he gets into the lives of others helps him to work with more understanding.

During my work on the picture for Peter Kyne's story, "Never the Twain Shall Meet," I had a nice little model who thought and talked of nothing but the movies.

"And when your posing helps you get into the movies, Sarah,"



conversation, it is likely to prove difficult to explain such intimacy as merely professional, for artists' wives are, after all, human.

There is another type of model that occasionally gets an artist into domestic difficulties. Very beautiful models are frequently very vain. They pose not so much for the money they get, but for the artist who will pay them the most compliments and whose pictures appear in the more important magazines. Naturally an artist wants the prettiest subjects he can get, so if he finds one that wants to be flattered, he will make an effort to keep her from deserting him for some other artist. On such occasions it is probably just as well that the artist's wife is not around.

Of course there is the sort of wife who insists on being around "frequently and often." So much so that she prefers the studio incorporated in the home, even though the artist feels that his workshop, like any business man's office, should be away from domestic interruptions.

The wife who keeps popping into the studio on various pretexts is no more popular with the model than with the husband. The model takes the offensive, I suppose, because she suspects that the wife will be critical; and it is true there are times when you can't blame the wife for failing to be liberal. Summed up, an artist is neither worse nor better than any other man.

"How can you stand having these fascinating girls around your husband all day?" my wife was asked by one of her unenlightened neighbors. "I look over every stenographer my husband gets."

"And if your husband really prefers his stenographer to you," Mrs. Cornwell answered, "are you going to try to force his affection to remain with you?"

And that's what most people forget—that the artist and his model are just like any other human beings, including brokers and stenographers. People even want to believe that we are creatures of a strange, impossible world rotated by gay revelry and giddy romance.

Take our amateur show. Every year we produce a review, written, staged and acted by our members and our models. Last year a firm of professional managers took over the performance and put it on for the general public. In its original, accurate form, three weeks on the road satisfied the producers that it would be a certain "flop." When it came into New York it had been hauled so far from the truth that it was a big success. Merely another demonstration of the fact that if you want to convince the public about your artists and models you have to use plenty of hip flasks and very little chiffon.

I haven't said much about the care-free, easy life that the artist is popularly supposed to lead. The seeming bed of roses on which he reclines is really studded with a lot of thorns. I have no desire to sketch myself in an impressionistic arrangement of a Young Man Ascending Stairway of Success under Difficulties, but like most of my contemporaries, I found, and still find it hard climbing.

Most artists are married and have families to support.

Few of us, even the successful, ever succeed in amassing much wealth. Even though we get high prices for our work, it is by no means all profit. We have our studio rent to pay, and in addition we have to maintain a home. We have to pay models' fees and buy expensive properties and panels.

Often artists receive no satisfactory financial reward for their work during their lives. Recently a man offered to sell me an original of one of the late Howard Pyle's illustrations. The price was three thousand dollars. Probably Pyle himself received a hundred for it.

That is the reason why so many artists are chary about giving away originals of their illustrations. As artists seldom leave large estates, it seems to me that the least they can do for their families is to try to keep for them as many of their pictures as possible.

Not long since, an author wrote to an artist who had illustrated one of his novels saying:

"I wish you would send me eight or ten of your paintings. I am furnishing up a new home I have just built, and I would like to have some of them to hang on the walls."

In reply the artist wrote him:

"I, too, have just built a new home. I wish you would send me the movie rights of several of your novels. I could use them in furnishing my place."

I said to her one day, "what are you going to do with all the coin you'll earn?"

"Ask me something hard!" she exclaimed. "I'm going to hire a dishwasher! You see, my mother and my older sister both work, and being the child of the family I have to launder the china at the end of each and every perfect day. My greatest ambition in life is to have a maid."

There is one model I know—she's really thirty but she looks sixteen—who poses to support her two fatherless children. Again, a weary girl who came to my studio the other day told me of tramping a hundred blocks in search of work. Her husband had deserted her and her year-old baby. A ten-dollar bill was all she had left, out of which she had not dared spend even carfare.

Unlike another girl, who used to bring her brother's socks to darn, is the show-girl type that an artist is likely to require if he is painting a pretty girl's head or illustrating a theatrical story. These girls, recruited mostly from the stage, bring with them to the studios an informality in their manners toward men similar to that found back-stage. Before they have been in the studio ten minutes they may be calling the artist by his first name and addressing him as "honey" and "dearie." They mean nothing by it, and he knows that they don't, but if the artist's wife happens to drop into the studio unexpectedly and overhears the





Illustrated by  
James  
Montgomery  
Flagg

# Dumplings

**F**IRST, we must make the dumplings clear. They are big, round objects, about four inches high, golden yellow in color, light as a feather, teasingly resistant to the teeth, and yet soft and delightful to the palate. Then, as they are served, a cup of sauce is poured over them. This sauce is made of dried mushrooms—usually imported from Italy or Roumania. If, several hours later, you discover a piece of these mushrooms wedged between your back teeth, you can still enjoy the wonderful flavor of it.

They were well known, in the old days, throughout the Ghetto. But the best of all were served in Milken's Café. What he did to charm the dumpling or hypnotize the sauce, was his own secret. All you learned from the bill of fare was, "Dumplings *a la Milken*." Enough for that.

Lapidowitz sat in Milken's Café wondering how he could raise fifty dollars. For that sum he could buy a magnificent fur-lined overcoat such as actors and coal-dealers wear. It was the opportunity of a life-time because the coat was really worth four or five times that amount and its owner was merely selling it to Lapidowitz because he liked him.

From time to time the *schnorrer* glanced at a slip of paper which he held in his hand, containing a list of all those from whom he had ever borrowed or hoped to borrow. But, after each glance, he sadly shook his head. He had gone through this same list only a week before and had barely raised ten dollars. It was too soon to repeat the performance.

At that moment Lubarsky, the wealthy coal and kindling-wood dealer, entered the café accompanied by an elderly, distinguished-looking man whom Lapidowitz had never seen before. Lapidowitz's face brightened. Lubarsky, who headed his list, had refused every application for a loan. Perhaps, thought Lapidowitz, it was because he had always bearded him in his office. Here, evidently, was the wealthy coal-dealer unbending. He appeared to be entertaining a friend. Lapidowitz watched him.

"Milken," cried Lubarsky, "here's a friend of mine what I bragged to about them dumplings *a la Milken* of yours. He came all the way in from out of town to taste them. Now do your best."

And, just then, three young and lively-looking women, whom Lapidowitz recognized as members of the chorus of the Yiddish Theater, appeared in the doorway.

"Here they are!" exclaimed Lubarsky. "Come on, girls. I want you to shake hands with my friend, Colonel Smith from Detroit. Sit down, girls. Have some dumplings *a la Milken*!"

Now Lapidowitz beamed. Lubarsky, the respectable merchant, a married man with three children, eating dumplings *a la Milken* with chorus girls! This surely was unbending. How could he refuse a modest loan under such circumstances?

Lapidowitz got up and edged nearer.

The young women seemed to ignore Lubarsky entirely and concentrated all their attention upon his elderly companion. Colonel Smith was geniality itself.

"Girls," he said, "I don't often come to New York, but when I do I'm out for a good time. So go as far as you like. What's your first name, little one?"

He gently pinched the cheek of the young woman nearest him as he asked the question.

"Esther," she replied, smiling good-naturedly.

"Well, Esther, if you like those dumplings I'll buy you fifty portions. You can just eat your head off."

Colonel Smith suddenly began to feel in all his pockets and then, leaning forward, he whispered into Lubarsky's ear. The coal merchant glanced quickly around the place and observed Lapidowitz.

"That's all right, Colonel," he said. "There's a fellow I know who can run over to your hotel."

He beckoned to Lapidowitz who arose with alacrity and approached the table.

"This gentleman, Colonel Smith," Lubarsky explained to the

By Bruno Lessing



"Come on, girls," exclaimed Lubarsky. I want you to shake hands with my friend, Colonel Smith of Detroit."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

# For Two

*schnorrer*, "forgot something in his hotel. Will you run over there and get it for him? He'll give you a dollar."

"I'll give him five dollars," interrupted the good-natured Colonel. Lapidowitz grinned. Here was a man after his own heart.

"For five dollars," snorted Lubarsky, "that fellow would—I'd be ashamed to tell you where he'd go." The Colonel wrote a brief note and handed it to Lapidowitz.

"Give that to the clerk of the hotel and he'll give you an envelope for me."

"Could I speak to you private a minute, Mr. Lubarsky?" asked Lapidowitz.

"How much and what for?" asked the coal-dealer without rising from his chair.

"Only fifty dollars," replied the *schnorrer*. "There's a man what I know who—"

"There's a thing what I know," interrupted Lubarsky calmly lighting a cigar, "and that is I wouldn't lend you fifty cents unless it was for an operation."

"You got a heart like a stone," said Lapidowitz, bitterly.

"And you got a head like a balloon filled with gas," retorted Lubarsky. "So you better run on your errand or you don't get a cent."

When, half an hour later, Lapidowitz returned, Lubarsky had departed. Colonel Smith sat alone amid his feminine glory. Lapidowitz handed him the envelope which the hotel clerk had given him, and his eyes almost bulged out of their sockets when he beheld the old gentleman open it and draw out four fifty dollar bills.

From which you must not infer that Lapidowitz would have failed to deliver the envelope had he been aware of its contents. He might have been tempted to take advantage of the value of his burden by temporizing, or pretending that he had lost it, or resorting to some artifice to extort money from its owner. Lapidowitz's immorality was invariably indirect. He would

never stoop to direct larceny. As a matter of fact, he was not really dishonest, in the legal sense. He lacked the courage of an out and out crook. Wherein he resembled quite a respectable portion of the human race.

When he had received his five dollars, he seated himself at a neighboring table and proceeded to study the doings of the Colonel and his companions. These, you must remember, were the days when only the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution were violated: the Eighteenth had not yet come into existence. Milken, the proprietor, had introduced the Colonel to the seductiveness of *slivovitz* and the Colonel had become loquacious.

"By gosh, girls," he cried, "those dumplings are the greatest things I ever ate in my life. I never thought there was any cooking like that in the world. Out—out there where I come from, if we get a decent steak or a roast beef, we're satisfied. But those dumplings! Say, when I get home, I'm going to get someone to cook them for me if I have to buy out this joint."

Lapidowitz observed that the young women were yawning, as if thoroughly bored. After a while, one rose and left. The Colonel seemed unaware of her departure. He ordered several more *slivovitzes*, drank a toast to the President of the United States, the Governor of New York and the Mayor of Newark, New Jersey, called for his bill, paid it and then, as if he had suddenly become oblivious to all his surroundings, stalked majestically out of the café.

"He's a gentleman!" murmured Lapidowitz, admiringly. The two abandoned females gazed at each other in amazement for a moment, and then burst into laughter.

"Ain't he funny!" exclaimed one.

"Just wait till I see Lubarsky," said the other. "I'll give him a piece of my mind for asking me to go to dinner with an old loafer like that."

Lapidowitz turned his back upon them. Females did not interest him. He decided that, early next morning, he would

## Dumplings for Two

call upon Colonel Smith, lay the case of the fur-lined overcoat fairly before him and ask for a loan of fifty dollars. Surely, he thought, such a good-natured gentleman could spare one of those fifty dollar bills.

"Colonel Smith?" said the hotel clerk next morning. "Nobody by that name stopping here."

"But I came here with a letter from him yesterday," persisted Lapidowitz and you gave me an envelope with two hundred dollars in it."

The clerk eyed the *schnorrer* long and reflectively. Then, with an air of finality:

"Sorry," he said, "but I don't know anything about your man."

A week passed. Many people were born and many died. The seeds of much future trouble were sown and the harvest of many past misdeeds was reaped. Much happens in a week. Lapidowitz had managed to gather forty dollars and was sitting in Milken's Café speculating as to means of raising ten dollars more.

The promises that he had made and the lies that he had told to wheedle the forty dollars out of his acquaintances, did not perturb him. Lapidowitz was a born optimist and believed in always letting the past take care of itself. It occurred to him that he might gamble at *tarok* or *stuss* and win the ten dollars, but he was afraid of losing his capital. He had set his heart upon the fur-lined overcoat.

And now, to his delight, there entered the elderly gentleman who had entertained the chorus girls the week before. He was accompanied by a slender, gray-haired woman of refined features, who glanced around the place with amused curiosity. Milken fairly ran from behind his counter to greet them.

"Did Mr. Lubarsky telephone you that I was coming?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Milken, hastily. "He told me all about everything, and you could be sure everything is all right by me."

"Quite sure, eh?" said the man, gazing at one after another of the occupants of the tables.

"You can bet you," said Milken in a low voice. "What I say, goes here. What's the matter?" He had observed a sudden start in the man's countenance. Turning quickly, Milken beheld Lapidowitz who was grinning amiably at the elderly visitor.

"That bum? Don't pay no attention to him," said the proprietor. "He don't count for nothing."

"Well," said the man, "I told my wife all that Lubarsky said about your famous dumplings and we just had to come over and taste them."

As Milken departed to carry out the order, Lapidowitz sat scratching his head in perplexity. Surely this must be the Colonel Smith whom Lubarsky had brought to the café. Yet why had he returned Lapidowitz's friendly smile with such a stony stare? Could it be possible that he had forgotten? Why, in that case, nothing remained but to remind him. Lapidowitz arose and walked across the room.

"How do you feel, Colonel?" he asked, cheerfully. The man smiled quite amiably.

"I'm afraid you've made a mistake," said he. "My name is Ellers."

Lapidowitz stared at him.

"You ain't Colonel Smith from Detroit?"

"No, sir. Charles B. Ellers from Newark, New Jersey."

"And you wasn't here with Lubarsky and—"

"Sorry, my friend, but you've made some mistake. I was never here in my life before. I do happen to know Mr. Lubarsky who told me all about this place, but I've never been inside it before."

"Hey, Lapidowitz! Come here a minute!" It was the voice of Milken who had appeared in the kitchen doorway. Lapidowitz knew Milken well and understood thoroughly the expression upon his face.

"What do you want with them customers?" demanded the proprietor.

"That's Colonel Smith what was here the other night," explained the *schnorrer*.

"Either you're *meshugah* or I'm," replied Milken, quietly, but with a hard glitter in his eye. "That's Mr. Ellers from Newark. And he has never been here before. And he don't know you and don't want to know you. Now what do you got to say?"

"Nothing," said Lapidowitz, meekly.

"I guess that's the best for your health. Now just go over and sit quiet at a table and say your prayers because I didn't give you a punch on the nose."

Lapidowitz followed Milken's advice and seated himself sulkily at a table. He watched the proprietor serve the famous

dumplings and eagerly study the faces of his two customers as they tasted them.

"I hope you ain't disappointed," Mr. Ellers said.

"Oh, I think they're wonderful," said the woman. "You must tell me exactly how you make them."

"They're great," said Mr. Ellers. "Just what Mr. Lubarsky said they would be."

"I'll write down just how we cook them," said Milken, delightedly. "If you don't get it right the first time, you can come over and watch my cook make them."

"What funny people you have here," said Mrs. Ellers in a lowered voice. "Are they honest?"

"My dear," said her husband, "just because they look poor and badly-dressed, is no reason why you should suspect them of being crooks."

"I guess you're right," said the lady. She turned to the proprietor with an engaging smile.

"My husband is always right," she said, "and I didn't mean to cast any reflections upon your customers. It's simply a new phase of life to me. We have plenty of wicked people out in Newark where we live. Only two weeks ago our house was robbed and a lot of valuable things stolen. So I have no right to criticize the people of other communities."

So engaging was her speech and so charming her smile, that Milken was ready to extend credit to her upon the spot and agree with everything she said. He swept his hand in the direction of Lapidowitz.

"Lady," he said, "don't worry about Newark. We got plenty of crooks right here."

Lapidowitz overheard him. But his feelings were not hurt. Lapidowitz's feelings were rarely hurt. They were sheathed in armor. But an inspiration came to him. He rose at once, and strode out of the café.

He hurried to Lubarsky's office, where he found that individual seated in his swivel-chair with his hands clasped upon his stomach.

"Not a cent," was Lubarsky's terse greeting.

"I did not come to ask any favors," said Lapidowitz, haughtily.

"When a man got a heart like yours, anybody would be a fool to come to you even if he was dying."

"Say, you *schnorrer*," exclaimed the coal merchant without changing his position, "if anybody ever comes to me to ask me to chip in for your funeral I'll pay the whole bill. And the sooner the better. So what d'ye want now?"

"I just came to ask about that Colonel Smith—"

"Colonel Smith?" repeated Lubarsky, his eye-lids narrowing. "I don't know anything about him. Never heard of him. I know a Colonel Jones in Chicago and a Colonel Johnson in San Francisco. Maybe you mean them."

"No," said Lapidowitz bringing his face close to that of the coal merchant, "I mean the old man you brought to Milken's with the chorus girls from the Yiddish Theater and didn't go around telling everybody about it."

"Just wait a minute," said Lubarsky. He left the office and, in an outer room, Lapidowitz heard him talking through a speaking-tube but could not overhear what he said. Presently he returned.

"I had to give some orders about delivering a load of coal," he explained. "I guess you made a mistake, Mr. Lapidowitz. I ain't been in Milken's Café for two months. If you don't believe it, ask Milken. And I don't know no Colonel Smith. And you don't know anything you think you know. And if you know anybody in the Yiddish The-ayter, you just go and ask them if they ever saw me in Milken's. And now you get out of here before I break your jaw."

"Such a liar!" exclaimed the *schnorrer*. He strode out of the office. As he emerged from the doorway, the coal was delivered. There must have been at least a pailful. It came in a small avalanche from the roof of Lubarsky's office, and it landed full upon Lapidowitz's silk hat. The hat, luckily, softened the blow. But it was not a hat ever to be worn again. Nor can Lapidowitz's few, pointed remarks ever be recorded in polite print.

The following day, Lapidowitz found Ratigan at work in Mulcahey's livery stable.

"Got the *me ummeh*?" was Ratigan's greeting. Lapidowitz shook his head.

"All I got is thirty-five dollars," he said, "I had forty but a dirty bum smashed my silk hat and I had to get a new one. It's second hand."

He removed his hat and proudly surveyed it.

"Looks just as good as new," he went on. "But if I give you thirty-five dollars, couldn't you let me have his coat? I swear



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on my honor and on the Torah that I'll pay the rest. And it's so much easier to raise money when you got a fine coat than it is with a shabby one like mine.

Ratigan rubbed his head.

"There's something in that, I guess," said he. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me the thirty-five and take the coat. And never mind about swearing on anything. But come back here in ten days with fifteen dollars or—go and hide yourself in Africa. No other place won't be safe. I'll find you at the North Pole and take all the skin off your body. D'ye get that?"

Lapidowitz got it. He also got the coat. And Ratigan got the thirty-five dollars.

Lapidowitz had no difficulty in finding the name in a Newark directory. "Charles B. Ellers, Wholesale Coal Dealer," and then followed the address.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the *schnorrer*. "Now I see where it comes in. They got business connections and that dirty bum Lubarsky is trying to protect him. Well, we'll see what we're going to see."

Inasmuch as it happened that Lapidowitz saw very little, I think it only fair to him to elucidate his point of view and what it was that he expected to see. As I said before, he was not a direct crook. His crookedness was constitutionally indirect. He intended to lay before Mr. Ellers the fact that said Mr. Ellers, aforesaid, had appeared in Milken's Café under the *nom-de-sport* of Colonel Smith and had hilariously entertained three chorus girls. Not that there was anything wrong about it. Oh, dear, no! Lapidowitz intended to make it clear that, at a pinch, he could even be induced to approve of the proceeding.

He merely wanted Mr. Ellers to know that he, Lapidowitz, was a shrewd, observant and kind-hearted person who had been a witness to the events of that lively evening and who intended, no matter what came of it, to keep his mouth shut. Yes, he was willing to swear that, no matter how Mr. Ellers treated him, he would never breathe a word about it. Wild horses and raging lions could not drag the secret from his breast. And, in his own heart, he meant it. He had not the remotest intention, even in case he were rebuffed, to make Mr. Ellers's disgrace known to the world. Even if he had wanted to create a public scandal, he would never have known how to go about it. The height to which his imagination carried him was a letter to Mrs. Ellers describing the doings of Colonel Smith. And that was something he would never do unless Mr. Ellers turned out to be unreasonable.

I merely wanted to make all this clear. I don't want anyone to think that Lapidowitz was worse than he really was. Because he couldn't be.

Arrayed in his gorgeous fur-lined overcoat, Lapidowitz presented himself at Mr. Ellers's office in a Newark coal-yard. He was rather surprised at the ease with which he gained admittance to the owner's private room. He had never been able to get into Lubarsky's private office unless all the clerks and office boys were out at lunch. And he was somewhat impressed by the quiet smile and dignified ease of Mr. Ellers as he turned and gazed over the rim of a pair of huge spectacles at his visitor.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" was the coal man's greeting. Lapidowitz seated himself and grinned.

"My name is Lapidowitz," said he. "How is Colonel Smith?"

And now the *schnorrer* was gratified to see a sudden, startled look flash into Ellers's face.

"Oh, you're the chap who came over to me in that East Side café and thought I was Colonel Smith," he said quietly. "Ah, yes. Will you please excuse me for a moment?"

He rose and walked swiftly out of the office. When he returned, Lapidowitz pointed his finger at him.

"Say. I bet you told somebody to throw a pailful of coal on me. Now tell the truth. Didn't you?"

Ellers seated himself on the edge of a desk, clasped his hands and began to twirl his thumbs. He gazed at his visitor with a puzzled expression as if he were wondering what kind of a person he had to deal with. Then he smiled.

"To be frank with you," he said, "my friend Lubarsky called me on the telephone a little while ago and told me of your unfortunate accident in his yard. I am very fond of Lubarsky, but I do not always approve of his methods. Just to show you how candid I am with you, I give you my word that I told no one to throw a pailful of coal on you. I told them to make it at least half a ton. Now, be equally honest, and tell me exactly what you want."

Lapidowitz, gazing into the ruddy, smiling face of Ellers, felt a sudden chill run up and down his spine. He answered quickly.

"I swear I tell you the truth," he said. "I ain't the kind of man what wants to make trouble. I'm just a poor hard-lucker. I bought this coat for fifty dollars. All I got was thirty-five dollars, and the man said he would break my neck if I didn't give him the other fifteen dollars in ten days. Now, you're a gentleman. I seen that from the first. If I give you my word of honor I'll pay you back and swear it on the Torah, couldn't you lend me fifteen dollars and fifty cents? The fifty cents pay for my car-fare to Newark and back, and I'm a poor man what can't afford it. And—and—say! what's the matter? Ain't it genuine fur?"

Ellers had slid downward from his seat upon the desk and had approached nearer and nearer to Lapidowitz, his eyes glued to the lining of the coat which the *schnorrer* wore. Now he was bending over it, fingering the fur, examining the cloth and there was a strained, eager expression upon his face. Lapidowitz was becoming frightened. Had Ratigan lied to him? Was this but imitation fur? He regretted that he had not taken it to a furrier to be appraised.

The next instant Lapidowitz felt his throat seized in an iron grip. He could not move. He clutched at the hand that was choking him but he could not budge it. With the utmost calmness, Ellers pulled the back of the coat high above Lapidowitz's neck and calmly studied the label it bore. Then he relaxed his hold.

"Awfully sorry to bother you, old man," Ellers said quietly; "but if you'll excuse me, I'll send for a friend of mine who is an expert on fur coats and, if he's agreeable, we'll let you have the fifteen dollars."

Within an hour, Lapidowitz, at police headquarters, had told how he had procured the coat, a warrant had been issued for Ratigan for robbing the Ellers household, and a detective dispatched to New York City to have him arrested and extradited. Within three hours word came from New York that Ratigan had been arrested and had promptly confessed. The coat was restored to Ellers, and Lapidowitz was freed. And, within four hours, Lapidowitz entered Milken's Café and, hoarsely, begged for a glass of *stivovits*.

He had been seated there for, perhaps, fifteen minutes when Milken, with a curious expression upon his face, approached him with a bank-note in his hand.

"Have you been up to something?" he asked. Lapidowitz gazed at him dully.

"Whatever I'm up to or ain't up to, ain't none of your business," he replied.

"I guess that's right," said Milken. "The less I know about what you do, the better I sleep. Only here's five dollars for you. I don't understand it and don't want to. Lubarsky just called me up on the telephone and told me to give you five dollars. He said it was from a friend of his."

Milken laid the bill upon the table, and Lapidowitz gazed at it in amazement.

"What for?" he asked. Milken shrugged his shoulders.

"I should know!" he exclaimed. "Only Lubarsky told me to make sure you would understand it didn't come from him."

"Yes," said Lapidowitz. "I can understand that easy."

"Because," continued Milken, with a dry smile, "he wanted me to tell you that if you ever get anything from him for nothing, it'll be a ton of coal off your head."

## Standing Room Only

(Continued from page 21)

here root beer. 'Oldham's belly-wash' they uster call it and tell me I'd drown myself some of these days, drinking that stuff. They were great hands for beer in that town. Not that any of my crowd ever got tight, to speak of. But they did get kind of talky about once in so often. But I always stuck to my belly-wash." He gave a little sigh. "I guess that old crowd's purty well busted up and scattered by now—some of 'em dead and one or two of 'em moved off, like me."

"Yes, thim days is gawn," said Mc'tyrie; "gawn in your old town and gawn in this town, too. I miss them meself of an evenin' off post. I'm doubtful of this homemade hootch. And the hard stuff the bootleggers peddle is worse. Well, you might try settin' in the Park, thin? God knows me own feet ache sometimes till I'd be willin' to set on the bare earth, I would that. Cit'zens don't know the strain that's on a fella's feet after he gets on the cops."

MR. OLDHAM had tried the parks—Central Park and another smaller park over by the river. They weren't altogether satisfying, either. As parks go, they might be all very well; and certainly he had heard considerable praise of Central Park from persons who rarely seemed to go there themselves. Their admiration was based on the fact that there was such a noble park set down so conveniently right in the heart of New York, not upon any personal enjoyment they derived from its beauties. And those people who did use it didn't appear to have the knack of getting together.

In fair weather, and sometimes when the weather wasn't so fair, shabby men dozed on the benches along the footpaths, or when they didn't doze they read and re-read newspapers opened usually at one of the Help Wanted pages, else they just hunched down and stared moodily at what was directly in front of them.

You rarely saw two of these brooding chaps in company; each one had his own bench or his own end of a bench.

It was the same with the better-dressed older men who came there on bright days; they nearly always were alone, too. They would look at him with timid wistful eyes as he, shuffling on by, would look back, not knowing that his eyes were timid and wistful, too; not knowing that rebuffs had made them weary of seeking chance acquaintances out of the seven millions, only knowing that many rebuffs had so worked upon him. Sweethearts did pair off; they were the exceptions. Here or there in some quiet spot a young fellow and his girl would be sitting or strolling but, of course, their eyes and their minds—and their arms—were only for each other, which was all as it should be.

There was an air of peacefulness about the big park, with its trees and its lawns and its



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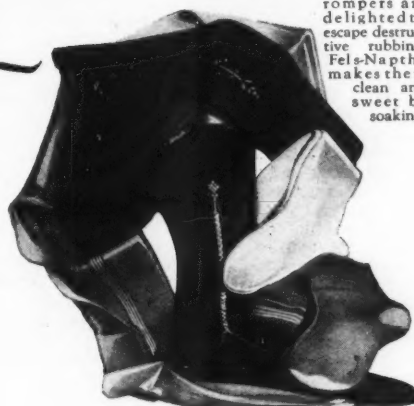


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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



flowers and all, but it was a misleading air. Automobiles went skyhooting past, raising dust and leaving greasy smells behind them, and threatening destruction to the squirrels that darted ahead of them across the drives; in midsummer, when the young reckless squirrels left the nests, the asphalt would be dotted with their little crushed gray carcasses. And if a fellow dropped down to soak up a little sunshine or to catch up with his breathing, children on screechy roller-skates or, what was worse, on those swift little wagons they called scooters, would be whizzing into you.

Not that Mr. Oldham minded the children. He willingly took the risk of being tripped up or of having his toes mashed. But they did make things sort of confused and rackety—there were so many of the little shavers underfoot—and they were not as friendly as they might have been. Those of them who came unattended had no time to waste on old folks; they played noisy, quarreling games among themselves. And those who had nursemaids to mind them seemed such aloof self-contained little bodies. He almost made friends once with a mighty sweet little girl, but just after he had found out that her name was Elsie and had volunteered to tell her the story of the Three Bears, and she had snuggled up close to listen, her nurse came and gave Mr. Oldham a hostile look and hurried the child away, scolding her about something as she went.

On the whole, if a choice was to be made as between Central Park and the little park over by the river, he infinitely preferred the little park. It was such a little park that it didn't seem to have a regular name or, if it had one, Mr. Oldham never heard what the name was. It was mostly a bare rocky hillock, so that the cemented walk-ways curved into and out of knobs of stone outcrop. At the back, behind the guard-rails which were supposed to keep you off the grass, although there wasn't enough grass to brag about, a marching orphan-asylum of spindly little trees crossed the knoll single file.

In the front, looking eastward to Blackwell's Island where the workhouses were and north-eastward across Bowery Bay and on up to where the Hell-Gate rocks once had been, a high stone wall ran, with the water lapping and curling at its base. Inside the wall were benches, and a fellow who had nothing much to do could kill quite a lot of time by sitting there to watch the river craft passing and the Sound steamers trading up and down. The youngsters who played here seemed friendlier, taking them by and large, than the run of the Central Park youngsters were. Or maybe they were more careless.

There was still a third advantage to be derived from visiting the little nameless park. It didn't amount to a great deal, but Mr. Oldham had reached the point where he was grateful for small favors. On the way, going and coming, he passed through a section of tenements—walk-ups, and the fire-escapes tumbling like iron cascades down their fronts, as aforesaid—and along these stretches in almost any of the cross-streets a fellow could loiter and watch the boys playing baseball—the New York brand of baseball, which is played in and out of the traffic. For a sort of game, one evening in his room, he figured up roughly how many hours he had spent watching boys play baseball. The total ran pretty high.

There was another game he occasionally played in his room before turning in for the night. He would shut his eyes and lean back in his chair and re-create a picture of life back in Tecumseh Center in the old days. The views ran together, one merging into another—Milky Hartman's back room of a rainy night when it was nice to be indoors; the little space behind the prescription case in his drug store with this one and that one reared back in the wooden chairs and him perched up on a tall stool and the talk going, and cigar smoke and pipe smoke that thick you almost could cut it with a mixing knife; the sidewalk in front of Patterson's livery-stable, at Main

and Benton, late of a summer afternoon, with the regular group of loungers on benches and boxes tilted back against the wall, all of them hitching along about once in so often so as to keep in the shade and watching the young girls out for their afternoon promenade—girls in white dresses, mostly, and bareheaded and generally paired off, who'd be going up one side of Main and back down the other, swapping words with the young bucks idling in the store doors.

Mr. Oldham always had had a keen eye for a pretty girl, especially one in a cool, summery-looking white dress; an innocent old eye but a good keen one. And business men on their ways home to supper would stop by for a few minutes with the crowd at Patterson's corner. He could breathe in hard and almost catch a reminiscent whiff of the pungent ammoniacal smell that came out of the stable. In fact, each separate vision had its own recaptured aroma—the bar-room smell, slightly stale and malty; the strong commingled smells of roots and tinctures in his drug store; the dust-smell and the heat-smell of Main Street broiling under a hot sun. A conglomerate outdoorsy smell this was, and highly typical of Tecumseh Center; and somehow, it never had grown monotonous—in the old days. And had there ever been such a town for pretty girls!

We can only guess whether or not it would have eased the ache of those homesick memories for old Mr. Oldham had he known the truth about what had happened to Tecumseh Center since he came away from it. The brisk heel of progress had stepped on so many of the familiar landmarks. His store wasn't gone exactly, but it was altered. It was a chain drugstore now, with a resident manager and a traveling efficiency expert dropping in about once in so often to ginger things up; and the fenced-off prescription department was marked "Private" and nobody entered it excepting on business.

Milky Hartman's old stand was a shoe-shine parlor, straw hats cleaned while you wait. You scarcely would be able to recognize the spot where Patterson's old red brick livery-stable used to be; the site now as glorified by an up-to-date filling station and repair garage with storage facilities in the rear behind the hip-roofed chalet. The young girls still passed, it is true, but they no longer made a panorama of their passing. Their electrics and their cars in which they rode for air, merely were parts of a swift two-way stream of traffic.

But of course Mr. Oldham didn't know about all these changes. He hadn't been back for more than three years now. Probably he wouldn't have believed you had you told him that Tecumseh Center was taking its minor pleasures, these times, and incidentally was sacrificing most of its old restfulness just as bigger towns were, on an humbler scale than the New York scale but after the same general formulas. He would have thought you were joking. Between the waves of homesickness, which hurt like a toothache, he still saw it as it had been and, to him, as always it would be—a great place for loafing and for passing the time of day with folks.

IT WAS funny, it was so, that a fellow's point of view got switched around after he moved to New York. Now, for instance, you take these foreigners. There had been a time when Mr. Oldham had felt sort of sorry for all such as came to this country from other countries, green as grass and not knowing the United States or its ways or its language.

But now he clearly discerned that they had learned a trick which his kind did not master. They had learned how to circumvent the commingling of dullness and excitement which spiritually made New York what it was. Their tap roots had not been broken off, as his had, when they were transplanted. Really, it wasn't as though they had left Europe and come to America; it was more as though they had brought Europe along with them. The second generation might be different, but the

original immigrants somehow had succeeded in superimposing upon the local sills a colorable reproduction of the colony life they had lived in their former homes.

The thing was most marked in the evening. Walking back to the Sultana Court, Mr. Oldham would see family groups and neighborhood groups gathered in store doors—mothers and fathers and babies—or choking the entryways into tenements, or on hot nights even taking their ease out on the pavements, and all carrying on the lesser domestic and social details while insulated by an immunity of their own devising, which hedged them off from the swirling hurly of life about them. Also, for the men folks there were congenial assembly places, such as the native stocks seemed not to have the wit or the willingness to provide for themselves; club rooms and eating places that were labeled with elaborated names in Yiddish or Italian or German or Magyar or even more outlandish tongues. Once upon a time he had felt pity for these people, coming hither as strangers to a strangers' land. Now he was beginning to be envious of them.

One day, moved by a vague inquisitiveness mixed in with a gnawing desire for communion, he entered a place on Second Avenue which he had marked as one seeming to enjoy a special popularity. He went down three stone steps into a basement room full of little tables and took a seat at one of these tables. There were numbers of other patrons present, mainly dark small compact men with thick slick black hair and cow-horn mustaches. Formerly, Mr. Oldham would have catalogued them as Dagoes, that being Tecumseh Center's way of lumping any and all the peoples of southern Europe. In the light of his wider education, he knew they were Greeks.

At his entrance the burble of voices stopped. All present broke off their talking to stare at him with a querulous, resentful fixity. He felt the embarrassment of being an interloper and an outsider and an interrupter of the racial harmony of their company.

He felt yet more embarrassed when a man-of-all-work, the owner perhaps, came promptly alongside him and asked, in difficult English and with no suggestion of hospitality in his tone, what he wished.

"I'd like a cup of coffee," said Mr. Oldham, who really hadn't wanted anything at all excepting a little taste of companionship; he was no great hand for nibbling between meals. "Coffee and maybe a drop cake or something to sort of nibble on."

The man brought the coffee in a heavy cup, slopping it down hard in front of him and then pushed a platter containing sticky, floury-looking pastries of dough and sugar at Mr. Oldham for the latter to make his choice.

"No, thank you, I wouldn't choose any of those," said Mr. Oldham. In Tecumseh Center you always said "choose" in declining food when you aimed to be especially polite at the table. "But if you've got a seed cookie, say, or—"

With a premeditated, almost a contemptuous, shrug the waiter turned his back on him and went away and thereafter, while he tarried, the man studiously ignored him. He didn't tarry long. The coffee was too strong and too dreggy for his tastes. He sucked at it, slipped a dime under the flange of the saucer and then, as an afterthought, added a nickel more for a tip and went out through a box barrage of glowering looks. It was when he reached the level of the sidewalk that he made the remark quoted several pages back about foreigners, etc., etc.

That ended his experimentations in such fields. Thereafter he undertook no more deliberate invasions of foreign parts.

Anyhow, that night at dinner when he happened to mention his adventure of the afternoon, Gussie seemed kind of fretted. She broke in on him before he had gone very far.

"I don't know why, poppa, you should want to go prowling over there in those dull, stupid old slums," she said. "It's bad enough to have those terrible people living so close



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Science and everyday experience teach that a beautiful skin does not depend on youth.

A woman of forty may have a fresh, clear, dazzling complexion. A girl of twenty may have a skin that is dull and sallow, disfigured by blackheads or ugly little blemishes.

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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

without your prowling among them. Seems to me you'd much rather take your walks on the streets where really refined people live. What's the matter with Fifth Avenue, I'd like to know? I can always find something worth looking at on Fifth Avenue."

After he had gone to his room she said to her husband:

"It looks like to me poppa is beginning to break up. Did you see what a funny far-off distracted look he gets sometimes, as though he wasn't conscious of what's going on? And here lately, passing his door I've heard him mumbling to himself. It's happened twice. And the first time I opened the door and looked in, wondering to myself who on earth he could be talking to. But it wasn't anybody, only himself. And he seems to want to be alone more than he did once. Not that I object to that—some old people are so difficult; they don't seem to be able to fit in. But he used to be a great hand for company. I'm afraid he's failing. Well, what I always say is, I hope I'm taken before I begin to get childish. I wouldn't want to live a single minute after I begin to be a care to anybody. Not that I'd ever want to give up my own father, of course!"

ON A bright Sunday in early autumn, the weather and the sunshine, which had almost a summery warmth to it, lured old Mr. Oldham into making what, for him, was a considerable expedition. Guided by a sudden impulse, he got aboard a surface car, north bound. The car was not closely crowded then; he had a seat. But presently it filled up until there was only standing room in the aisle and on the platforms for late-comers. Mr. Oldham arose to give his place to a fat but sickly-looking woman, and from then on until the car had gone several miles farther, he hung to a strap in a constantly thickening press of bodies and knee-joints and elbows.

It seemed that a certain corner away up where the suburbs should have begun, if New York really had any suburbs, was the end of the run and the last stop. The conductor called "All out!" Following the rest of the passengers, Mr. Oldham got off too, and still following them, he passed between a pair of tall gate-posts into a cemetery. He had been living among us three years, now, but this was the first time he had ever visited one of our justly-celebrated cemeteries.

He stayed on until late in the afternoon. He forgot all about luncheon. A great calm, so pleasant that it cured him of hunger, had come upon him. He had found one spot in New York where there neither was idle and aimless clamor nor vain hurrys and scurrings to and fro. The funeral processions, motor-drawn for the most part, which entered here might hasten on their way hither, might hasten again after they had withdrawn, with the now empty hearse rolling briskly on ahead. But once inside the high walls and all the while they were inside, there was a slow and solemn decorum to govern their movements.

People going along the winding paths loitered as they went, spelling off to one another the name on some impressively large mausoleum or upon the base of some particularly tall shaft. The loosed yellow leaves, dropping from the trees, seemed to spiral toward the earth very, very slowly, as though they would cover the graves gently so as not to disturb the sleepers beneath. But that, of course, was no more than a fancy; the real reason was that not enough wind stirred to toss the leaves about as they came down through the air.

With the calm a great idea came to the old turtle-looking man who had been sitting for so long on a bench where the plots climbed up and over and on beyond a gentle rise in the land. He took steps in the matter. Before he left, he had speech with a young man behind a desk in a small stone office-building near the gate. The building was modeled like a temple, but the young man was quite businesslike, oh quite!

He gave Mr. Oldham a little illustrated

booklet and with it, an address where further negotiations might, if desired, be carried on.

This was the idea. Call it fantastic, call it morbid, if you want to. Still, this was it: New York had had its big joke on him; now he would have his little joke on New York. He'd lick her at her own favorite game. He'd show her there was, anyhow, a place inside the city limits that was shut away from noise and bustle, a place where an old fellow, whose pins were sort of beginning to give out on him, could take his ease and rest his feet.

"Tubby sure, there'll be birds around, too, and plenty of nice smooth grass and trees and flower-beds and all. But I ain't thinking so much about them. I'm thinking of the quiet and the company there'll be, and the chance to do nothing but just rest and loaf for a hundred years."

He said this to himself after he started back. He was on a surface car again, with one withered hand hooked into a strap, swaying with the motion as the car sped along between the blocks, jostling against other standees when she stopped or started. This trip he had given his seat to a young woman all in black and with a baby in her arms. He went on:

"Yes, sir, first thing in the morning I'm going to that there address and see about buying a lot. I always figured that when my time came I'd be taken back and laid away beside Mother. But Mother, she'll understand same as she always did during our married life together. She won't mind. She'll know it'll just be my way of getting back at them here in this town, just my way of putting an everlasting laugh on 'em. But I won't say anything about it to Gussie and Oscar till afterwards. They might not object, seeing that the lot'll be just the same as theirs and ready for their use, if either of them should pass on. Still, they might. So I'll just keep quiet about it till the deal is closed and the deed's in my pocket. That'll be best."

The standee immediately alongside gave a derisive grunt and scrooged away. He was suspicious of these old dodgers who talked to themselves out loud on a streetcar; probably they were crazy or something. Besides, didn't he have troubles of his own?

"Tell it to somebody else," he said petulantly to Mr. Oldham; "me ears is takin' a Sunday off."

BUT old Mr. Oldham never got a chance to tell it to anybody else. He may have been confused or perhaps he only was abstracted. But going to sleep with your eyes open is a mighty bad business on any one of our more populous avenues, even on a Sunday. Rather stiffly, his legs being cramped, he stepped off the rear platform after the car had halted for him at his corner, but instead of turning eastward, toward the Sultana Court, as he should have done, he turned westward, and just as he came from behind the car, another car passing uptown struck him and flung him aside and flat on his back and his hat flew off and his bare head came down with a knock against the outer rail of the south-bound track.

One of the eye-witnesses said that he saw the whole thing and it was the old fellow's fault because he didn't look where he was going. But he changed his mind after the attorney for the plaintiff got to him that evening. A second eye-witness was equally positive that the motorman of the north-bound car was to blame, for not having rung his bell and for just bulging along like as if he was going to a fire, and never caring nothing about the rights of people crossing the street. It was things like this wot made Socialists and anarchists out of people; he said so, repeatedly. And he didn't change his mind, although a special legal investigator for the traction company tried to get to him the next day.

The attorney for the plaintiff chartered a taxicab and followed the victim to the hospital. He seemed to have an understanding with the policeman and with the interne who preceded him, humped up in the back of the

ambulance. Statistically speaking, the New York efficiency grades very high. There are 11,500 undisbarred lawyers in New York and 11,700 policemen, and while the figures touching on the average yearly number of street accidents show a constant increase, the gratifying fact yet remains that for each case there is, sooner or later, a policeman to make a report on it and a lawyer specializing in actionable damage claims against offending corporations or individuals.

In this case the lawyer was in evidence as quickly, almost, as the officiating policeman was, and some minutes before the ambulance arrived. He bobbed up as the crowd was forming and helped carry the injured party out of the roadway to the sidewalk, and while en route announced his official connection with the affair. And as soon as his hands were free he produced his professional card for proof of it.

"I'm the counsel for this poor old jumpman," he said in a loud, warning voice. "I'm in charge here." Standing almost above Mr. Oldham, as though on guard over him, he took out a little notebook. "Now, let's see—how many of you ladies and jumpmen saw this here injury inflicted on my client here? I'll take the names down. I'm Counselor Pincus, practising in all the courts, so don't be afraid to speak up; and don't let this motorman here or this conductor or anybody try to bulldoze you. I'll protect you in your rights same as I'm now protecting my unfortunate client in his."

Old Mr. Oldham had nothing to say in the matter, being unconscious and breathing heavily. He was dead when they lifted him out of the ambulance. The autopsy showed extensive compound fracture of the skull, with spinal dislocation.

IT SEEMED that Gussie had lately become very deeply interested in cremation. She hadn't said much about it but, really, cremation had appealed to her as the most sensible thing; so many prominent and cultured people had taken it up, too. Oscar agreed with her.

Her idea was that there should be a nice simple quiet service at the burial parlor over in East Sixty-ninth Street and after that a private cremation out at that lovely dignified crematory on Long Island. Then, when they got time from settling up the estate and arranging about the lawsuit against the street-car company, she and Oscar would get on the train with the ashes and take them out to Tecumseh Center to be interred in the burying ground there. One of the beauties of cremation was that there needn't be any great hurry about it.

There wasn't. So many things kept occurring to keep them from making the trip. When she felt stronger, after recovering from the first terrible shock of it and all, and was equal to the trip, Oscar couldn't get off from his business. And then first one thing and then another happened and they kept putting it off.

The ashes were delivered in a chaste bronze urn. It was a very small urn; Gussie was shocked by the smallness of it when the undertaker brought it. One might have thought—did one who lately has been bereft suffer one's self to think such terrific thoughts—that an incinerated cat or a bird, even, might have made more ashes than a human being did.

The urn might be small but it was not unornamental. Still, naturally no matter how deeply you mourned for a departed loved one and no matter how constantly you treasured that loved one's memory, you couldn't have a thing like that around in sight where people would see it and be asking questions about it. Now, could you?

Most of our apartment-house dwellers like to move to other apartment houses about once in so often; but not so the Oscar Tates; they were different. As Gussie often said, it suited them just to get settled in a cosy nook somewhere and stay settled and not be gadding about over the country. Perhaps that helps to explain further why there were so many



# GLORIA GOULD tells why the care of the skin is vital

"THE WOMEN of the younger set today never permit the strain of many engagements or the attacks of wind and sun to mar the smooth delicacy of their complexions.

"Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin that is cared for by Pond's Two Creams. They are really remarkable."

*Gloria Gould*

GLORIA GOULD, who has recently become Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop, is the youngest—and many think the loveliest—daughter of one of America's oldest families of great wealth. She commands a unique position in New York's exclusive younger social set.

When in the cream-and-blue drawing room of her smart East Side apartment she gave me her views on the care of the skin, the simple friendliness of her manner delighted me, but still more, her vividness, her enthusiasm. Even her lovely ivory skin seemed to breathe life.

"Mrs. Bishop," I asked, "what in your opinion is the most important factor in a woman's looks?"

"Three things, I think," prompted Gloria Gould, "are vital to the woman who wants to keep an important place in the social world. Fine eyes, white teeth and a lovely skin. The latter, luckily, any woman may possess, if only she'll take the right care."

Then we spoke of the young women of her set, who in their need to keep themselves looking fresh and lovely have turned to Pond's Two Creams which prevent all weariness from showing and keep the complexion satin-smooth and exquisitely protected.

**The first step in the Pond's Method** is a thorough daily cleansing of the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Smooth it on generously over the face and neck. With a soft cloth wipe it all off, and rejoice at the black look the cloth gives you! Repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water or a brisk rub with ice.

**The second step in the Pond's Method** is to smooth over your freshly cleansed face a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Do this before powdering and especially before going out into the wind, sun, dust or cold. This delicate cream renders a four-fold service—it protects the skin from the weather, gives it a soft, smooth finish, holds rouge and powder evenly and long, and freshens and rests it amazingly.

Like Gloria Gould and the other smart young women of the exclusive social set, you can have an exquisite complexion. Begin today with Pond's Two Creams. Their daily use will keep your skin exquisite and with Gloria Gould you'll agree they "are really remarkable!" Pond's Extract Company.



On Gloria Gould's dressing table stand Pond's Two Creams which keep the complexion exquisite despite the strain of social life



Gloria Gould's lovely ivory complexion bespeaks exquisite care

THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI	✓	MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
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These are among the women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's Method of caring for the skin and of Pond's Two Creams.

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THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. K  
141 Hudson Street, New York

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

## He takes his pipe 1800 miles into China

No, it isn't because his wife objects to his smoking in the house. We don't know that he has a wife, for that matter.

Mr. Mellor takes his pipe far into the interior of the Land of Confucius because he is attached to the good U. S. S. Palos, which, among other waters, sails the upper Yangtse Kiang.

This is what Mr. Mellor writes:

U. S. S. Palos  
Chung King, China  
January 24, 1924

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.  
G. S. Schloss,  
Dear Sir:

I have just been reading a letter that was sent to our canteen yeoman and thought that this would be a good time to tell you of our appreciation of the fine tobacco that your firm shipped us. I feel that I can say the same for the crew of this ship.

Yes, this sure is an out-of-the-way place and we sure enjoy a good smoke. We feel that we can at least rely on your tobacco always being fresh, especially that in the glass jars.

This ship is now eighteen hundred miles in the interior of China on the upper Yangtse Kiang. One of the greatest pleasures we have is riding ponies out in the hills surrounding Chung King; and there is hardly a man but what carries one of your small tins of tobacco with him on these trips. Every man on the ship smokes Edgeworth and quite a few chew it too.

Speaking for all hands and the ship's cook I can say that we will uphold your fine tobacco on this part of the river as every man is for Edgeworth first, last and always. Best regards to Edgeworth from the crew of the U. S. S. Palos on the Yangtse River.

Sincerely yours,  
(signed) Robert N. Mellor



If you would try before you buy, let us send you free samples of Edgeworth and give you a chance to learn at first hand why so many smokers like it.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

postponements of what necessarily would be a very sad and distressing journey back to Missouri.

When their lease expired at the Sultana Court they renewed it for three years more. Gussie kept the urn tucked away in a safe place where no one would disturb it—on the upper shelf in the closet of the spare bedroom. It was the little rear room, opening on the inner court—the room that quivered more than the

Cosmopolitan for October, 1924

front bedroom did when the "L" trains passed or the Subway trains ran through underground, or whatever happened that caused those little tremors to run up the back wall of the building.

What with this and that, the shelf where she put the urn, pushing it well into a corner behind the jamb of the closet door, was pretty well crowded; you know how odds and ends accumulate in an apartment. There just was standing-room for it.

*Read "Dead Reckoning"—the story of a man who knew only brute force and what happened when he encountered the quiet power of trustful innocence—by Belle Burns Gromer in the next COSMOPOLITAN.*

## I Am At Sea

(Continued from page 31)

it engaged in the wine trade, and it appears to have every kind of club and institution and to enjoy every social amenity. I did not know this when my visitors came aboard. Regarding any Englishman resident in a foreign country as a kind of Robinson Crusoe, I graciously offered them their choice from a parcel of novels which a good friend had caused to be placed in my cabin at Liverpool. They surprised and a little pained me by displaying a most finicking discrimination; but I was no longer surprised when, showing me the sights of Oporto, they showed me the British colony's library.

It is a really remarkable library. Owned and run by the port-wine growers, it has been in existence for a hundred years and has accumulated over all that period, in accordance with the diversified tastes of a band of exiles (so to call them), all the new books as they were published. I have italicized the important part of that sentence: the library, kept abreast of current reading for many a long and notable decade of English literature, is full of first editions. I would like to have been left alone in that library with a small sack for half an hour and then given secret conduct to my ship.

However, I wasn't.

I should say that my outstanding impression of Oporto is its merchandise-transport expedites. These come under two heads of which one is the heads of the women. I spent most of my time by the waterside with on the one hand barges unloading everything from coal to grain, and on the other stalls of a busy market dispensing everything from olives and oranges to crockery and clothes. The barges were cleared and the stalls received their wares, and in every other quarter of the town I saw all manner of goods in process of portage on the heads of women, balanced without a finger's aid, and weighing—well, I saw coming from one barge a string of young girls each carrying on her head a plough; and I saw many a tress of what is said to be woman's crowning glory crowned in its turn with an immense shallow basket heaped with coal.

Which reminds me, talking of heads, that, rounding a street corner with one of my friends, I came upon a charming sight which caused me to think how picturesque these Latin countries are, how different from England. On a stone bench beside some building sat a young woman and along the bench gracefully reclined another, her head in the sitter's lap. Both had gay touches of color about their persons; a great basket of oranges contributed its flaming hue; both were barelegged; the seated woman appeared to be lovingly fondling the raven-tressed head pillowed on her knees.

Picturesque, charming; and I said so. My friend said, "Do you know what they are doing?"

I did not, so he told me. The one who appeared to be fondling the head of the other was

in fact going through it with a tooth-comb, much as you may see one monkey at the zoo diligently exploring the fur of another, and for a similar reason.

That is the worst of exploring a country's novelty and romance with a resident. Never do it. Go alone; or go with someone as innocent and strange as yourself. Because of my friend's familiarity with Oporto there was spoiled for me, not only the picturesqueness in the incident I have described, but the prettiness of the entire female population of the place. Oporto would have yielded me many a pretty face had I not seen them under guidance. It was the guidance that made this impossible. "Are the women pretty?" I asked as, driving from the ship to the town, we passed the first group of women I had seen. "Awful," was the lugubrious reply; "awful; look at their ankles."

Hang these residents! I should never have thought about the ankles if I had not been told to. As it was ankles immediately had a horrible fascination for me, and I am bound to say that melancholy was the result. I have always had the idea that the constant balancing of weights on the head gives an exquisite poise and a lovely leg. It may, but not in Oporto. The exquisite poise is in advance discounted because the women are of distinctly small stature; the lovely legs would be lovely enough in the view of anyone who considered a leg lovely that was of the same thickness from foot to knee; but that view is not mine and starting (under this infernal spell) with the ankles of nearly every woman I saw it was a prejudiced and soured gaze that I lifted to her face.

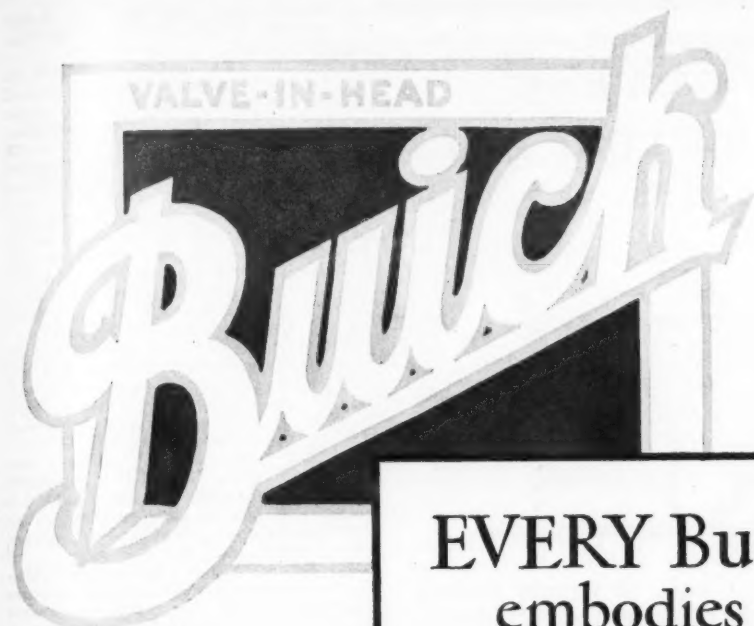
No, do not look for romance and beauty with a resident.

The liveliest young ladies I saw, I may here add, was a bevy who hung down towards me from a barred window yards up in a gloomy looking building and waved their hands and directed towards me laughing cries. Charmed and flattered, "What is that place?" I inquired. "That's the prison," said my friends.

No, if you are looking for romance and beauty do not go out with a—but I have said that before, I think.

The other method of merchandise transport in Oporto (you remember I said there were two and that they constituted my abiding impression of Oporto) is by ox wagon. The wagons, quite small, are built of enormously thick timbers and the wheels are of a type I seem to have seen in drawings in my childhood's lesson books of the domestic furniture and appliances of the early Britons. They look as though hewn out of a solid block of timber through which have been hacked two apertures leaving two spokes—if you can call a thing many inches broad a spoke.

The oxen are leanish brown beasts with the most incredibly enormous horns that ever I did see. There is a proverb in some ox-using country "the larger the horn the stouter the heart." These oxen, enormously horned, must



## EVERY Buick Model embodies these fund- amental Buick features

6-Cylinder Buick Valve-in-Head Engine  
 Buick Four-Wheel Brakes  
 Complete Automatic Engine Lubrication  
 Low Pressure Tires  
 Third Member Drive  
 One-piece Full Ventilating Windshield  
 (On all Closed Models)  
 Cantilever Rear Springs  
 Double Bearing Steering Gear  
 Buick Velvet Action Instantaneous Clutch

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

### Standard Sixes

Open Models  
 2-pass. Roadster . . . \$1150  
 5-pass. Touring . . . 1175

Closed Models  
 5-pass. Double Service  
 Sedan . . . . . \$1475  
 5 pass. Sedan . . . . 1665  
 4-pass. Coupe . . . . 1565  
 2-pass. Double Service  
 Coupe . . . . . 1375

Enclosed Open Models  
 (With Heaters)  
 2-pass. Roadster . . . \$1190  
 5-pass. Touring . . . 1250

All prices f.o.b. Buick Factories  
 Government Tax to be added

### Master Sixes

Open Models  
 2-pass. Roadster . . . . \$1365  
 5-pass. Touring . . . . 1395  
 7-pass. Touring . . . . 1625  
 3-pass. Sport Roadster . . 1750  
 4-pass. Sport Touring . . . 1800

Closed Models  
 5-pass. Sedan . . . . . \$2225  
 7-pass. Sedan . . . . . 2425  
 5-pass. Brougham Sedan . . 2350  
 3-pass. Country Club Special 2075  
 4-pass. Coupe . . . . . 2125  
 7-pass. Limousine . . . . 2525  
 Town Car . . . . . 2925

Enclosed Open Models  
 (With Heaters)  
 2-pass. Roadster . . . . \$1400  
 5-pass. Touring . . . . 1475  
 7-pass. Touring . . . . 1700

All prices f.o.b. Buick Factories  
 Government Tax to be added



## A treat for your palate— a threat for your gums



**L**ET'S FACE frankly the facts about these soft foods that we relish so keenly.

They please our palates, but they give no stimulation to our gums—no work to our teeth. And it's lack of stimulation that we well can blame for the troubles we have with our gums today.

Gums, to remain healthy and hard, need a lively circulation of the blood within their walls. The work and massage derived from the mastication of coarse food once gave this. But the rich, creamy concoctions with which we regale our palates today rob our gums of that mechanical stimulation.

### How Ipana stimulates the gums

**I**PANA Tooth Paste is a dentifrice that stimulates your gums as well as cleans your teeth. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic known and trusted by dentists throughout the country. The presence of ziratol gives Ipana the power to aid in the toning and healing of soft or bleeding gums.

That is why thousands of dentists now use and recommend Ipana to patients who wish to avoid the troubles that follow in the train of the "pink toothbrush." Many practitioners di-

rect a daily massage of the gums with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

#### Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or tender to the brush, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it, you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

# IPANA

## TOOTH PASTE

— made by the makers  
of Sal Hepatica



*A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.*

**BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-10**  
42 Rector Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....

have hearts indeed, not to say thews, to draw the loads they do and to face the hills up which they draw them.

I am susceptible beyond anything in the world to cruelty to animals and I had the most horrid fears about what I might see in the treatment of these oxen. Perhaps I was lucky, but I am very glad indeed to be able to say that, so far as my observation went, deliberate cruelty there was none. The work of driving an ox wagon is shared, by the way, by a small girl and a strong man. The small girl staggers in front pulling with all her weight on the head-stalls of the oxen; the strong man walks beside the wagon bearing the heat and burden of the day by contributing shouts of encouragement and whacks when necessary. I should not call it a woman's paradise, Oporto.

But if the Oporto male appears to leave much of the heavier part of the world's work to his womenkind, there is one engaging habit that he has—that is to say that a particular fraternity of males has—which I should much like to see universally adopted. We were particularly warned against pickpockets when leaving the ship. Two of our passengers, generously immolating themselves in order to justify the warning, were relieved, the one of his pocketbook containing fifty pounds and the other of his passport.

My resident friends meeting them in their distress assured them that though the money was gone for ever the pocketbook with any private papers it contained and the passport undoubtedly would be recovered that night. The Oporto pickpocket, it appears, having taken from lifted loot the money it may contain, immediately and invariably slips the purse, papers or whatever it is that is not money into the nearest postal letter box whence it is handed out to the authorised claimant when the mails are cleared. This appears to me ideal from the point of view of both parties to the transaction.

I was to have visited one of the port-wine lodges where the wine is stored, but we found that to do this would cut into the time set aside for lunch and I strongly felt it my duty, in a community of wine exporters, to exhibit myself in my capacity of wine-importer. They told me as we went towards the British Club that grapes still are trodden out by the feet of men and women; there apparently is something communicated by the warmth of the human limb which is not otherwise to be effected. I recalled to one friend Macaulay's line:

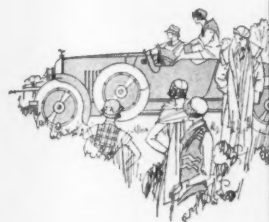
"Trod by the feet of laughing girls."

But he said the sight was not quite so picturesque as that.

It was the kind of thing I was by now expecting that he would say.

The traders, as he told me, form in line at one end of the floor of grapes, link arms, and proceed to the other side, then back and forth continuously, pressing down firmly as they go. They go well over the knee. My friend then said "Now!" and I said "Now!" This he said, and I said, with our legs beneath the table and the menu in his hand. He did not want the wine list. He *knew*. They all know, out there, all there is to be known about the wine of the country, and very soon I too knew more than ever I had known before. It came to me with the first glass, when we reached the port, that I had never previously tasted port wine though I quite thought I had. I seem to remember having read somewhere that if you want to enjoy a foreign place you should on no account explore it with a resident. I desire to state most emphatically that this is quite wrong. If you want to enjoy what is best in, for example, Oporto, seize onto a resident. They know.

*Still the undaunted seafarer, next month Mr. Hutchinson sets out in quest of the mighty Amazon, making many new discoveries—exotic, amusing, amazing!*



## Women who use the *right* shade of powder are never obviously "powdered"

**Your powder should always complement the color-tone of your skin—and be applied to cover it evenly.**

MME. JEANNETTE

SOMETIMES we have the experience of seeing a woman approaching us on the street and we have a horrible feeling that her face is deformed. Then when she reaches us we see a very pretty person with her nose so powdered that it is accented out of all proportion to her face.

This unpleasant result is especially noticeable if the wrong shade of powder is used.

The shade of your powder should match the natural tone of your skin. If we are of the Caucasian race, we all naturally think we are "white" women, and therefore must use white powder. This is a mistake—there are several gradations of color-tone in our skins. Even sisters are frequently found whose skin-tones are as different as though they belonged to different races. So we should study our skin and determine its classification.

In a general way, there are four distinct tones of skin found among the women of America—the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

*The Medium skin* is more variable than the others. It is harder to determine, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades.

The medium tone of skin is neither milk-white nor swarthy, it is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you find it difficult to determine whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium tone of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

*The Milk-White skin* that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show is the only skin that should ever use white powder.

*The Pink skin* can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated.

Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. They should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

*The Olive skin.* Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the

finest, selected ingredients. This powder has an exceptional adhesive quality that keeps the skin well covered over an unusual period of time. 60c a box. (Canada, 65c.)

### *The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact—a thin model*

Thousands of women who are devotees of the superior qualities of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that there is now available this delightful powder compacted in a smart new refillable case.

The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel, the color that is typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian products. The mirror in the top covers the entire space to give ample reflection—and the lamb's-wool puff has a satin top. At toilet counters \$1.00. Refills 50c (slightly higher in Canada).



(Top half shown)

### **Get 1925 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples**

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28x7 1/2. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50 cents. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c.

**Pompeian  
Beauty Powder**

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, 2237 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio  
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for the new 1925 Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

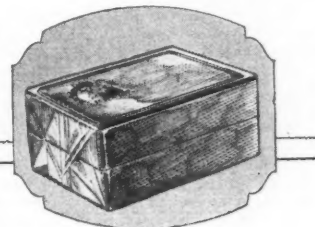
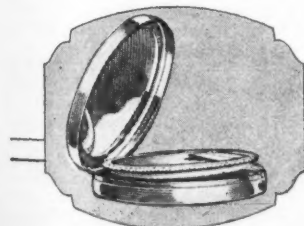
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Shade of face powder wanted? \_\_\_\_\_



## When I Risked Court-Martial in Search of War

(Continued from page 81)

the edge of the forest, the rebels departed into its depths, the firing ceased, and the General hastened to report their discomfiture to his government. Spanish honor and our own curiosity alike being satisfied, the column returned to the coast and we to England.

This experience only whetted a desire for further adventures. It was not, however, until the summer of 1897 that any fresh opportunity offered itself. My regiment was then at Bangalore, in the south of India, and I was at home on leave in England. During the previous year, through Lord William Beresford, a connection by marriage of my family, I had made the acquaintance of a general of distinction in the Indian Army—Sir Bindon Blood.

In July, 1897, the Pathan tribes on the Indian frontier, and particularly at the Malakand Pass, in the Swat Valley, and on the Chitral Road, rose in revolt. The telegram reported sharp fighting at various points, and to my great satisfaction announced the appointment of Sir Bindon Blood as General Commanding the Malakand Field Force.

I telegraphed reminding him of a promise to find a place for me should such an opportunity arise, and I started that same night for the East. I expected an answer at Port Said, and was acutely disappointed to find none there. However, at Aden was welcome news:

"Difficult. Am trying. Come up as a correspondent. Will try to fit you in."

I presented this telegram to the Colonel of the Fourth Hussars at Bangalore, ten days later, together with another I had secured from the great Indian daily paper, the "Pioneer," appointing me its correspondent. My ordinary leave was exhausted, but the Colonel was good natured and the fates were kind. That same night I took my ticket for the north and started on the two-thousand miles' railway journey which carried me to the rail-head of the Malakand Field Force at Nowshera. Thence a day's journey in pony carriages took me to the Malakand Pass.

The General received me hospitably. He had no vacancies on his staff, and the gaps in the various regiments caused by the recent fighting had already been filled. Still the troops were to advance in a few days, more casualties were certainly to be expected, and in the meanwhile I could live with the staff and do my newspaper work.

It is not my intention here to relate the operations which took place. For nearly two months we were marching and fighting among those wonderful valleys in the intense heat of an Indian August and September. The action of the sixteenth of September in the Mamund Valley led to what we in those days considered severe losses. The Company of the Thirty-fifth Sikhs, to which I had attached myself, was practically surrounded by the Pathan tribesmen, and over a third of the men and more than half the officers were killed or wounded. In the rearrangements which were entailed by the losses, as an emergency step, I was posted to the Thirty-eighth Dogras which had only three white officers besides the Colonel left.

Although a cavalry officer, I had been trained of course in infantry drill at Sandhurst. The language difficulty, however, was more serious.

However, in one way or another, we got through without mishap several skirmishes which I cannot dignify by the name of actions, but which were nevertheless both instructive and exciting to the handful of men who were engaged in them.

Meanwhile I industriously dispatched accounts of the campaign both by telegram and letter to the "Pioneer" and the "Daily Telegraph." I had good hopes of securing permanent attachment to the field force, but the character of the operations changed. The revolt of the Tirah tribesmen, a far more

serious matter, led to the formation of a much larger army under a more senior General. The Government of India sent up reliefs of Indian staff officers to the native regiments.

My Colonel far away in Bangalore pressed for my return at the first moment I could be spared, and very reluctantly in the middle of October I set out for the South of India just as the leading brigades of the Tirah Expeditionary Force began their memorable march into the mountains.

My regimental comrades, when I returned to them, were extremely civil, but I found a very general opinion that I had had enough leave and should now do a steady spell of routine duty. At Christmas, however, it was easy to obtain ten days' leave. A ten days' leave is not long. It was in fact only long enough to reach the frontier and return. But I knew better than to present myself at the base or headquarters of a field force without having prepared the ground beforehand. I decided, therefore, to go not to the frontier but to Calcutta, and to endeavor from the seat of the Indian Government to negotiate for a situation at the front.

It takes three and a half days' continuous railway traveling to go from Bangalore to Calcutta, which with an equal period for return left about sixty hours to transact the all-important business.

The Viceroy, Lord Elgin, under whom I was to serve afterwards as Under-Secretary of State in the Colonial Office, extended a large hospitality to young officers who had suitable introductions. I was royally entertained, and so well mounted that I won the fortnightly "point to point" in which the garrison of Calcutta was wont at that time to engage. This was all very well, but my main business made no advance. I had of course pulled every wire at my disposal before I came on the spot, and I took the best advice of the highest authorities to whom I had access. They all agreed that the best chance was to beard the Adjutant-General, an extremely disagreeable person whose name I am glad to have forgotten. He could grant my wish if he chose, and no one else could do so if he objected.

Accordingly I presented myself in his ante-room and applied for an interview. He declined point blank to receive me, and I then began to realize that my quest was hopeless.

There was no more leave for me till the regimental polo team went north in the middle of March to play in the annual cavalry tournament. I was fortunate enough to win myself a place, and in due course found myself at Meerut, the great cantonment where these contests usually take place. Meerut was fourteen hundred miles north of Bangalore, but it was still more than six hundred miles from the front. Our leave expired three days after the final match of the tournament, and it took exactly three days in the train to return to Bangalore. It took on the other hand a day and a half to reach Peshawur and the front.

I was by now so desperate that I felt the time had come to run a serious risk. One of the brigades of the Tirah Expeditionary Force was commanded by a young colonel now famous as Sir Ian Hamilton. We had made friends on a voyage home from India. He stood in high repute in the Indian Army, was a close personal friend of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George White, and on excellent terms with Sir William Lockhart who commanded at the front. I had long been in close correspondence with Colonel Hamilton, and he had made many efforts on my behalf. His reports were not very encouraging. There were many posts to be filled in the Expeditionary Force, but all appointments were made from Calcutta and through the department of the adamant Adjutant-General. There was only one exception to this, namely, appointments to the personal staff of Sir William Lockhart.

I did not know Sir William Lockhart. How should I be able to obtain access to him, still less to persuade him to give me one of the two or three most coveted junior appointments on his staff? Besides, his staff was already complete. On the other hand Colonel Ian Hamilton was in favor of my running the risk. "I will do what I can," he wrote. "The Commander-in-Chief has an aide-de-camp of the name of Haldane, who was in the Gordon Highlanders with me. He has immense influence; in fact they say throughout the army, too much. If he was well disposed toward you, everything could be arranged. I have tried to prepare the ground. He is not friendly to you, but neither is he hostile. If you came up here, you might with your push and persuasiveness pull it off."

Such was the gist of the letter which reached me on the morning after we had been defeated in the semi-final of the tournament. I looked up the trains north and south. There was not time to take a day and a half's journey northward to Peshawur, have a few hours there, and cover the four and a half days' journey south within the limits of my expiring leave. In short, if I took the northern train and failed to get an appointment at the front, I was bound to overstay my leave by at least twenty-four hours. I well knew that this was a grave military offence which it was unbecoming for an officer to commit and for which, moreover, I should deservedly be punished.

It would have been quite easy in ordinary circumstances to apply by telegraph for an extension; but once my plan of going to the front had been grasped by the regimental authorities, it was not an extension I should have received but an order of immediate recall. In all the circumstances I decided to take the chance, and I started for Peshawur forthwith.

In the crisp air of the early morning I sought with a beating heart Sir William Lockhart at his headquarters, and sent my name in to his aide-de-camp. Out came the redoubtable Haldane, none too cordial, but evidently interested and obviously of two minds. I don't remember what I said or how I stated my case, but evidently I must have hit the bull's eye more than once. For after about half an hour's walking up and down on the gravel path Captain Haldane said, "Well, I'll go and ask the Commander-in-Chief and see what he says."

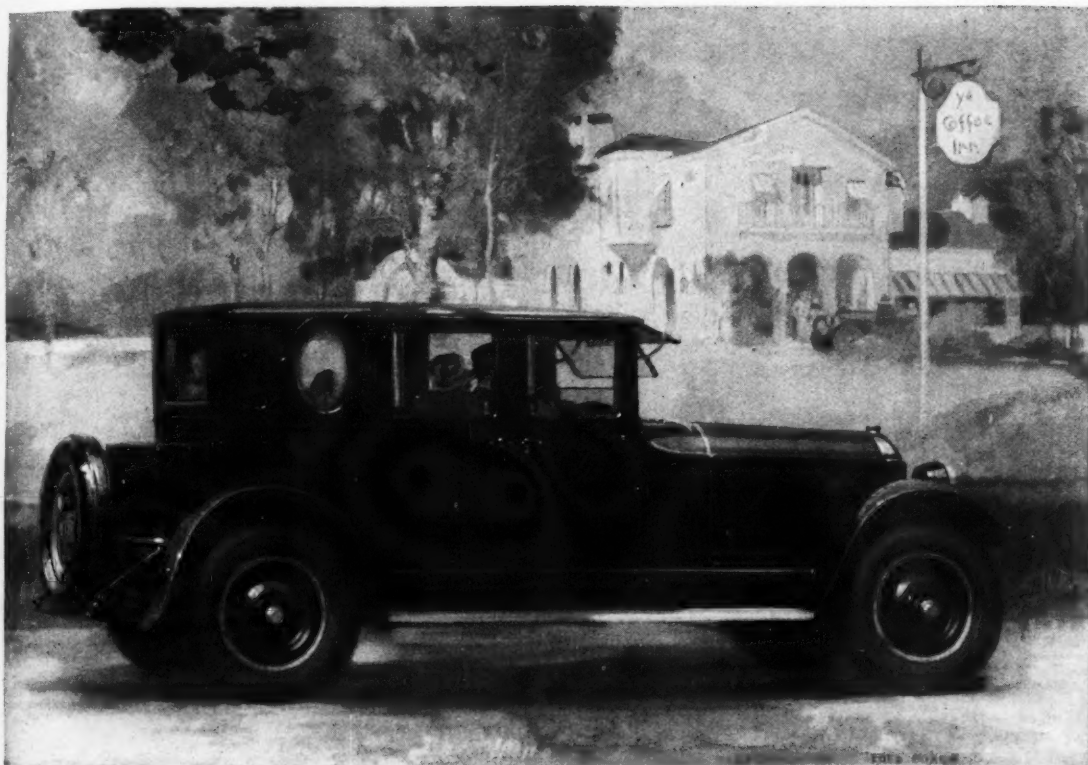
Off he went, and I continued pacing the gravel alone. He was not gone long. "Sir William has decided," he said when he returned, "to appoint you an extra orderly officer on his personal staff. You will take up your duties at once. We are communicating with the Government of India and your regiment."

So forthwith my situation changed in a moment from disfavor and irregularity to commanding advantage. Red tabs sprouted on the lapels of my coat. The Adjutant-General published my appointment in the "Gazette." Horses and servants were dispatched by the regiment from far off Bangalore, and I became the close personal attendant of the Captain of the Host!

To the interest and pleasure of hearing the daily conversation of this charming and distinguished man who knew every inch of the frontier and had fought in every war upon it, was added the opportunity of visiting every part of his army, sure always of finding smiling faces.

Unhappily, however, my good fortune had come too late. The operations which were expected every day to recommence on an even larger scale gradually languished, then dissolved in prolonged negotiations with the tribesmen, and finally resulted in a lasting peace. As a budding politician I was forced to approve of the wisdom of that peace. But peace had nothing to do with the business that had brought me to Peshawur.





## A Brougham for Hundreds Less than Cars of Like Size and Power—\$2175!

**Y**ES—Paige Brougham costs hundreds less than many open cars of the same or smaller size and power! Just think what Paige gives for \$2175. Enclosed comfort, performance, appearance, long life that you cannot duplicate in any other enclosed car unless you pay much more! The new Paige Brougham costs only \$280 more than an open Paige!

The lines of this New Paige 4-Door Brougham are long, clean, graceful. The body is colorfully

finished in maroon—with ebony black fenders and radiator—and black fine-grain leather finish on rear and trunk. Deeply cushioned seats are richly upholstered in gray mohair.

The big 70 h. p. Paige motor is a perfected six—giving perfect balance, smoothness, simplicity. More cylinders would only add useless parts! You can take hills in high where most shift or stall. Or crawl smoothly along at 2 miles an hour in high. Paige has more than

ample power for its job. That means long motor life. Why pay the same price for a smaller car with far less power—less ability?

You'll marvel at Paige's riding comfort! That's the advantage of 131-inch wheelbase, rear springs more than 5 feet long, and snubbers front and rear. Try to find such comfort in other cars anywhere near Paige's price!

See this New Paige Brougham. Try out its amazing performance. Mark its riding comfort. [556-B]

*Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels Optional at Slight Extra Cost*

5-Passenger Standard Phaeton, \$1895  
7-Passenger Standard Phaeton, \$1895  
5-Passenger 4-Door Brougham, \$2175  
All Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

# PAIGE

5 or 7-Passenger De Luxe Phaeton, \$2095  
7-Passenger De Luxe Sedan, \$2770  
7-Passenger De Luxe Suburban Limousine, \$2895  
All Prices at Detroit. Tax extra

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

## The Fool for Scandal

(Continued from page 49)



### A bigger hold!

Compare it with the hold on old-type shaving sticks

**WILLIAMS** Doublecap is the newest thing in shaving sticks. It does away with slippery, finger-tip holds. Gives you a handle you can wrap your fingers around. And from first to last, even when the soap is but a thin wafer, the Doublecap hold remains the same.

Your first Doublecap at 35c is a permanent investment. When the original soap is gone, get a Doublecap Re-load, 25c.

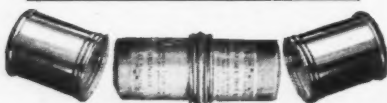
A Doublecap stick is astoundingly economical. "It never uses up," says one man. And it's a time-saver. Apply it to your cheeks. Then take your brush. Instantly you have billows of thick, creamy lather. And such lather! Only Williams can give it.

It softens any beard quickly. Its lubric quality makes your skin pliable, instead of hard and resisting to the blade, and leaves your face feeling as smooth as a kid glove.

Complete Doublecap is 35c; Doublecap Re-load, 25c.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.  
The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd.,  
St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving formula. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 910.



## Williams Doublecap Shaving Stick

By the makers of the famous Williams Holder Top Stick, and Williams Shaving Cream with the Hinge-Cap

But, really, that didn't even slow him up. I guess he thought my remark applied to his water soaked bathing suit! He persisted in trying to build himself up with me for the next half hour or more, and sold himself so successfully that at last I agreed to one dinner engagement. Ladies must eat!

When, apropos of nothing, I casually mentioned the fact that I was created at Bountiful, Utah, Thomas delightedly rose to remark that we were the same as neighbors, as he first became a problem to his parents in the metropolis of Panquitch—a paltry three hundred miles away from my home town. According to Tommy's confession, he toiled and spun on the Panquitch *Weekly Whine*, till he found out that he, one of the outstanding members of the great white-collar class, was paying rent to a greasy laborer who got three dollars a day more than Thomas did.

That discovery gave my new found friend the hibby jibbys. It likewise fired him with a burning ambition to leave the great open spaces where a man's a man and come to New York where there's less landscape and more opportunity. No sooner said than done! Tom dashed into Manhattan a month before and had since been doing his stuff on the staff of the *Evening Wow*. But alas, ah me and alackaday! That newspaper was shearing off expenses and as my vic-à-vis was the last man to join the payroll, he's due to be the first to leave it.

As we delved further into the life and struggles of Thomas Brown, he told me he was madly infatuated with the newspaper game and also with food. For that reason, he wants to do everything else in the world but lose his job. Incidentally, the *Evening Wow* is for sale and Tommy is sure he'll be solid for life with whoever the buyer may be, if he can only excavate some exclusive news "beat" that will dumbfound New York.

How to accomplish this difficult feat is beyond Thomas at the moment. While I listened in sympathetic silence, he told me bitterly that when anything new or startling happens in Gotham, ten minutes later the story is about as exclusive as Central Park! Dramas, novels and movies to the contrary, says Thomas, cub reporters on metropolitan dailies get scant opportunities to save the day, and likewise the paper, by rushing in to the overjoyed city editor with the news beat of the year.

His particular city editor happens to be a scandal hound, claiming that it's those kind of stories which sell the newspapers, so Tom has been trying manfully to dish up some dirt for Mr. Constant Reader. So far, however, the most important happening Thomas has been assigned to "cover" was the Ninety-Eighth Annual Banquet of the Surgeons' & Steamfitters' Union—and that, sighs Tommy, was postponed!

Well, really, me and Tom became so interested in each other that it took the combined efforts of a chill breeze, a rising, choppy tide and gathering dusk to remind us that we were still on the float. I couldn't get Thomas to listen to the idea of me swimming ashore—he was already at the masterful and protective stage, you know.

By some extremely unmodulated shouting and arm waving, my tête-à-tête managed to attract the attention of Hazel and her boy friend, the lifeguard, on the now uncrowded beach. They watched us curiously at first and then in alarm. After a brief conference with Hazel, Mr. Lifeguard reluctantly broke out a boat and with Hazel acting as coxswain he rowed out to us and ferried us back. So that was that.

When me and Hazel got into our habitation that evening, she at once turned on the line I've learned to expect from her whenever a John sees me first.

"You're always bawling me out for my innocent flirtations," she says, "yet the minute we hit that beach you jumped right into the ocean after a man!"

"Here kitty, kitty, kitty!" I says, proceeding calmly about the business of disrobing.

"I'm no more catty than you are!" says Hazel peevishly. "Speaking of mushrooms, what's that big blond's racket?"

"He's a reporter," I told her, "and he's taking me out to dinner tomorrow night."

"A reporter, eh?" sneers Hazel. "What's he going to use for money?"

Honestly, I'm more sorry for Hazel than angry with her. Poor dear, she means well, but she just doesn't know! You see, the only kind of drawing rooms Hazel's ever been in were artists' studios, when she was once a model young lady—or a young lady model, I should say. However, she was pleasant enough to Tommy when he began haunting our apartment to call on me. She tried neither competition nor sarcasm.

Mr. Thomas Brown swiftly became a daily obstruction at my switchboard in the St. Moe, to the great disgust and alarm of Jerry Murphy and Pete Kift, respectively house detective and bell captain. These boys have elected themselves my personal bodyguards and are two of my craziest admirers. Pete is champion liar of Times Square at 152 pounds, while the ungainly Jerry is a terrible bust in every manner, shape and form. As a sleuth, Jerry's the height of merriment, really. This large, harmless dumbbell couldn't even arrest your attention, let alone arrest a crook! Nevertheless, their steadfast devotion touches me no little and I tolerate both clowns.

"Who is 'at big egg which aces around here all the time?" growls Jerry one day, glaring at Tommy's disappearing back.

"That's as much of your business as Coolidge's diary is!" I says.

"Don't get sore," says Jerry, "I'm only lookin' out for your best interests, Cutey. What's he want?"

"We haven't taken that up yet," I snapped. "So long, Jerry—I'll see you in the comic supplement, Sunday!"

"Well, if 'at John gets giddy, tip me off," says Jerry, ignoring the compliment. "I'll smack him for a loop! How come these gals can get your kind attention day in and day out and you won't give me a tumble?"

"I'm no good at riddles, Jerry," I says carelessly.

"I wish you'd come up to my flat with me some time and meet my sister," says Jerry wistfully. "She's first-class company and so am I and we'd have lots of giggles. Speakin' of entertainment, I got Siam on my radio last night and—"

"And you got soup on your tie this morning?" I finished for him. "You better change that neckwear before the manager pegs you, or he'll about broadcast you out of here!"

That sent him scurrying.

Well, the *Evening Wow* was still on the market and as the proprietors were swinging the axe daily so the overhead would look attractive to prospective purchasers, Tommy Brown's job dangled by the thinnest of threads. The boy's earnestness and ambition had made a big hit with me—I wanted to see him smash over a fast one, really I did! So I made up my mind I'd furnish him with the scoop of the century for his paper, by ferreting out one if possible—if not, by creating a nation-wide sensation myself!

I commandeered Hazel, Jerry and Pete to assist me and although none of 'em went wild with eagerness at first, they all finally and as usual succumbed to my blandishments. I'm merely using that last word to show you I speak English, too. Each of my little playmates figured in some spectacular incident worthy of front page display in any man's newspaper,

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THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast. There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—

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*(A letter from Miss Laura Banker, Albany, N. Y.)*

[BELOW]

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*(Mr. Charles E. Payne of Ogdensburg, N.Y.)*



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and the details and photographs were given to Thomas Brown exclusively by yours in the faith.

For example, I had Pete Kift organize all the bell hops in the city into a union, and then call a strike that tied up all the hotels. Believe me, those inns were fit to be tied when the boys walked out, don't think they weren't! Well, from this little incident, Tommy Brown got a colorful bed-time story for the *Evening Wow* of the guests carrying their own luggage, ice water, etc., and so forth.

Jerry Murphy came nobly to bat next by pinching forty-three sightseers in the St. Moe lobby in an enthusiastic drive against mashers. Hazel's effort was to be found bound and gagged in our flat by a couple of obliging coppers, ex-colleagues of Jerry's. Naturally, Hazel's twenty-five-thousand-dollar diamond key ring was missing and of course the foul deed was did by a "mysterious masked man." Hazel photographs like a billion and Tommy's paper ate this hokum up hungrily. Really, he looked like a cinch for a lengthy stay on the *Evening Wow*. In fact, he boasted that one morning when he reported for the day's chores, the city editor actually nodded to him!

However, about the only successes in New York who can rest on their laurels and still rate attention from the populace are those who have been done in bronze and placed at park entrances and city squares. This was brought home hard to Thomas when the "beats" I furnished him had their brief flicker and died out. To have seriously upset Broadway's cynical calm Columbus would have had to discover a new continent daily, perhaps two on Sundays. So one fatal day Tommy's city editor told him cold turkey that in two weeks Tom might be president of Porto Rico, Duke of Nebraska or head of the Steel Trust, but what he *won't* be is on the payroll of the *Evening Wow*!

Honestly, this unpleasant news disturbed me greatly and, while I was cudgeling my brain for some scheme to make the unfortunate youth a permanent attraction in Park Row, the way was clearly shown to me at my switchboard through a conversation I happened to eavesdrop over the wires.

Amongst the more or less guests at the St. Moe was John Temple Manning, also a newspaper man like Tommy Brown, only different. The difference between 'em was about ten million dollars. Manning owned the *Morning Malaprop* and a face containing two more wrinkles than there is in any prune that's come to my notice, really. As this greedy-eyed old fool never passed the switchboard without trying to arrange things with me, I liked him the same way I like appendicitis! I understood from Tommy that I shared this distaste for Monsieur Manning with the owners of the *Evening Wow*, which enterprising paper allowed no day to pass without lambasting him to a fare-thee-well. Manning, whose own news columns knew no brother, had recently printed in the *Morning Malaprop* a sensational story about a bosom friend of the *Evening Wow*'s proprietors, hence the bad feeling.

One day Tommy Brown breezed into the St. Moe with an excited sparkle in his eye. He waited until I'd dealt out a bevy of numbers to the customers and then he leaned over close to me.

"What d'ye know about John T. Manning, Gladys?" he asks me mysteriously.

"Nothing good!" I answered, promptly and truthfully.

"Ever hear of Jackson Young?" says Tommy.

"What am I being examined for?" I ask him, curiously. "Do you mean Jackson Young, the big oil man?"

"Absolutely!" says Tommy. "Big oil man is right! That baby's got an income of about half a million a year—"

"Not counting tips," I butt in impatiently. "Get to the point, Tommy, I've got a lot of hot wires this morning!"

"Well, listen heavy, then!" says Tommy, with serious features. "I've got the chance

of a lifetime staring me right in the face! The story of the year is in my hands—if you'll throw in with me. There's a rumor floating around the *Evening Wow* office that John T. Manning is paying a little more than courteous attention to a relative of Jackson Young's by marriage—to put it plainly, his wife!"

"Torrid Rover!" I says. "A fool and his honey are soon parted, eh? But where do I come in on that newsy tidbit?"

"Gladys," says Thomas, "my paper would give its linotypes for proof that Manning and Young's wife are in love with each other, but as no proofs are available, we can't print a hint about the impending scandal through fear of the great god Libel. However, Manning lives at this hotel—he *must* make and receive telephone calls—eh—maybe you—"

"That's enough," I cut him off. "Let me think!"

I knew, of course, what Tommy was driving at and there were certain—er—ethics to be considered, if you know what I mean. I've never done anything yet that smacks of sneakiness and I wasn't crazy about beginning then, Tommy or no Tommy! Still, this Manning was a married man and I thought him an unspeakable cur who should at least get slapped in the face for contemplating bounding off with another man's wife. He was as popular as a blizzard with me—why show him any favors?

About ten days later I held Mr. Manning's fate in the hollow of what has been called my lily white hand. Jerry Murphy and his copper pals had shadowed Manning day and night, Pete Kift got chummy with the millionaire rotter's scowling chauffeur and, under my careful directions, Peter also engineered a little entertainment at which the talkative maid of the faithless Mrs. Jackson Young was the guest of honor. As for myself—well, the lady and gentleman were a bit reckless over the phone about their illegal affair of the heart. I had a cinch, really. All I had to do was listen!

When matters were all set, I phoned Tommy Brown to simply hurl himself up to the St. Moe, and gave him a slight inkling of why speed was necessary. Honestly, he arrived as if he'd been shot from a cannon!

"Well, what d'ye know?" he asks breathlessly.

"A library full!" I whispered. "Manning and Jackson Young's wife are going to elope!"

"Leaping Tuna!" pants Thomas. "How did you—"

"Shut up!" I hissed. "Time fugits! Manning's yacht is laid up and they're sailing for South America today on one of the little-known steamship lines—Jerry Murphy will go with you and show you the pier. They're booked as 'Mr. and Mrs. Shields.' Now grab a taxi and do your worst!"

"I took a chance and brought a staff photographer along like you told me to," says Tommy, fairly foaming at the mouth with delight, "but I didn't tip them a thing at the office—I want to knock 'em dead with amazement. I'll scoop the world and whoever does buy the *Evening Wow* will give me a life job at some delicious salary! I—"

"Get in motion, will you?" I almost screamed. "They'll be off Sandy Hook before you—"

But Thomas had shot through the lobby and out the revolving doors, scattering innocent bystanders hither and yon in his mad flight.

There isn't much more to tell, but what there is will ruin you! Accompanied by his photographer, Tommy boarded the lugger on which John Temple Manning and Mrs. Jackson Young were starting their unlawful voyage. Tom spotted the pair hiding back of a lifeboat, and his camera man used his police lines badge to set up his camera on the ship's bridge, getting a peach of a picture showing Manning with his arm around Mrs. Young's slender waist. Tom's next imitation was to get a copy of the ship's register and scramble ashore, all without the guilty couple's knowledge.

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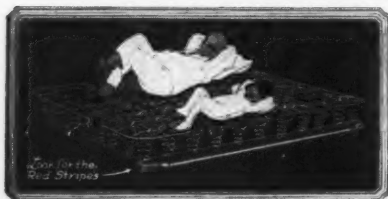
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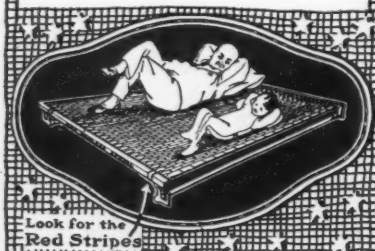
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"NO SAG IN ANY WAY"

Still flushed with the lavish praise of his boss and the congratulations of an envious staff, Thomas came back to me later to try and express his heartfelt gratitude. He tossed an extra, hot off the press, in front of me.

"We've simply flayed Manning alive, Gladys!" he laughs, a bit hysterically. "I've stood this town on its head! The *Evening Wow* was to change hands today, but that makes no difference to me now. I'm sitting pretty! My city editor says that if the new owners keep him on I'll get boosted to seventy-five per and be turned loose on nothing but big stuff. Why, I've already been assigned to cover that million-dollar Maiden Lane robbery and—"

"Wait—here's a call for you!" I interrupted. "Probably my city editor," says Tommy loftily. "I left word where I'd be. Something big must have broken, if he wants me!"

And he dashed smilingly into the booth I waved him to. Oh, Thomas Brown was a big fellow, right then!

I guess it was ten minutes later when Thomas Brown of the *Evening Wow* staggered out of that phone booth. Honestly, his appearance almost stopped my wildly palpitating heart! His hair was all mussed up, his eyes bulged from his head and his face was the color of skimmed milk in a dairy where they make an

art of skimming. He couldn't talk—he just panted and gulped at me!

"What on earth's the matter?" I gasped. "What's happened to you?"

"I—I've just been talking to a representative of the *Evening Wow*'s new owners—It's—it was about that Manning story."

"Didn't they like it?" I asked, astonished. Tommy gives me a ghastly grin.

"No, Gladys," he says. "They didn't." "Why, the idea!" I says angrily. "After all the trouble we went to—can you imagine that I should think that no matter how conservative the new owners of the *Evening Wow* are, they should realize that it's those kind of stories that sell papers. You told me your city editor said that himself!"

"Listen!" says Thomas, leaning heavily on the switchboard. "You're a great kid—a wonderful girl and I like you. I hope we'll meet again some time. Just now the panic is on! I've got to get out of this man's burg a little bit faster than swiftly. The *Evening Wow* was sold to John Temple Manning, just two hours before it got out that extra telling the world its owner was eloping with another man's wife! My God, just think—the only newspaper in town that printed it was the one he had just bought. That noise you hear is the laughter of the gods. Good-by!"

## The Actress and the Lady

(Continued from page 29)

So, it was a wise maternal policy to turn a social liability into a social asset. At her dinner table Mrs. Powers had little to contribute except food. The advantage of taking up actresses was that they not only interested women but attracted men. That was the main thing. Although Mrs. Powers seemed to Felicia to exhibit the ease and simplicity of the ruling class, even rulers have a way, it is said, of feeling uneasy about their crowns. Mrs. Powers would have much preferred to be considered a conservative patrician, but with one daughter out and another coming along, she had made up her simple mind to be smart. So of late she had been going out into the open market and bringing home brilliance by the same methods that she got everything else. She bought it.

She was giving one of her large dinners this evening—though a strictly informal one, because it was Sunday—and her guests included certain of her contemporaries and competitors. The popular young actress would make a pleasing spot of vivid color at the table. The interesting young person was evidently not experienced socially, but she conducted herself very well, considering her limitations, having quiet manners and quiet clothes, and she was delightful to look at.

Mrs. Powers had begun dressing earlier than usual this evening because she wanted to stop in at Julie's room on the way downstairs. She never had much chance nowadays to talk to her little-understood daughter except when dressing.

Julie had been fascinated at first by the ease and authority of the experienced actress as seen on the stage and in her dressing room after the performance—telegrams of congratulation stuck around the mirror and flowers from admirers all over the place. Indeed, she had been as much impressed by that mysterious region behind the scenes as the actress was by Julie's background. But there was this difference. Julie had taken pains to suppress all signs of awe, and pretended to be used to it. Felicia acted on the stage, Julie acted off.

Well, each was disappointed in the other now. Julie shocked the little actress, who hadn't had the advantages of "coming out in society," by talking too much and too frankly about men. Felicia offended Julie's taste by her explosive enthusiasm before the other guests. Julie despised ingenuousness. She had been out two years.

When, however, the actress had slipped out of the house so palpably for a rendezvous with Barker—and did not return until after everyone else had gone up to dress—why, the actress was a sophisticate after all! Her naïveté was all acting! Julie was more impressed than ever.

When Mrs. Powers arrived at her daughter's room she had just begun dressing, late as usual, and Julie was therefore swearing at the maid. "Don't you think, dear, that Barker is showing rather marked attention to your little actress?"

How like the Victorians! "Marked attention." "Oh, Barker always thinks he's a sheik, you know, and she's making Stephanie wild."

"You don't think it's going too far? You know what actresses are."

"What are they?"

"Why they are—actresses."

Julie laughed indulgently at her mother. "Long as he's bound to have affairs with actresses before he gets married, he might as well end at the top. He began at the bottom, you know."

"Julie, in my day we didn't mention such things."

"No, you didn't mention them," said Julie, polishing her nails.

Her daughter always terrified her. Consequently Mrs. Powers took pains to tell members of her own generation that the new generation was splendid. So brave and honest. The mother blinked and went on. "I do think we should all do our part to elevate the stage; to give social recognition to excellence in all forms of art, but—"

"Oh, rot, mother! You took her up because our dinners are so damn dull. Everyone's fed up on feeding Russian refugee princes, and as for the younger sons of British literature—the cheeky sponges—few of the girls in my crowd and none of the men care for that sort of thing. No, mother dear, we have to jazz things up or we won't be popular, and that's all there is to it."

A footman knocked at the door bearing a note for Mrs. Powers. It was from the actress. "I wanted so much to see you and thank you for being so kind to me, but they told me you were not in your room. I am so sorry, but I am rehearsing, you know, and have to have lots of sleep before beginning an awfully hard week's work, so I am taking the eight-fifteen train for town and have only time to thank you again and again for a perfectly heavenly time."



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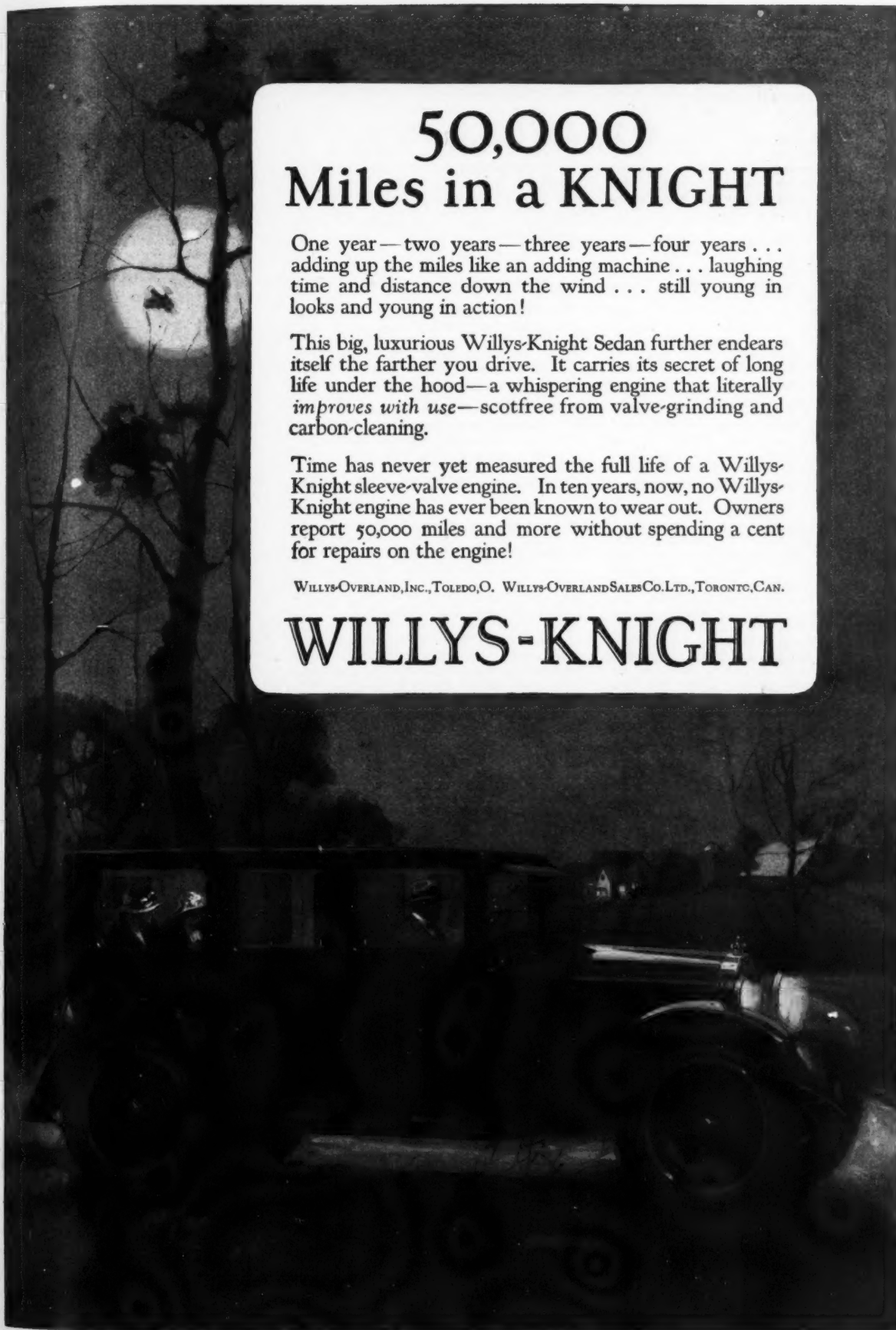
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## WILLYS-KNIGHT



Mrs. Powers was dumfounded. "And it's too late to get anybody to fill her place. How utterly inconsiderate."

"I'll bet Barker has gone, too," said Julie laughing.

But Barker was quite as surprised as they were and even more chagrined.

The little actress had simply decided that she was too busy to bother with thoughts about marriage just now, and she always returned to town early Sunday evening when she was rehearsing. She knew that some people were coming to dine, but she did not know that it was a dinner, or that Mrs. Powers had planned to show her off.

**B**ARKER felt cheated but not discouraged.

He knew that he was attractive to actresses, but this one probably wanted to show him that she was hard to get. Oh, he understood that game. The next day he tried to call her on the telephone but she had a private number. That afternoon he went to the stage door. Miss Raleigh could not see him. "She is rehearsing." It was bad form in her world to interrupt a rehearsal; worse than cutting a dinner.

He called again the next day. Same result. He mailed her a note. She seldom wrote letters but she meant to reply, only she was so worried about the play. Rehearsals were going badly. The new man was a better actor than Ben, but he was not a good stage-manager. Everyone missed Ben. He knew where things were. He remembered all the new bits of business, and best of all he kept every one in the company "jollied up," as the management said.

Austin was discovering his own limitations as a director. The company was getting out of hand. They needed discipline. Austin was too polite to supply it. Felicia had no authority. She was too young and timid. She might prove to be a brilliant star—even that seemed doubtful in the present dark period of the play's coming to birth—but she was not an executive. She hated to tell people what to do. She was so accustomed to having others tell her what to do. Usually it had been Ben. She realized that now.

Barker kept right on after her . . .

He was waiting at the stage door when she came out, but the playwright was with her.

"Say, listen. Will you dine with me? Take a little run up to some place in the country."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Barker, but I promised Mr. Austin. He has rewritten the third act and we've got to go over it together. Thank you so much for the beautiful flowers."

So that was it, was it? She was trying to make him jealous. He knew all about women . . . But he had to admit that she knew something about men. For jealous he was, horribly jealous.

"But I've gotta see you. When can I?"

He looked so eager. She felt so sorry. She had treated him shamefully.

"I'm going to be in town next Sunday."

"So am I, then."

On Sunday he took her in his beautiful car far up into the country and they had dinner at an inn.

It was still quite early when she said, "No, not another dance. I must go home and get my sleep."

"It seems to me you're always sleeping."

"But I'm in the midst of a production! Don't you know what that means?"

He didn't know at all. So she talked to him about his car. She knew nothing about cars, but she believed that this must be a good one. It was. A French car with a special body.

"Well, if you like it, keep it."

"Dear me! A poor working girl can't afford to keep a car."

"See here, Felicia, you're too good to work."

"Too good to work?" What a quaint idea! She knew plenty of women on the stage who were not good enough for their work. But too good to work!

"You know I could do a good deal for you if you'd let me."

She nodded. She knew that. She really

ought to marry him. Mother had written that the play she was in was a failure on the coast. It was getting harder every year for mother to get engagements. And there were so many poor relations already to whom she was constantly sending checks.

"Will you let me?"

. . . And she could build a theater of her own! Think of that! And name it "The Raleigh," a memorial to the family.

"Felicia!"

"We're not going to decide that matter yet," she said.

The car was not going so fast now and he tried to put his arm around her.

"You're not to do that, you know."

"Why not?"

"You made that mistake once."

"I'd like to make another mistake."

"It would be the last one. Don't be silly. I don't like it."

"But I thought—"

"What did you think?"

He made no answer.

"Why, you might think that we were engaged, but we're not, you know, not yet."

Oh! so that explained it all. She was trying to marry him. She thought he was young and unsophisticated enough for that, did she? Well, he'd show her. He'd stay away for a while, then she would be good. "Any time you want to use a car," he said smiling into her eyes, "telephone me."

Marrying an actress was one mistake he would not make.

**B**UT she did not telephone and he could not stay away. And that playwright was with her every day.

"Say, kid, what makes you so mean to me?"

"I'm sorry, Barker, but I'm too busy to think about such things now. Stay away till after the production—please."

He would not wait. He could make her think.

"See here, Felicia, I'm going to marry you."

"Are you?" She smiled, but did not act surprised—the actress. But she was a darling all the same, and he was in for it now. His old-fashioned, provincial parents could go to the devil. Didn't the British nobility marry actresses? Even some of the American nobility did.

"Well?"

She made no answer.

"Felicia, I'm asking you to marry me."

"I know, Barker, you're always asking me to marry you."

That was news to him, but the truth now dawned upon him. It had never occurred to her that he had ever meant anything else! He felt ashamed of himself, but proud of her.

"Well, will you, dear?"

"It wouldn't be right unless I really cared for you."

"You can't care?"

"Oh, wait until after the opening."

"I'll wait," he said, "but after you marry me, you won't have to work."

"Won't have to work! Do you suppose I'd give up my work just to marry? If you keep on talking that way, I never will marry you."

"All right, all right, work if you want to, but you're going to marry me all the same. You see if you don't."

Maybe she would. She sent for Ben. She wanted to consult him about it. She never accepted any theatrical engagements without consulting Ben, so it seemed perfectly natural to turn to him when it came to an engagement to marry.

It was the first time she had seen him since the terrible day that she had helped to dismiss him. He had seen her more than once, but he didn't tell her so. He was the same old smiling Ben.

She began by telling him all her professional troubles. The management would not increase the appropriation for costumes. Jealousies had arisen in the cast, some of them no longer spoke to each other, off stage; everything was going wrong. If only Ben were in the company. She knew that he would smooth it all out. He

had that rare combination of tact and authority. Ben always got things done.

"Don't you worry," said Ben, "there's always a time in rehearsals when everything goes wrong. You ought to know that. You've got a good play and a good company, and after the try-out on the road everything will straighten out, and you'll have the whole town at your feet."

"The play is going to be a failure. I know it; I feel it."

"No, it isn't. It's going to be a hit."

"And I had a terrible season last year, too. Why, Ben, I haven't paid my rent for two months."

"And after you have made a lot of money in this success," he went on confidently, "with your present star's salary and your percentage of the gross, you are going to be your own manager, like some of the other stars; have your own company and put on your plays, yourself."

Her eyes brightened. "But I'm too ignorant. Ben! I have it! You will come with me as my director and general manager! Oh, Ben! It'll be perfect."

Ben looked at her, but said nothing.

"Why, Ben, I thought you'd love it."

"I don't believe I would, thanks, Felicia." She was utterly amazed. She knew that this was just the sort of work he liked and was best fitted for. And it would be the making of him too.

"Why won't you do it?"

"Well, you see, I happen to be in love with you, Felicia."

She was still more amazed.

"Ben! You too?" She hadn't thought it of him.

"Yep. Another of 'em. Only I was the first, I think."

A pause.

"I'm sorry."

"I knew that."

There was a longer pause.

"Ben, I could never marry an actor."

Ben laughed. "Don't let that worry you. I'm no actor. Ask any of the managers." He was still out of an engagement.

"I couldn't marry you, Ben. Why, I never thought of you that way—"

"I know."

"Oh, dear, this spoils everything."

"I'm not going to spoil my life hanging around longing for what I know I can't have."

"I thought you'd come for my sake, if I asked you." He had never failed her before.

"Well, you're wrong. I've got some rights, some self-respect left."

"Then you refuse my offer? It's a good one, Ben. You'll never have another chance like this. You ought to jump at it."

"I don't want it, thanks."

"Oh, very well! But if you really cared for me—"

"I don't care to be your meek slave any longer. I've played that part long enough. I'm through."

He arose to leave.

"I see. Well, I won't offer it to you again."

"I hope not. Good-by."

Not a word about Barker!

She called up Barker. "I received your nice letter."

"Well, what's the answer—yes?"

"I think so, but—"

"No 'but' about it. I'll be right up."

"Oh, Barker, not now."

"But if you mean it—"

"Only upon condition that you wait until after the opening."

"**J**ULIE, I can't believe it! Is Barker out of his mind?"

"Quite," said Julie, highly amused.

"But why in the world does he want to marry her?"

"For the only reason any man marries, I suppose. Can't get her in any other way."

"I'll telegraph to your father at once." She did, and then there was a big row . . .

"The young fool has actually committed

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Eight years ago Miller began a scientific research to build a stronger, more flexible cord tire that would not *heat up and burn out* from internal friction as stiff, bulky tires do. Miller efforts were entirely successful.

To-day Miller Cords are built with this wonderfully flexible, less-ply carcass. Internal friction has been reduced to a minimum by eliminating useless bulk. Miller Cords are actually stronger than more bulky tires, due to a perfectly balanced carcass and stronger and better cords, inch for inch.

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cessful less-ply principle and have set a new world standard for long mileage and freedom from trouble.

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# Miller Cords

GEARED TO THE ROAD



himself in writing," said Mr. Wellington Powers to Mrs. Wellington Powers.

"So what are we to do?"

"Buy her off, of course."

"Oh, but it's so offensive."

"Not as offensive as having an actress in the family. I'll send my lawyer around. First, though, you will call upon the young person and see how the land lies."

So that afternoon Mrs. Powers asked at the box-office for Miss Felicia Raleigh.

"Rehearsing," said the young man at the ticket window. He did not deem it necessary to add, "and so cannot be interrupted."

But Mrs. Powers, fearing Mr. Powers, boldly pushed her way through a yielding door into the darkened auditorium of the theater. On the stage she saw a number of people moving about and saying things which she could not hear distinctly from the rear. The orchestra seats and boxes were hidden with dust covers of white, suggesting ghosts of past audiences.

Two cleaning women were sweeping the aisles. She addressed one of them.

"Is Miss Raleigh here?"

"Rehearsing," said the woman without looking up.

"Will you be good enough to tell her that Mrs. Powers would like to see her?"

The cleaning woman looked up now. "She's rehearsing, I tell you."

Mrs. Powers opened her hand-bag, selected a small bill, and handed it to the woman. "Tell her that Mrs. Powers wishes to see her. It's quite important."

Word came back that Miss Raleigh was rehearsing and that the lady should call again in an hour.

"Afraid to face me, the little adventuress."

Mrs. Powers approached the other cleaning woman, opened her bag again and took out a larger bill. "Tell Miss Raleigh that I must see her at once. I have to return to the country in an hour."

"Keep quiet, back there!" came in a loud voice from a man she hadn't seen before, seated half way down the orchestra. It was the harassed playwright taking notes. He had lost all his politeness by this time.

"Grandma, go down and see what those people want," said Felicia. She could not make out who it was in the dim light.

Presently, from behind the stage box, emerged the tall, stately figure of the lady who had played with Booth. She descended upon Mrs. Powers with the majesty of Lady Macbeth.

"What is it you wish, madam?" she asked, in a rich baritone voice.

"I wish to see Miss Raleigh."

"That is quite impossible." Grandma gave full value to all of the vowels, each of the syllables. She did not believe in the modern school of acting. That was one reason Felicia's diction was so good. "Lines, my dear, are to be heard and not slurred."

"It is quite important that I should see Miss Raleigh. I am Mrs. Powers."

The name meant nothing to Grandma. "I am Mrs. Raleigh," she replied. "Be good enough to state your business."

"Oh, are you her mother?" Mrs. Powers did not know that they had mothers.

"I am her grandmother." (Oh, they even had grandmothers. Still more remarkable.) "I am Edith Raleigh." That in turn meant nothing to Mrs. Powers. How soon are the mighty forgotten. Edith Raleigh's greatest fame had come and gone before Mrs. Powers's day.

Grandma wondered why this extremely well-dressed person hesitated. Grandma was anxious to go back and watch the curtain of this act. "You are from the dressmaker's?"

"No, I'm not from the dressmaker's."

"She is well enough dressed to be," the old lady thought.

"Oh, from the photographer?"

"I am Mrs. Wellington Powers."

"Ssh! Ssh! For God's sake, take that person outside! We're rehearsing a play here."

"Come," said the imposing old lady, and led Mrs. Powers out into the foyer and downstairs to the lounge.

"What is it you wish?" It was said, not unkindly, but with dignity—oh, great dignity.

"I am Mrs. Wellington Powers."

"So I heard you say." Even with the Wellington prefixed, the name meant nothing to Mrs. Raleigh. She read the society news even less often than Mrs. Powers read the theatrical news. To be sure, the ancient actress was not ignorant of the existence of those families which have theaters named after them. Moreover, she had heard of those immortalized by hotels or streets. But the name of Wellington Powers was not included in this limited old lady's lexicon of fame.

"I came to see Miss Raleigh on a rather personal matter."

A light dawned upon the handsome old face. "Oh, I understand. Won't you sit down?" she said and sat, herself, to show that it would be all right. Royalty should always be seated first. "You need feel no concern, Mrs. Powers. Tell the agent that the rent will be paid in full within one week after the opening. You know very well that Miss Raleigh never fails to pay it eventually." Grandma was gracious but emphatic.

Mrs. Powers smiled. "I'm not Miss Raleigh's landlady; merely her hostess—or rather I did have that privilege a fortnight ago out in the country."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. To be sure." Well, it was indeed a privilege to entertain a Raleigh. She was glad that this Mrs. Powers appreciated it. "My grand-daughter enjoyed her week-end rest at your charming little place at Great Neck, and I am most grateful to you."

"We do not live at Great Neck."

"Ah? Powers? Powers? I thought that was the name of the moving picture director. My mistake. Oh! I remember now. You live in our friend Hal Judd's beautiful house. A wonderful place, wonderful. I congratulate you, and on behalf of Miss Raleigh's mother, I thank you."

"To come to the point, I've called in regard to my son's engagement."

"Engagement? Frankly, I'm afraid there's no chance for an engagement now."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Charles Blackman is the lover now."

"The what?"

"In the prologue, the part Ben Trevelyan tried."

"Oh, I see. But I'm afraid you do not quite understand."

"Oh, I understand. Everyone wants to go on the stage now. The market is crowded with society amateurs, but the vacancy was filled at once. It's too late now."

Mrs. Powers smiled. Both the ladies smiled. Each was anxious to put the other at ease.

"Of course, if the play's a success and we organize a Number Two company, my daughter and the director will be only too happy to consider your son. Kindly leave your address and telephone number. What experience has he had?"

"My son is not an actor."

"Then tell him never to become one."

"My son's interest in the stage is of another kind," said Mrs. Powers. "To come to the point, my son has formed an attachment for your grand-daughter."

"Ah, indeed?" (But the old lady's manner was of one saying "Oh, is that all?" There were so many of them.) "Is he the handsome young naval officer?"

"No. My son is not in the navy." None of the Powers had ever been in the navy.

"That poet?"

None of the Powers had ever been poets, either.

"My son is a banker."

"Banker? Banker? I don't remember any bankers. I doubt if I've had the pleasure of meeting your son."

"Possibly not. But he's had the pleasure of meeting your grand-daughter."

"Ah, yes, and with the inevitable result? I see. Well, well, such things will happen."

Mrs. Powers looked up. "You don't seem to take it very seriously, Mrs. Raleigh."

"So many men have tried to marry her, Mrs. Powers."

The caller looked up again. She was not to be deceived by this assumption of indifference. "My son is rather young to marry, and as it happens, he cannot afford to marry. He hasn't a penny of his own in the world and his salary in the bank is only ten thousand."

"But that doesn't deter him, I suppose. It seldom does. I suppose he thinks his prospects are bright. They always do."

"But they would not be bright if he contracted this marriage, Mrs. Raleigh. His father does not approve of his marrying a—at all. Barker would be entirely dependent upon himself."

"Oh, well, if Felicia really cared for him, she would gladly support him. You see, her present contract calls for a thousand dollars a week plus a percentage of the gross. It will keep going up for some years—before it goes down." The old lady sighed. Hers had gone down and out long ago.

Mrs. Powers was amazed. It was incredible to her that mere acting could possibly be worth such a sum as that. Why, there were brokers who did not make that much. The shrewd old actress was evidently lying for the purpose of marrying into the Powers family.

The shrewd old actress saw the look, but misunderstood it. "I'm sure, however, that your son would not marry her for her money, Mrs. Powers," she said.

Mrs. Powers smiled. "No, he would not marry for money."

"But if you want my candid opinion of the matter, Mrs. Powers, I will only say that while I am sure your son must be a fine young man, judging from his mother, if you will pardon the personal allusion, and while I deeply sympathize with you, I cannot offer you any encouragement."

"Encouragement?"

"I am sorry for the poor lad, but I must tell you, frankly, that I should feel obliged to oppose my grand-daughter's marrying a banker."

Mrs. Powers was blinking. "You speak as if you did not consider it a suitable match."

Mrs. Powers pronounced it "suitable" and it grated on the old lady's ears. But then not everyone has had the privilege of acquiring proper diction under the old Shakespearian tradition.

"I assure you I know nothing to your son's personal discredit, for you see I do not know him at all, but since you put it that way, Mrs. Powers, I would pronounce it quite unsuitable. The Raleighs always marry in the profession." She said it as if speaking of a royal family.

"The fact remains, Mrs. Raleigh, that my son is engaged to your grand-daughter, and I have come here prepared to adjust—"

"You must be mistaken. I would have been informed of it."

They heard footsteps on the stairs, and then Felicia's voice, "Where are you, darling?"

She ran in, looking radiant and excited.

"Grandma! What do you think! I have the most wonderful news for you." Then she saw Mrs. Powers. "Oh!" A pause. She shook hands with Mrs. Powers. And then once more, "Oh!"

The little actress loved dramatic situations on the stage, but shrank from them when off. This was going to be a terrible scene.

"Felicia, Mrs. Powers seems to have gained the impression that you are contemplating marriage. Tell her that it is not true."

Felicia turned to Mrs. Powers. "Oh, Mrs. Powers, I'm so sorry, but it's too late now. We're married already."

"Felicia! When did this happen?"

"At lunch time today."

"You have married my son?"

"You have married a banker!"

"No, not Barker—Ben! Ben Trevelyan. I asked him to do it. And he's to be the company manager on the try-out and after the run of this piece we're going to have our own company and he will be my director and general manager for life! Oh, Mrs. Powers, I am so sorry."

# Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

*How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.*

**B**EAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

## A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified,

Betty Compson

Patsy Ruth Miller

Colleen Moore

Corinne Griffith

Anita Stewart

Priscilla Dean

again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for

a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children  
—Fine for Men*

**Mulsified**  
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo



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**EXPERIENCED** motorists of America have formed a new habit—the habit of using Boyce-ite every time they buy gasoline.

The Boyce-ite habit is a good habit—an economical habit.

- Boyce-ite makes your motor start easier.
- gives it more power—smoother operation.
- adds from 1 to 6 miles to every gallon of gasoline you buy.
- and does away forever with the expense and annoyance of grinding valves, cleaning spark-plugs and removing carbon.

Boyce-ite makes old cars run better and new cars last longer. No one knows how far a carbonless motor will run.

Now the proper and economical way to use Boyce-ite is not occasionally—not now and then—but every time you buy gasoline.

Occasional use of course affords temporary relief—but it seems foolish to remove carbon today and allow it to form again tomorrow.

Even a speck of carbon causes premature wear, perhaps at some vital part—and all gasoline forms carbon until it has been treated with Boyce-ite.

The moment carbon begins to accumulate your car is headed for the repair shop.

Remember, Boyce-ite has passed the "wonder if" stage—every motorist who has used it continuously knows that it is the best fuel for his motor, and whether you drive a Ford or a Rolls-Royce you will find it true.

You are not pioneering when you join the army of those who use Boyce-ite every time they buy gasoline but are lagging behind the times until you do.



To date over 11,000,000 cans of Boyce-ite have been sold—Boyce-ite is now carried by dealers in every city, town and hamlet in the United States.

Convenient touring package fits the pocket of your car—contains 3 cans of Boyce-ite—\$1.00.

Boyce-ite can also be obtained in 1/2 gallon, 1 gallon and 5 gallon containers.

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BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., Manufacturers of Boyce-ite Exclusively, LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

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## How Jack London Would Have Ended "Eyes of Asia"

(Continued from page 79)

of her friends, even of her maids. Lovers of her own, present and past, crossed her mind, one Englishman in particular who, she had sensed, would not marry out of his race.

Cherry was too normal to remain disconsolate. Besides, she was almost overwhelmingly occupied administering the affairs of the great house. But she went on revolving the complexities of her situation. One day she relaxed discipline and spoke to the orchid gardener: "You are Number Four yard boy."

She had addressed him in English and he replied, in Hawaiian, that he did not understand; then he asked if she spoke Japanese. She shook her head, not failing to note a flicker of surprise in his eyes, and said to him in Hawaiian, "You like music?"

"Yes."

"I have heard you playing on your flute," Cherry said, "but the music is all terrible and sad."

"Your music," he countered, "is very strong, not like the music of most women. Yet often have I listened when it was not strong, when it was like . . ."

"Like what?" She was alert for what he might make clear to her of herself.

"Like the springtime in Nippon."

"Ah! another poet at Anahau." Cherry thought of Kenneth Argyle. She recalled to the flute: "I heard you as I fell asleep one night."

His rejoinder startled her self-possession.

"There was in my thought a hope that you would hear. I was very sure that you would hear."

His young mistress considered it was high time to swing the conversation to horticulture.

That evening, strolling with Midgley Maxwell in the begonia walks, two sounds caught her ear. One was the crunching of Kenneth's feet in the gravel, returning from a tramp alone to work off his restlessness; the other sound was a plaintive piping of the whistle flute in the distance.

Robert Wheelwright again urged his suit, and Cherry, in distress for him as well as regret for the rift in their long friendship, was obliged to explain for the last time the undesirability of such a union.

"Listen, Robert—these are my final words: I am not of your kind. I am different—all alien I begin to fear; not of your flesh and blood. I am, oh, how shall I say—I am paint and silk from a screen; I am not of the same material as you . . . It comes to me more and more plainly. Dear Robert, don't you see? You, who lack certain qualities which are mine, how can you give them to me? How can you, who would give me all of yourself that you can, how can you give me what you have not, and which is essential?"

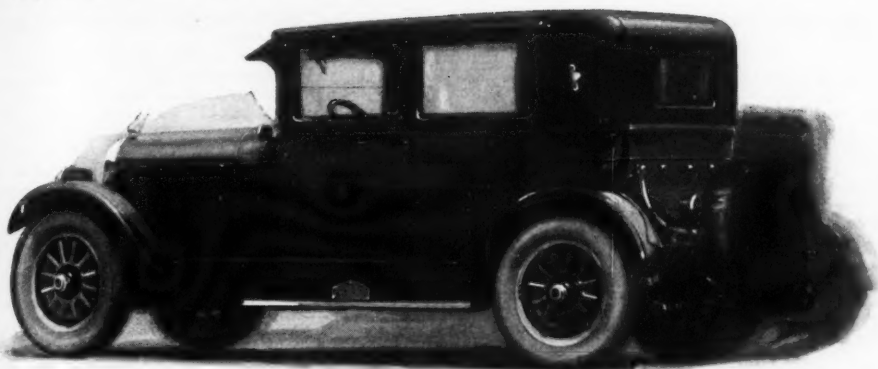
Wheelwright accepted her view, but still implored her to come to him. She then gave him her highest reason against their mating.

"Children, Robert! Think of them. Children of ours would be an anguish to contemplate. Neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. Nor white, nor Asiatic, nor European. Blended misfits of out-crossed bloods. It would be awful—we could not forgive ourselves. Fancy it—the Anglo-Saxon staring at me from almond eyes; the Japanese staring at you from Anglo-Saxon eyes, inscrutable, foreign, utterly, abysmally alien, Robert."

"But your eyes," he said, making his last stand, "are not inscrutable to me, I am sure. I swear they are not!"

"Are they not!" she cried with sudden passion. "I don't know that. I have studied them for long. Sometimes I think they are





The Brougham

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

# Chrysler Six Features That Give Results Never Before Known

## The Tubular Front Axle and The Four-Wheel Brakes

To the uninitiated, the addition of front wheel brakes to a motor car may appear to be a simple matter.

But engineers know otherwise; and Chrysler Six engineers were not satisfied merely to increase braking efficiency at the cost of something else.

To them, added brakes meant nothing

less than replacing the conventional type of front axle with a type far better able to resist the terrific torsional or twisting strains of front wheel braking.

So the Chrysler Six has a tubular front axle of large diameter, because such design gives the kind of results never given before.

The much greater strength of the Chrysler Six tubular design is the important point. This type is actually 34 per cent more rigid—it has approximately 400 per cent more strength to resist the up-and-down strains—than an I-beam of the same weight.

Its resistance to horizontal or fore-and-aft strains is even more remarkable, being more than five times greater; and its resistance to the twisting strains necessarily imposed by front wheel brakes is 138 per cent higher.

This tubular front axle—big and amply strong for its job—is another important bit of testimony to the thoroughness of the engineering staff which spent three years in developing the Chrysler Six before a single car was manufactured.

The four-wheel brakes—Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic type—we believe to be the simplest and most efficient in existence today.

They are automatically and perman-

ently equalized. Each individual wheel receives precisely the same braking pressure each time the brakes are applied.

These brakes require no lubrication. There is not a single rod or strut to rattle.

The net result of Chrysler's four-wheel brakes is deceleration as rapid and sure and effective as the remarkable acceleration of the 68 horse-power motor.

Front axle and brakes are two of the features of the advanced engineering which has made the Chrysler Six a revolutionary car from the viewpoint of mechanical design and of performance results.

Those who know motor car practice recognize instantly that the Chrysler Six is an extraordinary car—that it is a product of engineering genius.

Anyone can build a powerful car by building a large gas-eating motor, but the Chrysler gets 68 horse-power and

capacity for over 70 miles an hour out of a motor which gives better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Anyone can build a heavy car that holds the road—but the Chrysler, which can actually be driven in comfort at 60 miles an hour over rutted roads or cobbled streets, is far from being a heavy car.

The Chrysler Six brings its owners entire absence of a vibration period at any speed; a crankshaft, whose seven bearings absolutely preclude whip and distortion; a new type of combustion chamber that burns all the gas; a new way of distributing the gas equally to all cylinders; an air-cleaner for the carburetor; an oil-filter which cleanses all the crankcase oil every 25 miles.

These are but a few of the many new advances which won the Chrysler Six immediate acceptance among every class of motor car owners—and which have made it impossible for Chrysler production to keep pace with Chrysler demand.

All Chrysler Six dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

The Touring, \$1395; The Phaeton, \$1495; The Roadster, \$1625; The Sedan, \$1725; The Brougham, \$1895; The Imperial, \$1995. All prices f. o. b. Detroit; tax extra.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN  
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# The Chrysler Six

*Pronounced as though spelled, Cr-f-sler*

not, and again . . . I fear they are most inscrutable, even to myself . . . But I do not know . . . I do not know.

"Robert," she concluded, "there is something more powerful than all our arguments . . . I am of alien blood. Oh, I know, you say I am in all ways desirable to you; but in me there is something more than your love can comprehend . . . hopelessly more. The certitude, the inevitability of it is all through me."

As with Robert Wheelwright so with Kenneth Argyle. When next he sought her Cherry's tragic mood had abated and she met his fervors lightheartedly. He had exclaimed:

"Oh, Cherry, it is all nonsense—you're not Japanese! Look at yourself tonight! You're American in every gesture, in every essence. What did Edwin Arnold have to say of the Japanese women?"

Cherry retorted with fire: "And Pierre Loti! . . . Kenneth, you know and I know that if I accepted you, your own mother, who loves me and whom I love, would look upon me as a *Chrysanthème*!"

The glorious weeks sped by at Anahau. Guests came and went. And Cherry Mortimer was the shining light that guided the amusements of the days, the sports, the trips and the dancing, or the music and serious discourse. With it all, for the most part she preserved the twice-daily solitudes in which she passed from her books to piano or harp, or meditation before the Screen Lady.

And there came to her the conviction that she might love Kenneth Argyle were it not for this force that she could not deny, which was impelling her toward she knew not what end.

Argyle had fallen into a new jealousy, this time for a wealthy New York visitor. He warned Cherry that Roy Martin was no fit companion for her.

"There you go," she laughed outright. "And if a smooth-cheeked young clergyman should be stopping here tomorrow, he'd be the bottom-most of all men!"

And then something came to pass which placed her Japanese orchid boy in a class with Two Swords, that ancient defender of hers on the mysterious sampan.

Mr. Martin had delayed departure, frankly intrigued with his host's daughter. After dinner one evening he challenged her to walk among the begonias. Instantly she remembered that she had seen no other couples descending in the direction of the walks. She frowned.

"I know you are not afraid to stroll in Lover's Lane with your humble admirer," he dared. Cherry paled with anger.

"You didn't mean quite that, I think," she replied lightly. "Shall we go now?"

She talked incessantly, taxing him for answers and avoiding all contact of elbow and wrist. But he was not to be put off.

"I can't help it—you are an irresistible temptation. You know it only too well." His voice was shaking.

Then he tried to encircle her with his arms. Cherry swerved as he reached out, and he stepped toward her; but as his arms closed she ducked easily. Her heel turned and she fell down. As he bent toward her there hurtled through the crackling grove a short figure that seized Martin as he tried to spring clear.

The two fell heavily. The impact of Martin's blows was heard, and then a peculiar animal noise, half-snarl, half-grunt that came from Martin. Now they were on their feet, Martin stalling for a chance to plant a knockout. He landed only a slanting blow to the jaw, dropping his adversary, who had hardly touched the ground when with amazing muscular co-ordination he jumped to his feet again. Martin, surprised and off his guard, could not defend himself from a new attack, swift and silent, the science of which until now had been hearsay to him.

Cherry had watched every detail of the struggle. It was a matter of seconds. And the tales of Nomura's exploits came to mind as she heard a singular muffled snap that for some reason sickened her all over. There was

a low cry, and: "You demon! My arm! You've broken my arm!"

The only other sounds were labored breaths and the grating of feet in gravel as the thicker form bent quickly over, two square hands pressing relentless thumbs into the base of the white man's throat. Martin's eyes bulged horribly, glassy in the white moonlight. Cherry broke out sharply: "Let him go!"

The Japanese stopped abruptly, and his victim dropped like a stone.

"Go, you!" Cherry commanded Nomura, who stood panting, his kimono in tatters over his black trunks. His eyes rested in a glittering stare upon the prey that had come to life. He turned reluctantly, glanced back at Martin, then at Cherry protectingly. She stamped her foot.

"Go, I tell you!"

He vanished and Cherry spoke briefly and coldly to Martin who was getting to his feet.

"Is it broken?"

"Yes."

"Now that you have made a sufficient fool of yourself," she said, "you must think up a lie to explain—before your man packs your luggage. I shall help you tell the lie—of course."

Late that night, once more in her bower, Cherry heard other music than that of the drumming of an abating shower on the roof. She tingled to its import as a great stab of emotion ran her heart through. The fluting rose clear upon the night air. It was a mad music, without any suggestion of sadness. It grew martial in its marching rhythm, as if it were leading a host to some sure goal.

Then it broke loose in thin wild strains that might have accompanied a battle of wild men clad in wild skins, shouting upon the heels of an enemy. It was triumphant, and the girl quivered in every nerve as at a portent. Then a pause . . . silence. Again the reed spoke, but softly, hesitatingly; then it gathered its melody into what could be nothing else than a love song . . .

The following day, although Cherry thanked Nomura for coming to her aid, she chided him for his ferocity.

"You did not need to break the man's bones!"

His whole face changed suddenly into a fighting mask such as one sees in Japanese prints.

"It was not enough," he said very quietly, his eyes fixed on hers, face and body relaxing. They became more friendly. Cherry learned that he came of old Samurai stock, and that he had been well educated. Incidentally, he informed her that her Screen Lady was a Hashigawa portrait. Owing to poverty following his father's death in the Japanese-Russian War, Nomura had come as a laborer to Hawaii in order that his young brother might attend a high institution and do honor to the family.

In conversations with Nomura and from the study of history Cherry was able to discover that her own ancestors were nobles, but of the Daimios, the class of Samurai superior to Nomura's. Before her Screen Lady she would muse:

"Was my mother like you, O High Born One? Would she help her child now, if she could know? I have come to the crossways, and I must choose. Tell me—shall it be kind to kind?"

She could not evade admitting that this sturdy descendant of the ancient and honorable caste, Naojiro Nomura, while ever as respectful as the meanest of her servitors, was adoring her from afar.

"He loves me," she confided to the Screen Lady. "He was ready, eager, to fight and die for me if need be. Surely, surely, that is love in East and West."

Kenneth, his eyes sharpened by unsatisfied longing, had observed that Cherry sometimes took Nomura into consultation about the grounds.

"Who's your young friend?" he chaffed airily one day.

"Nomura San, Number Four yard boy, one-time plantation coolie of the Baldwins, who plays sad music on the whistle flute, and whom I am thinking of taking into confidence in my quest for the double-white hibiscus with the coral stain. Are you jealous of him, too?"

"Praise the Lord I've at last found one man of whom I am *not*!" the fiery young poet exclaimed devoutly.

That afternoon, at her harp, she called to Nomura where he tended the hanging baskets. "What are you singing?"

It was a song of all times and lands, of love and longing and promise of fulfillment—"What flower, faded, blooms again?"

At dinner, observing among the guests an aged princess of Hawaii, once famous in many lands for beauty and conquests, Cherry found herself humming "What flower, faded, blooms again?" and thought, "Am I to fade unblown?"

The next forenoon, by appointment, Kenneth called upon Cherry.

"What is it, Cherry dear?"

"What is what, Kenny dear?"

"That's what I'm asking you."

He marked that she was clad almost formally in a gray kimono.

"I have nothing to tell, Kenny Boy," she said without looking up.

"Then there is something you might tell?" he probed, beside himself with a nameless terror. "Something has come over you lately, something that bothers me awfully. You've argued so much about the fact that you are alien; and I, honestly, could never accept any of it until a little while ago. You *are* Japanese; but then you've never been the least Japanese, in your ways, your voice, your—your impulses."

"Cherry, I may be mad, but we have always been frank with each other . . . It's hard to put into words—but for some time now you have seemed to be changing right under my eyes. Not only in looks but in expression and in manner. You are growing more Japanese, or less American—"

"Especially," she thrust in, as a chill current crept over her, "especially after you've been away; you've merely noticed more clearly that I *am* Japanese, born Japanese, *Japanese through and through*, world without end, Amen, so be it—and that's that, Kenny!" she ended, her voice gaining certitude in its emotion.

"Cherry!" he exclaimed in real anguish. "What is it? I must know. I can't bear it. I love you too much—you don't know—so much that I want to help, in any way you need . . ."

She looked with strange, darkening eyes into the blue ones in his impassioned white face.

"Now something has happened!" Fear leaped into his tone. "What is it, Cherry! Darling! You seem far away, slipping, you and I . . . both slipping, but on opposite sides of some awful place, a ridge, our hands clasping, but cold and slipping to the fingertips—Cherry, Cherry! For God's sake—"

He had not raised his voice. He had seen the expression on her face as the shining, black Asiatic eyes were fixed on something, someone, over his shoulder.

She did not stir, did not appear alive; even the hands he had impetuously taken as if trying to save her and himself from their divided abysses seemed frozen. But she was more alive, he knew in a fleeting second, than ever she had been. Something had found her, and made her so immovable because she was so sure.

Kenneth turned, as slowly as he let slip her little hands; as slowly, as resolutely, as if he were to face death or worse. Kenneth turned and met the square mask of Naojiro Nomura's countenance. The long-lashed eyes, black-glittering, snapping with inner fires, were answering those of the perfect Japanese woman.

Kenneth's hand went gropingly to his eyes . . . Where was Cherry? This was not she . . . An immeasurable terror seized

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him; he felt as if he were dying, he knew he should die, and soon. He could not contemplate this thing and go on living. Again he looked at the Two Swords man now staring at him implacably, his arms folded inside the wide sleeves of his national dress.

The white boy glanced back at Cherry. Her face was bowed in her hands. As in a dream, Kenneth asked, "Shall I go?"

Her movement of assent was as Japanese as the figure she presented. The Cherry he had known was not there. He realized it wholly, but that terror was in his veins . . . The Cherry he had known had disappeared, and an alien woman stood in her place. Cherry dead, worse than dead to him, Kenneth . . . No, Cherry was alive, but not for him—was that it?—living, breathing, for—a Japanese.

A horrible jealousy, compounded of all the pangs he had ever known for her sake, of all the devastating tyrant jealousies of the old, old world, consumed him for a moment . . . But his Cherry was no more, so why bother? Jealousy could not reach him nor pierce him, ever again. Death changed all that forever. Cherry had gone beyond him and his fevers. For him she did not, could not, exist.

Flash upon flash the revelation smote him, while he walked away from the two Japanese. His brain was clear as to his purpose while he packed his suitcase, got his roadster and shot out, burning up the miles to his father's estate, Aliikalani. But the Terror caught up with him, now a personified thing, its face not to be gazed upon. He shook his blond head and tried to think lucidly. But yes, that was queer, he was thinking lucidly already. Too lucidly? Perhaps. It was very simple, really—only the terror bothered one . . . Quite simple.

He had lived for her—for her who had been Cherry—so intensely, with such singleness of desire! Cherry had now ceased to be—but in a dreadful, unthinkable way. And at the thought, something seemed to click in his brain.

What was this Terror? Oh, yes. *Cherry had been, was, and was not.* Cherry, you see, was himself—there it was again. Would he wake from this, and find love and light, Anahau living and laughing and revolving about its incomparably darling spirit of beauty and cheer and comradeship? No, that was impossible, of course . . . Something terrible had happened, something terrible was going to happen—like a silly Greek play; and he laughed with dry throat.

Here were the wide gates of Aliikalani. Kenneth ran his car into the garage, went to the stables, saddled his own horse.

He rode down toward the sea upon a half-overgrown trail that he knew through tall concealing lantana. The Terror was inexorable at his back. Still leagues above the surf-ruffled coast, he bent southward over pathless lava fields. Here and there independent blow-holes, long purged of their flames, had spat molten rock flake upon flake, making cones about the bottomless wells.

Kenneth forced his horse among this rock and ruin of earth. He must have refuge from the Terror . . . And from the light of day . . . Silence, oblivion, for aeons and aeons . . .

That old purple blow-hole. Could he find it? He and the rest of the kids had once leaned over and let down a long plumbline; no bottom. The rocks they had tossed were never heard to strike. Real silence, that . . . And that long hole was big enough for a man and a horse to disappear into.

There it was! The thing would be to get Dart up the steep lip of the pit—and the poor devil wouldn't like that lunge into space.

They were upon the perilous rim. The horse's eyes stood out like sapphires as he saw the abyss fronting him, too wide to leap. The way he had come was too sheer for retreat, and there was no room to swing about.

Kenneth sat back in his saddle, gauging the opposite wall of the wine-red shaft. There was ample room. It should be done without delay, or the Terror would be upon his shoulders

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pressing him over and down. He would do it in his own way—this last thing he was ever to do. There was a blinding flash in his brain as, spurred on by Kenneth's heel, horse and rider launched out upon thin air and toppled into the unknown depths.

Naturally, Cherry could not realize in its entirety the metamorphosis of herself that Kenneth had divined, and by which others, lacking his acute discernment, were only vaguely puzzled. But of her belief that a crisis was at hand she was convinced by Nomura who said to her: "Cherry Blossom, O my love, I think I go far from you."

"But why, Nomura San?"

"Because I fear for you."

"For me? Fear for me?"

"I fear for you because I love you so much that I may frighten you when I can keep you no more . . . No—no—not for the world would I harm you. Can you believe that it would be high bliss for me just to touch your hands, once?"

He prostrated himself, arose, and would have gone save that with new-born penetrating impulse she reached out her hands to him. The man fell upon them, pressed them to his lips, his cheeks, his eyes, murmuring words she longed to understand.

Recovering, Nomura gave her the first timid look she had ever surprised in his handsome eyes. An ardent thrill suffused her. She realized that his timorousness was compounded of involuntary tribute to her superior blood inheritance, and the humility of a true passion. This man would rule her, but it would be a domination of wisdom and respect made out of his man's love.

The elopement was of Cherry's initiative, Nomura protested his poverty. But she persuaded him to accept her plan. Privately, she blessed her adoptive father for having provided the means for her independence.

"As I came to these shores, so shall I depart from them, in a sampan."

She would buy a farm in Japan; and Nomura's eyes gleamed as she told him how they would there try out their mutual ambition, the propagation of new variations of plant life.

At her prompting, he resigned and went to Honolulu to look for a suitable vessel. He was fortunate in finding a Japan-built sampan, laid up because it was too large for the existing inter-island traffic. It was outfitted according to Cherry's instructions.

So secretly was everything done that when Cherry motored to Hilo ostensibly for a round of overdue visits, no suspicion was aroused. There was an aching in her heart at the wrenching of her filial ties to the Mortimer couple whom she was deserting without farewell. From every angle she thought this method best, but hurt was uppermost when for the last time she looked back at beloved Anahau.

Believing that her foster parents recognized her desperate racial plight, she had left for them a letter composed to allay anxiety and convince them of the righteousness of her act, and the love of her heart was in it. A civil marriage at the last moment would satisfy the claims of the society in which they moved. There would be Japanese nuptials in Tokyo.

Naojiro Nomura preceded his bride out to the big power-sampan rocking in historic Byron's Bay. He did this to avert comment, for curiosity was astir regarding the unusually large Japanese hull in these waters. The puffing of her engine's exhaust could be heard as she rode at shortened cable ready to clear for the open sea.

Mrs. Nomura was received by her husband and a bowing little captain, his small crew standing at the cable, prepared to hoist. Framed in the cabin companionway was a smiling Japanese maid, the cabin-boy peering over her shoulder.

Cherry suddenly became shy, drawn aboard by the strong hands of her erstwhile gardener. She was half-afraid of her astounding venture.



Coming on deck a few moments later, she heard a laconic command that sent the engine full speed ahead, and saw the anchor being stowed snugly forward for the long voyage. She sat upon the taffrail and gazed in quiet rapture shoreward. The harbor-green waves were tipped with ruddy gold from a sharp-cut copper sun that sank in the smoky glow of the volcano. A flicker of pain passed through Cherry as Kenneth's bloodless face crossed her day dream, and was gone. With a little shake of her shoulders she turned seaward, meeting the eyes of her Two Swords man.

"Come with me into the bow," she said, with a trace of her old imperiousness . . . "Please me still more, Nomura San, my love. Sing for me—that love song you fluted on so many still nights at Anahau: 'What flower, faded, blooms again?'"

"I will sing, my Cherry Blossom," he consented. "But first, I must tell you something which will give you such happiness that I fear for you. Men and women have died of happiness before now. Can you bear more joy than you have ever thought to know, even in this hour of our supreme happiness?"

"I shall live, Nomura San. I am strong," But she was cold with apprehension. "Go on." "As you will." He watched her for sign of break. "It is this: I have found for you the greatest treasure that you have ever desired."

"But love, Nomura San," she said, "you have given me that—the greatest treasure."

"Even so. But there was another that you longed for before ever you dreamed of the love of man."

"There was . . . But you could not give me that!"

"I have it to give you," and he laid his hand paternally upon her shoulder. "At the Hashigawa Screen, at the piano, at the harp, often it was of your mother you sang."

"Oh . . . My mother! Yes . . . But —you . . ." Her voice trailed off faintly.

"I have searched with the faithfulness of great love, my little child. I have found a trace of the drifted sampan's origin, the sampan that was your cradle, little flower of the Cherry. Oh, my Daimios Lady, your mother lives. In Japan you shall find her."

Cherry had never swooned in her healthy young existence. Now all contacts with life were released. When she recovered she looked dazedly into Nomura's solicitous face.

"My mother! My mother . . . after all these years!" It was difficult for her to regain her composure.

"Nomura San, my husband," she said at length, "will you now sing my song? And I shall join with you in your language, our language, for I know some lines of that song."

The broad sampan breasted the larger swells offshore. To steady her, a quaint Japanese sail had been set upon the stout mast a little forward of amidships, and an impassive small helmsman steered down the lava-bound coast of the isle of volcanoes. All night they would be in sight of it, their beacon, the intermittent furnace-glow of Kilauea in mild eruption. Another day would see them free of the southernmost cliffs, their course straight for the Empire of Japan.

Cherry's star was rising, and she followed. She put her hands into the strong hands of her chosen mate, blood of her blood. And together the two faced their searoad, singing their love song.

*He caught her picking his pocket.*

*Since she was only a hungry youngster, he took her home and taught her grammar and good manners. What happened then is Frank R. Adams's charming story, "Little Miss Light Fingers."*

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## The Raveled Sleeve

(Continued from page 94)



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with a wrench like the parting of body and soul—his staring eyes saw Carberry's hand half way across the desk to the syringe. As he stared, the hand withdrew. A dry, tearing sob came into his throat. "Oh God!" he said.

"Getting sick of it?" said Carberry, equably. "Lots of time, you know, still." His voice was natural enough, but to Harvey it sounded like a record played on a bad phonograph, far away. He glared at the grinning clock face on the mantel. Four-twenty-three.

From then on it was not Harvey but a red-eyed animal that made strange little sucking noises in its throat, and kept rasping one hand with a ring on the other hand till the blood came that watched the clock from Harvey's side of the desk. A desperate but stubborn animal whose head rolled on its shoulders like a drunken man's; the every pore of whose body ached for sleep—but whose eyes kept open—open—in a fixed and dreadful stare. Lucrezia was gone from its mind as if she had never existed—everything had gone from its mind but a single desire and a single fear.

It moaned, occasionally, in the depths of its torment, and when it moaned, Carberry observed it with a slight curl of humor to his mouth. Once he yawned, elaborately, and the animal was torn with unspeakable anguish. But he did not yawn more than once—there was too much danger in yawning—for it was nearly six o'clock now, and Carberry, having played quite fair with the sedative, was very near the breaking-point himself.

The dawn had come in through the window unnoticed by either. It was light—and then, soon, it was morning—and there were noises of people stirring in the house. But still Carberry watched and the red-eyed animal fought ferociously and with agony its losing fight. When sleep overcame it at last, it was as crushing as the blow of a mallet, and as sudden. The head dropped abruptly—the limbs sprawled—the fight was lost.

Carberry waited until he was entirely sure. Then he yawned again, for he could now, and stretched his arms. His own weariness had come upon him, now, in the instant of triumph—come upon him well-nigh overpoweringly—but he gestured, and put it by. He rose and switched off the electric lights. His legs were lead and he walked like a marionette, but he could walk. He unlocked the door softly with the key that had lain in his pocket. Then he tiptoed around the desk and stood for a moment looking down at Harvey with a small and secret smile.

A step came along the hall toward the study—a step that Carberry knew. His smile broadened and, bending down, he pricked the sprawling, defeated body of the red-eyed animal lightly and swiftly upon the wrist with an innocuous pin, jumped back, and stood waiting.

The animal leaped awake—and up—and to its feet—and was a man again—but a man with blind, unseemly fear bitten into his face and his nerve as utterly broken to bits as ground corn.

"Oh, God—God—God—God—God," the man muttered incoherently. Then his eyes flew to the table, where the syringe lay unused, and then back to Carberry, who, smilingly, extended the pin for his inspection.

"Oh!" said the man in a horrible voice, and slumping back into his chair began to weep. At which moment, Lucrezia pushed open the door and entered the room, smiling, dressed for the morning.

The man in the chair saw her. She came forward, stretching out her hand as if to greet him, and Carberry could see the terror rise in his eyes like a ghost. It rose and possessed his eyes. And then, for the first time within the last few hours Carberry Stark was able to grant Harvey a definite admiration, for in spite of the terror in his eyes, he did not run.

Instead a shadow almost like the shadow of a very painful mirth seemed to cross his face for an instant—he rose slowly, mastering himself, and bowed to Lucrezia with a new and astonishing dignity. For an instant his lips seemed about to frame a sentence—Carberry was never sure whether it would have been merely "Good-by," or as one speaks of a jewel one can never possess, "Too high." But the sentence was never spoken, for Harvey's lips closed down upon it like a trap. Then, still with that novel and hard-won dignity upon him, he walked silently past the amazed Lucrezia and out of the door.

"What is the matter with Harvey?" said Lucrezia, intensely puzzled. "Why—he still has on his dinner clothes—and he said he was staying to breakfast. He's coming back, of course?"

"No, my dear," said Carberry taking her hand, "I think he is—cured—of week-ends in the country. At least—I am quite sure—he is not coming back."

They looked at each other steadily for a long instant. Her eyes were as dark and deep as pools in a dark forest. Then she smiled.

"I must be silly, I think, Carberry," she said. "For—in spite of anything—and what so many of our friends seem to take such pleasure in saying—I think you are the only man I shall ever really love. In fact—I'm quite sure of it—Carberry."

"My dear!" said Carberry Stark, and kissed her hand. But she turned away a little and there was trouble in her face.

"But I—I'm sorry, Carberry—and yes—ashamed!"

"What fools people are! They talk of youth calling to youth—everybody—they kept on talking—it was stupid, stupid to listen to them—but, oh, Carberry!—after a while—I did get wondering— And Harvey was nice—and—well—oh I am ashamed—but I thought I'd—see—"

"And was there anything in it?"

She could laugh now, wholeheartedly. "Carberry dear! Of course there wasn't! Not even for a minute! Oh what fools people are! They talk of youth—as if it wasn't strength—real strength—the kind of strength you have—the kind of strength that mere youth and muscles can't touch—that matters to a woman! At least," she added, consideringly, "to my kind of woman!"

"You do come from the South, Lucrezia," said Carberry, reflectively. "Well—I have always told you—that what I have, I hold."

She turned on him, flashing. "Do you think that any man who couldn't do that could ever have held me?"

"No," said Carberry, quietly. "But—"

"But you can hold me. Yes. And you always will. Youth! Youth indeed—that for youth!" she flung out her hands in a foreign gesture. "You see, Carberry—your kind of strength—to a woman—can't grow old!"

He took her in his arms then and the eyes she raised to his were the eyes of a girl with her first lover. Then, after a moment, they parted and he spoke in a different tone.

"I think—after breakfasting with you—I shall go to my room for a little nap, dear—if you don't mind. You see—Mr. Verity and I sat up rather late—talking—and—old or young, dear—it has been a trying night."

"Of course, dear—just as you wish," said Lucrezia, absently, tidying up her desk. "But, Carberry dear—what is that horrid old syringe we had to use when you were so ill doing here on your desk?"

"Merely an experiment, my dear—a new way of watering your roses," said Carberry Stark, and, picking up the syringe, he stepped to the window, opened it, and sprayed the distilled water that the syringe contained on the bed of Jacqueminot roses under the window.



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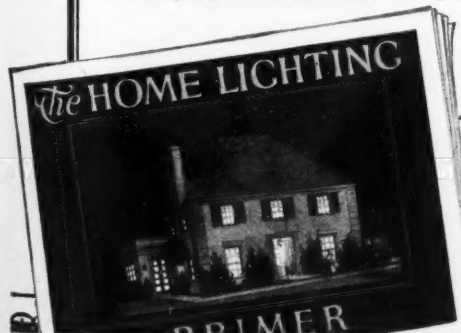
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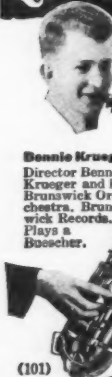
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## I'm Glad I'm a Deserted Wife

(Continued from page 23)

I became a tragic bore, and I bored no one so much as my constant companion. The effect was accomplished—but without respectfulness. I seethed inwardly, and every now and then boiled up, sending forth jets of unkind words like the stinging drops of a geyser.

For this amazing soul slump I offer no excuse. I can, however, say one thing for myself. I do not believe any man, even a Kaiser, could have reduced me to such dreary misery in a single year, except for the complication of a large healthy son.

The physical aspect of childbearing I found its least hardship. I have known women who were too cowardly to have children, some who were too vain, many too selfish; but I think few dread the mental incapacity of the condition, because that phase is little dwelt upon. It is not a period of great or clear thinking. Vitality is drawn away from the brain, nerves play mean tricks, moral force is undermined by dependence, character reduced to its lowest resistance. I am all for having families. To me a woman is only half a woman until she has secured a man, and about three quarters of a woman until she has borne a child. But certainly during the pilgrimage toward this Mecca the most intrepid feminist must long to lean on the staff called comfort, rather than brandish militantly her sword of sex warfare.

By the third year I was a confirmed grouch, and my handsome, charming, well-mannered husband was behaving at home like a bully. I do not mean that we never forsook these unpleasant roles, but they describe us aptly at our worst. We were both irritable and about as likely to spark off as a bunch of firecrackers.

Matrimonial squabbles move in cycles. The same emotions repeat themselves again and again, growing more frequent and more intense. There always seem to be contributory circumstances—a mother-in-law maybe. With us it was the war and financial disaster. The strain of our worries and our proximity made us savages. Then fate stepped in—business took Conrad abroad.

During the next few months three things occurred which changed my attitude completely. They are delicate matters and I speak of them only because I feel anyone who has read so far in this article is taking my soul travail seriously and will be interested in the kind of deliverance which actually leads upward out of the pit.

I had never entirely discarded my writing nor my attitude of an earner; so at this crisis I decided to rent our large suburban home, move to New York, and hunt some work. Among other rubbish to be cleared out of the house was a trunk full of papers belonging to my husband. He had intended to go through these, but being a natural born put-off, he never got around to it. His last injunction before leaving was to save certain receipts and burn the rest. I felt very indignant that this irksome task had been foisted on me. My hands were full, and looking for those paltry receipts meant opening every package and bundle, scanning every page.

Thrills were far from my mind, yet a thrill lay in wait. In the heart of that trunk I found a package of love letters. Long since dead to the finer instincts of my upbringing which forbade the reading of other peoples' mail, I read them. When I discovered their nature I read them with avidity. They were letters from a young and wealthy widow, prominent in New York society, to whom my husband had been engaged before knowing me. Their engagement had lasted three days; and had been broken off because of his consuming jealousy.

That package of letters had more effect on me mentally than anything which has entered



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my life before or since. Their irrefutable evidence that I was not the first American woman who had found Conrad impossible braced me, and bracing was what I most needed. Our respect for ourselves is after all the full measure of respect which the world can be made to yield us. I began to respect myself anew from that moment, and things brightened.

As our need of money was acute I turned back to my earlier profession, where I knew the remuneration would be direct, and soon found a job. It was special work and only temporary, but it returned a salary almost as large as my husband had been able to command, and this raised me enormously in his respect.

My third and last stimulant was of a less sordid nature. A mature and clever man fell seriously in love with me. Every woman will understand the tremendous significance of this. Consider: I was thirty-six, badly dressed, and subconsciously sensitive to my aura of peevishness. Anything approaching spiritual companionship was almost forgotten. I had been so very demure, so hopelessly dull and decent for so long that realization of existing attraction filled me with overwhelming joy. I still loved my husband, though not so much as I had loved him, and this romance set me thinking furiously along fresh lines.

I saw that my years of soul surrender had profited nothing, while doing untold harm in poisoning the lives of three human beings; for the cruelest part of domestic bickering is its effect on the child, powerless to save itself from its environment. Children are like plants, they need good soil and sunshine. Exposing their receptive minds to the reactions of our evil tempers is little better than mutilating their bodies. All decent people try to save them from actual scenes; but when I speak of sunshine I mean the atmosphere which permeates the home. Surely the child is better brought up in harmony with either parent than in a hell of discord between both?

Conditions were not improved for us by this infusion of new spirit. Far from it. The sea is never calmer because of a strong cross-current. Our former skirmishes now became battles royal. Conrad had grown accustomed to my giving in. Suddenly, in place of his nagging wife, he found a strange woman who would not yield an inch. On one occasion our dual of wills lasted three months, during all of which time we exchanged only such courtesies as "Pass the butter, please," or "Don't forget to put the dog out before locking up."

Circumstances had brought us to England. Settled in a small village, without friends or means of diversion boredom bit even deeper. It is always easy for a man to make excuses and stay in town. Sometimes this happened four nights a week, sometimes only one. I had learned not to fuss. He went his own way unmolested, and bit by bit I sank into the ignominious position of a neglected wife. Fortunately I had my work, but one cannot work morning, noon and night. There were many lonely hours.

Then suddenly came the grand climax—the worm turned. It began in a paltry dispute that blew up one Sunday afternoon between the hours my husband dedicated to golf and those he had dedicated to a stag bridge party. I told him what I thought of him, and he replied by shaking his fist in my face, which lead to a regular tenement-house scrap. This is the scene which should have been precipitated three days after we married. I left him, but not for good. I could not leave the child, and to abduct a son from his father is to assume grave responsibility. Although no longer in the bondage of my excessive love and virtue, I do not believe conscience would have permitted it, for Conrad professed to be passionately fond of the boy. Yet a few weeks later he sold out his business, put all his assets in his pocket, and went to Austria. Thus the decision was taken out of my hands.

The drama against its background prohibits any sentimentalizing over first reactions. Resentment and fear were the passions that



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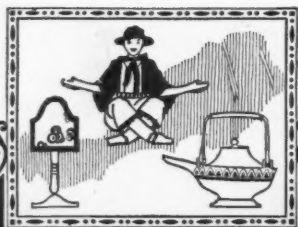
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gripped me, and the keener was fear—fear of the future.

When at twenty years old the man I depended on failed me, I rushed into the fight by way of an east bound express without a qualm. Doubtless the initiated I looked like David with his sling and stone. Mr. James K. Hackett nicknamed me "the little girl on the big snowshoes," but I had no fears. Fifteen years later when the man I depended on failed me I went cold with fright. There were reasons for the change. I had tested the Philistines' strength and knew what I was facing; and I knew also that I must work under a terrible handicap with a child to support and care for. That is the natural work of two, and a very heavy burden for one alone.

Actuated by fear one is almost certain to do the wrong thing. I did it. There was a little money in the bank which had been paid for the moving picture rights of my second novel. It seemed to me horribly little for two. The lease of our house was up, and unpaid accounts spattered the landscape. So I went out and borrowed all the money I could raise—at best but postponing the issue.

Then I waited. One of the worst features of such situations is their uncertainty. I did not wait idly. The child, aged six, was put into an English school, and I found a room in a boarding-house nearby. It was a strange sensation to be without husband or child or home, quite as I had been before I married! I turned to my typewriter, for I had no business connections in England, but I found I could not write. With the cosmos whirling about me in a state of flux, I hit wildly on all the wrong keys.

Fear grew into panic as failure succeeded failure. Apparently neither my husband nor his family had any sense of obligation about meeting even the child's needs, and I have no near relatives, so it was up to me. As my borrowed capital lessened I began to be obsessed with a desire to get back to America.

Once back in the western world skies began to smile. Familiar scenes and speech, the environment of earlier successes, brought reassurance. Sentiment had to buckle under to pressure of affairs. Now, busy and contented, I find no place for self-pity in my position as a deserted wife. In fact, I have come to doubt if, in these days of free education and equal rights, one adult ought to be held responsible for another. Is not alimony but a survival of our obsolete marriage law? There is no doubt we all marry "for better." Then why not admit it?

The cohesion of souls is like a new chemical experiment about which we know nothing until it is tried. It either works or it doesn't. If the combination proves a failure, it is best to face facts and save prolonged misery. Character is pretty well set in the mould between twenty-five and thirty, and rarely changes much after the latter age—a sad truth forcing real life to look away from romance for its happy endings. I would prefer being happily married to my husband than any other lot in life, but since his temperament and mine, and our warring interests made this impossible, the next best thing is to be happily separated.

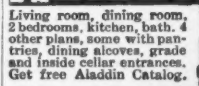
My attitude is a net result worked out through years of stress. Picking up the reins after a smash means poverty, heartache and endless labor, but I have purposely omitted the agony stuff. If any woman suffering a similar calamity chances to read this article I want her to be cheered by assurance of a livable future. She will experience all the pains and sword slashes for herself. In proportion as she reveres society's opinion she will smart. I have always been indifferent to what other people said, and yet I smarted. They have ways of getting at you. The only chance is to indurate yourself, carry your head high, and smile. In time you will feel like smiling. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" is good medicine.

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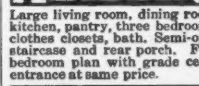
Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath, 4 other plans, some with pantries, dining alcoves, grade and inside cellar entrances. Get free Aladdin Catalog.

## 7-Room's ALADDIN 975



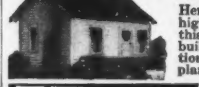
Aladdin catalog contains seven different plans of this house; some with inset porches, grade and inside cellar entrances, two and three bedrooms.

## 7-Room's ALADDIN 1068



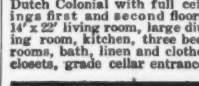
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## The Enchanted Hill

(Continued from page 43)

back of all this enmity and enact the rôle of peacemaker."

"I fear that plan is impossible."

"But you will give it a trial, will you not?"

"I will try, but Mr. Todd may not agree."

"If he does not consent to it then I shall not consent to keep my brother and his men under control, Gail. Lee says he *knows* his life is in danger and he has planned to shoot Ira Todd if the menace isn't removed."

"I—oh, Hallie, I do not know what to do! Truly, I am helpless."

"Then remain here, follow Lee's advice and you'll not be helpless very long."

"But—pardon me if I speak bluntly, Hallie—Mr. Todd advises me not to be guided by Major Purdy's advice—and Mr. Todd's reasons were very convincing. Even your brother admitted that. And I'm certain, when one has a manager, one should permit that manager to manage."

"Oh, I suppose he told you Lee had an ulterior motive, and of course that is the oldest, cheapest and most shop-worn argument in the world, also the best! Gail, my brother never did a dishonorable act in all his life."

Gail had no answer to this loyal statement, although, had her informant been anyone except Hallie she might have reminded her that Lee Purdy had confessed to dishonorable acts and that he had, in fact, once been dismissed without honor from the United States army, although subsequently reinstated and other punishment substituted.

"Of course," Hallie went on, with a calmness and composure reminiscent of her brother, "I can understand your position also. Mr. Todd was your uncle's trusted right-hand man for years, and as Lee once admitted to me, Mr. Todd stands very high in the estimation of many good citizens of this county. So does my brother." She put her arm around Gail's shoulders now. "There, there, let us not think too much about it for the present. Everything will be adjusted without bloodshed and Lee and I are your friends."

Lee Purdy appeared within a few minutes. His rest had refreshed him greatly; with the exception of an unwonted paleness there was nothing to indicate that he had the day previous voluntarily given a pint of his blood to save the life of the man who had tried to kill him. He smiled at Gail his grave, guardedly whimsical smile and expressed his regret at the loss of her purse.

"Of course one of those inquisitive little West Highland terriers of Hallie's went out for a constitutional this morning," he declared, "and found your purse. Naturally he carried it away for investigation and possible destruction. I imagine, however, that when he discovered it was unfit to eat he abandoned it. I'll have all hands out after lunch and we'll comb every foot of the hill until we find it."

Despite the efforts of all three to maintain an appearance of gaiety, luncheon was a gloomy function. Purdy was secretly enraged at Gail because of the latter's revelations to his sister; Hallie was displeased with her guest because of the latter's lack of faith in the integrity and honor of the head of the House of Purdy; while Gail hated herself and Lee Purdy and was uneasy in the presence of Hallie—since it is a law of life that no woman can conceal from another a hint of her secret feelings concerning that woman. The embarrassment incident to the loss of her purse and the coming down of the wretched Presbury child with scarlet fever at this most inopportune time, made her numb with misery.

Purdy, of course, had no difficulty reading her thoughts, for when the meal was over and he followed Gail and Hallie out to chairs on the veranda, he stepped up alongside Gail for a moment and murmured confidentially: "I'm sorry it's fallen out this way, but of course I didn't steal your purse and I didn't innoculate the Presbury child with scarlet fever."



*"We were talking  
about you the other day"*

Marge and Jane were chatting over the tea cups.

"Really, I envy you, Marge," Jane said. "We were talking about you the other day. All the girls agree that you are the best housekeeper in our whole crowd."

"Oh! don't be silly, Jane, you know I'm not. The only thing is, I have to do my own housework, so naturally I spend a little more time studying how to get the best results in the shortest time."

"I know, Marge, but all of us have vacuum cleaners and washing machines, and all those labor saving devices just like you do. But somehow, your house always seems so immaculate."

"Take your floors for instance; in our house the floors are one of my greatest problems. There are places that look as if the whole American Army had marched over them with hob-nailed shoes."

"I had poor Bob down on the floor the other evening going over those places around the doorways, but he couldn't make them look much better, poor boy, so we decided all the downstairs rooms would have to be sandpapered and refinished. It's going to cost at least a hundred dollars!"

"Now tell me, Marge, how do you avoid such expenses and still keep your floors so clean and new looking—do you and Tom go around in your stocking feet all the time?"

"Jane, you're the funniest person I ever knew—of course not, foolish! We *wax* our floors."

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# WINX



Anna Q. Nilsson, famous for her beautiful eyes



Suppose we forget last night's occurrences?" "I cannot—ever," she breathed. "I'm terribly, terribly disappointed."

"In me?" "Yes, in you. I didn't think you could possibly be the man you are."

"Well," he answered without anger, "in the sweet bye and bye we shall see that which we shall see. I am what I am, yet I'm an alabaster saint compared with some people I know."

He watched the girls seat themselves and stood facing them. "I shrink from a discussion of this matter, Hallie, as you know," he began. "Let us not, therefore, indulge in saddening and disgusting detail. Miss Ormsby, your Mr. Todd will not be able to discuss your affairs with you until after several days have passed. Meanwhile I will send him a letter guaranteeing him safe conduct if and when he may choose to come here to discuss your affairs with you. Out of courtesy to our guest and because I cannot refuse my sister anything, Miss Ormsby, I shall declare a truce for two weeks, although that means I must not leave La Cuesta Encantada."

"Two weeks should be ample time for Todd to think matters over; it should afford you ample opportunity to convince him that he should do that which I have demanded he shall do. Also, during that two weeks you will have time to go over your ranch accounts with him, devise ways and means to meet your current obligations and outline a policy for future operation of your property; then if you conclude that your interests will best be served by selling your ranch, why you can sell, and the sale may automatically relieve me of the liability of future clashes with Ira Todd. The new owner may not retain him as manager. Is that plan satisfactory?"

Gail nodded. "It seems eminently fair—from your point of view. I will be frank, Major. I am not at all concerned as to what may happen to Mr. Todd after I have made a decision as to my future; I feel wholly dependent upon him now and I am in truly desperate straits; I ask for mercy, not for Ira Todd, but for myself."

"You shall have it. I wasn't aware—" Purdy began, but the girl silenced him with a wave of her hand.

"Mr. Todd appears sufficiently intelligent to appreciate the enormity of any offense he may have committed, and he should appreciate it if he is at all conversant with the custom of the country. He is entirely responsible for his personal acts, as I view the situation. If a public apology is due from him to you, if he realizes that it is due and that it is the fair and manly thing for him to accept your terms; if he realizes that refusal to accept them will mean that inevitably he will be called upon to defend his life, I'm sure I should not grieve if he elects to follow the latter course."

"Spoken like a man, Miss Ormsby. I'll play fair with you and I'll play fair with Todd. I give him to you for two weeks. If at the end of two weeks you cannot make him be reasonable, you are to give him back to me to do with as I see fit. Understood?"

"Perfectly."

"I give you my word of honor also that should it become necessary for me to kill him the job will not be done from ambush. I'll get him in the open or not at all."

"Well, since there must be a code to a killing, that seems very fair of you. And you answer for similar conduct on the part of your—ah—hired men?"

"I do—upon my honor. Now, can we not be friends for two weeks?"

In the silence that ensued the patio gate opened and Curly MacMahon, one of the riders of La Cuesta Encantada, stepped inside. "Boss," he called from the gate, "Pete Howe from the Box K is here and wants he should see you for a minute, if you ain't too busy."

"Certainly, Curly. Tell him to come right in." He turned to Gail. "Any communication I may have with your man Pete Howe should, very properly, be had in your presence."

She nodded. "It is very hard to be

unfriendly with you, Major Purdy. I shall be very happy to be convinced that—that—"  
Hallie interrupted sweetly and patted Gail's hand: "Why say it if it's so hard to say? We'll take it for granted, will we not, Lee?"  
"We'll take whatever you desire, little sister, even if it should be a hot stove . . . Come in, Pete."

Pete Howe, arrayed in leathern chaps, entered, advanced with a rhythmic metallic jingle from his spurs, doffed his hat to the ladies and remained uncovered, gazing helplessly at Purdy.

"Well, Pete," the latter saluted him easily. "What's the latest gossip from the Box K?"

"Well, Major Purdy, sir," Pete Howe replied, with a painful grin, "the latest news is that Mr. Todd and Jake Dort come back to the Box K late last night. Jake's a deputy sheriff now an' he's filed an attachment on all the caballada an' is drawin' four dollars a day as the official watch-dog for the creditors, which I ain't one of 'em an' I want that Miss Ormsby should know it."

"That is understood, Pete. What next?"

"Well, Mr. Todd announced that he was still manager an' that Jake Dort was still range boss. 'That bein' the case,' I says, 'I reckon I'm just a plain cowhand again.' 'Which you're not even that on the Box K any more,' says Jake. 'You're fired.' So right after breakfast this mornin' I saddle the only pony I own, pack my suggins on in back an' come here, Major Purdy, lookin' for a job."  
"You did exactly right, Pete. Tell Curly to show you a room in the bunk-house, turn your pony into the pasture and make yourself at home on the wages of a top cowhand. Link Hallowell will be back in a few days. See him for anything you may happen to need. Glad to have you on the ranch, Pete."

"Thank you, sir."

But still Pete Howe lingered.

"Anything else you wanted to speak to me about, Pete?" Purdy queried.

"Yes, sir, but it's a private matter."

"Does it concern you or the Box K Ranch?"

"It concerns the Box K, I reckon. Anyhow, it ain't no business o' mine."

"Then speak right out, Pete. Anything that concerns something that has happened on the Box K must not be discussed with me in private. I must insist that you include Miss Ormsby in your confidences."

"All right, if you say so, sir, but I was referin' to what you fellers pulled off here an' at the Box K last night."

"What do you mean?"

"What you fellers done to Ira Todd."

"When?"

"About half-past twelve this morning."

"Pete, I haven't the slightest idea what you're driving at."

"Honest?"

"Honest. Don't ask me riddles, Pete. Speak up."

"Why, along after midnight last night we-all at the Box K are woke up by the snarl'n' of a si-reen. It was far off at first, but it come closer an' closer; then we heard an airplane passin' overhead. It kept circlin' over the Box K, with that si-reen a-wailin', an' comin' lower an' lower. Everybody—including even Ira Todd, sick as he is—run out in his shirt-tail, an' then the airplane come swoopin' down an' whizzed by mebbe thirty feet over the ranch. An' when it was right over the yard where we all stood gapin' up, somethin' dropped out an' mighty near hit us."

Pete Howe fumbled his weather-worn sombrero and seemed embarrassed.

"Well, Pete, of course I have no curiosity as to the nature of the thing that dropped out, so I am not going to ask you to tell me what it was." He turned to Gail. "Miss Ormsby, however, as the owner of the Box K Ranch may have a pardonable curiosity as to the nature of the thing that was dropped on her ranch at midnight from an airplane."

Gail's face had gone ashen. She felt faint. Pete Howe looked at her and his honest face grew rosier than before. "I reckon I've talked



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too much already," he mumbled and started to move off, but Purdy stopped him.

"I have no curiosity to know what was dropped," the girl managed to say. "I already know!"

Pete Howe started as if bee-stung and Lee Purdy turned a look of blank amazement upon his guest. The gaze that met his was not to his liking, so he shifted again to Pete Howe. "What kind of an airplane was it, Pete?"

"It looked exactly like the one you and Tommy Scaife fly around in once in a while."

"And as a matter of fact, I heard Tommy Scaife hop off the hill after he brought me home close to midnight last night. I didn't think anything of it because I knew Tommy was interested in spotting the camp-fire of a stranger that appeared uninvited 'on this ranch yesterday.'"

"It was Tommy Scaife," Gail found the courage to say.

"What did Tommy drop, Pete? I have a right to know what my man drops from my ship. Speak up."

Pete Howe glanced at Gail for permission and, upon receiving an affirmative nod, answered: "Major, he dropped a corpse!"

"Thank you, Pete. That will be all!" Lee Purdy's voice had a freezing quality in it now; abruptly Pete Howe took his departure and only the steady clinking sound of his spurs broke the silence in the patio. Then the gate slammed gently and Lee Purdy commenced to whistle softly the opening bars of "Sobre Las Olas." Gail found something to interest her in the antics of a humming-bird despoiling an adjacent flower and Hallie was very quiet, staring at her hands folded in her lap. She was the first to speak.

"Well, Brother Purdy," she said calmly, "you got into deep water very close to the shore, didn't you?"

"Sure did, Hallie. And poor old Pete didn't shove me in either. I just naturally dove in with all my clothes on, didn't I?"

"Tommy appears to be a great source of embarrassment today, doesn't he, dear?"

"Sometimes," her brother replied plaintively. "I am quite at a loss to know whether I would prefer to see Tommy arrayed in a morning suit, with lilies of the valley in his lapel and a million dollar bride on his arm, with me his best man; upon other occasions Tommy would look beautiful to me in an undertaker's dress suit, with me in the rôle of pall-bearer. Hallie, Tommy hasn't been confiding in me lately."

"Of course I know that. If he had you would not have walked into the tight little hole you now occupy. Well, old boy, I'll not add to your misery by demanding an explanation you cannot supply. Send for that terrible Tommy, dear, and let us have the truth."

"I sent for the terrible Tommy an hour ago and received word that he hopped off at daylight. Out on patrol, I suppose. When he returns Curly MacMahon will see him and tell him to report to me." He favored Gail with a sidelong glance. "So you knew what Tommy had dropped, eh, Miss Ormsby?"

Gail nodded coldly.

"Please be good enough to tell me everything you know about this matter," he pleaded. "I know absolutely nothing about it myself."

With a thrill she sensed that he was speaking the truth.

"I have to tell you," she began. "I've wanted to tell you, but I was afraid. I was afraid last night when you encountered me in the patio, Major Purdy. I didn't want to dwell under the same roof with you and that horrible secret—"

Hallie reached over and possessed herself of Gail's hand. "Begin at the beginning, dear," she commanded. And Gail began at the beginning and kept bravely on to the end. When her tale was done neither Lee Purdy nor his sister had any comment to make; in their mental reactions these two seemed curiously alike. They each possessed in bounteous measure the priceless gift of knowing when to speak and when to be silent.

Hallie shattered the nervous tension by

announcing that the class would now be dismissed, not to take up again until Tommy Scaife should return.

"You're right, Hallie," her brother assented. "You're always right. I loathe extended post-mortems. Perhaps Miss Ormsby might be interested in seeing the new litter of English setters."

"A litter of rattlesnakes would doubtless interest Miss Ormsby if it would tend to make her feel, even for five minutes, that she is not domiciled with Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves. I have no doubt she feared that if you, Joaquin or Tommy had discovered last night that she knows that which she knows, she would have been strangled at once and her body shot down through an oubliette into the subterranean chamber where we store our dead. Poor dear! Come, Gail. I'll show you the setter puppies and some adorable Scotties."

"Won't you come with us, Major?" Gail asked timidly.

He flashed her a grateful glance, for he realized that, for reasons best known to herself, she felt kindly toward him now. "Thanks, no, Miss Ormsby. I've got to do some very profound thinking. Please excuse me."

He bowed to both girls and disappeared inside the house; before Hallie and her guest had left the patio somebody commenced playing the grand piano in the living-room. Hallie listened a moment, smiling maternally.

"Lee's in trouble," she vouchsafed. "Whenever things get too thick for him he wanders to the piano and plays 'La Golondrina.'"

"Haunting, mournful air, isn't it, Hallie?"

"Yes. That's why I know things are getting thick. It suits his mood. Poor old Lee. He hasn't had such a good time out of life, you know."

"I do not know, of course," Gail admitted. "But I'd like to know. One may be pardoned, Hallie, for expressing some curiosity as to the history and antecedents of one's hosts. I made bold to read last night the 'Genealogy of the Purdy Family of Worcester, Massachusetts.'"

"Well, then, of course you know that the only interesting event in my life was my birth. Nothing important has ever happened in my life since, except when I contracted tuberculosis. Lee recognized the symptoms in time and brought me out here. I'm getting well slowly. Some day I'll be quite well again."

"You are his half-sister, Hallie?"

Hallie bowed her head affirmatively. "Oh, but he's a brother and a half to me, Gail! Lee was a big boy when I was born—thirteen years old, I believe. A solitary little boy in a big house. When he was eighteen and I was five my mother died—and then I was a solitary little girl in a big house. I think Lee must have understood my position better than anybody else could; he became very fond of me after mother's death threw us so much together. Then he graduated as a mining engineer and went West to take a post-graduate course, as he said, mucking in a mine."

"Do you mean he went to work as a laborer?"

"Oh, yes! Lee was never very self-conscious socially. He got his first position as a mine superintendent in Mexico. The bandits or revolutionists or whatever they are attacked the mine and killed most of his crew, and Lee escaped and made his way to El Paso. When he got there he was hungry and penniless, so he went to work for a cattle company as cook on the round-up. Later he joined the Texas rangers and after he left the rangers he and Link Hallowell and Tommy Scaife went into the cattle business along the Mexican border. They weren't very successful at it so when the Great War occurred the three enlisted. Tommy Scaife, who had a bent for machinery, became a motor mechanic in Lee's flying squadron, so after the war Lee taught Tommy how to fly and gave him his present job, and Link became Lee's range boss. The three are devoted to each other."

"So I gathered, Hallie. Tommy is not an educated or refined man, I thought. What sort of man is Mr. Hallowell?"

"Link is about Lee's age and born and raised

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in Arizona. He's been through high school, he's been everywhere and seen everything. He was manager of an *estancia* in the Argentine once; Link says they used to brand forty thousand calves on the round-up. He had some sort of trouble with his employer and came back to Texas, where he met Lee. Link's awfully nice, and Lee says he's the smartest, coolest man in a pinch and the most enduring friend anybody ever had."

While Hallie talked she had led Gail outside the patio and along the path toward the kennels, which were situated farther up the mesa near the hangar. They spent half an hour with the dogs and went on to the barn, where Hallie showed Gail an Arabian mare which Link and Tommy had purchased at a sheriff's sale when a stranded three-car circus had got into difficulties in Albuquerque.

"She cost the two darlings a month's pay each, but they wanted her for me, and of course they had to have her. Tommy made me a beautiful horsehair hitching rope and Link plaited me a perfectly wonderful bridle from soft rawhide; the other boys sent to Pueblo, Colorado, and had a saddle made for me. It's silver-chased and all stamped and carved leather, and Lee says he thinks I'll be strong enough to use all their gifts soon. I know they're dying to see me on parade."

So that was the reverse of the shield, the soft side of these two hard men who guarded Lee Purdy and slew his enemies for hire.

Gail recalled now, with a little pang of regret for her ready acceptance of it, that Ira Todd had brought a blanket indictment against Lee Purdy, whereas Purdy had said nothing ill of Todd—in fact, had gone out of his way to enumerate the latter's good points; when forced to avow a grievance against Todd he had brought a definite indictment and was prepared to prosecute it vigorously and in the open.

She patted the Arabian mare and admired her, but in the back of her mind she found a rising admiration for the grim audacity, the Machiavellian sense of humor, which had moved Tommy Scaife to drop that dead man into the barnyard of the Box K Ranch. Had Ira Todd engaged that dead man to do a mischief on La Cuesta Encantada and had Tommy Scaife and Joaquin, realizing this, returned the fellow to his employer in that ghastly manner, as a warning to Ira Todd to cease future operations? Gail wondered.

The two girls strolled about the Enchanted Hill for half an hour and returned to the hacienda to discover that Purdy had retired to his office. Hallie, a little weary from her unaccustomed physical exertion, lay on the divan in the living-room and Gail went to the piano and, to her own accompaniment, sang for Hallie a number of German and Irish folk-songs. Gail had a strong and wonderfully sweet contralto voice, and an excellent teacher had made the most of it; as she sang for Hallie, Lee Purdy appeared and stood silently in the doorway, listening.

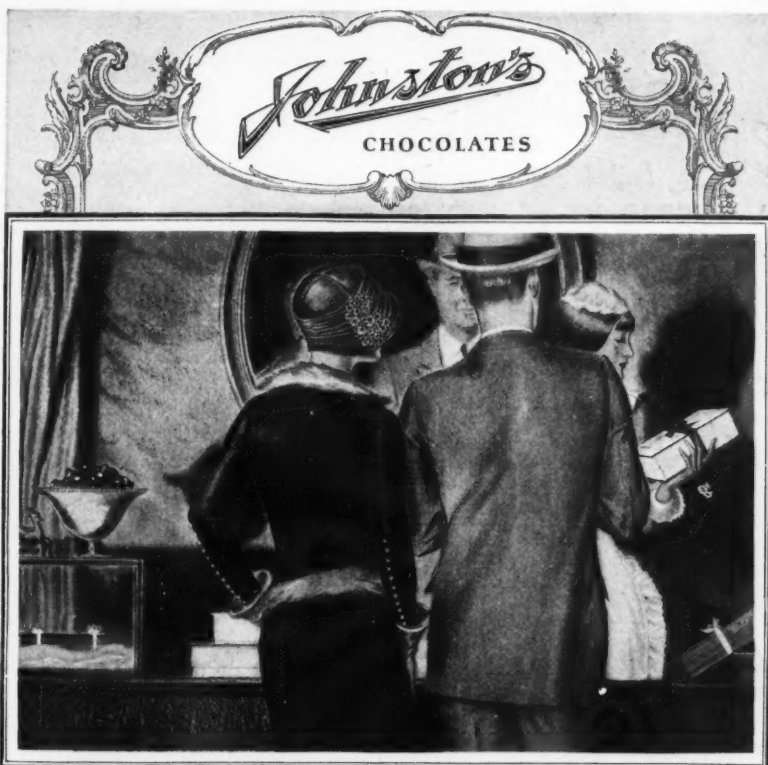
"Isn't her voice a duplicate of—?" Hallie began, and then sat up to stare into her brother's smiling face.

"No, it isn't, Hallie," he contradicted. "It's the same voice, and this is the same Miss Gail Ormsby we've enjoyed listening to over the radio for months past. Miss Ormsby, haven't you been broadcasting from Los Angeles?"

Gail nodded, blushing pleasantly. "I'm a very helpless person, Major. Educated music lovers and grand opera impressarios will have none of me, but I seem to please the people who own radios. I have almost supported myself singing since my father died."

Purdy crossed to the divan, sat beside his sister and took her hand in his. "And to think we had the original package with us and almost permitted it to be sent away, unopened!" he reminded her. "Of course, Hallie, I do not grade high in Miss Ormsby's estimation, but I have a suspicion you do. Do you think you could induce her to sing 'Deep River' for a couple of cow-country hayseeds?"

"I think so, Lee. Of course if she refuses we



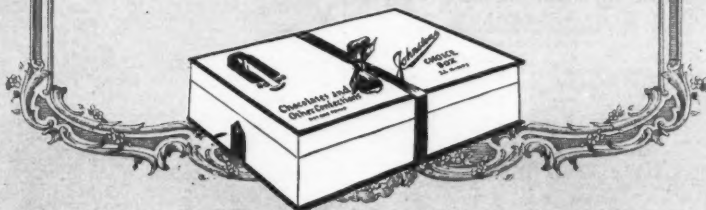
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..... General Education	..... Wireless Radio
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will not be responsible for anything that may happen to her."

"Joaquin would probably cut her ears off," he replied seriously. "And of course Tommy Scaife would then take her over to the Box K Ranch and dump her out into her own back yard. I think, Hallie, that if she's wise she'll sing for her life."

Gail's heart lifted at their careless badinage. Villain this man Purdy might be, but amiable and likable withal.

"Oh, well, if you insist!" she told the brother and sister. "I suppose I'll have to do it. I realize you have me in your power." And she sang Burleigh's tremendous negro spiritual as she had never sung it before.

"All is now forgiven," Purdy assured her. "Hereafter you have my permission to snoop at all hours, unmolested, around my private murder pens; you may even take motion pictures of the murders and the subsequent removal of the bodies."

"Thank you," she replied, relapsing into the same careless bantering mood. "In return I'll come to the window of your cell and sing to you the night before you're hanged."

Hallie's face, drolly serious, was turned to her brother's. "I think the girl will make a hand if we give her time," she suggested.

"We'll be very patient with her, Hallie. She's a direct importation from another world and it may require a longer period than two weeks to gentle her, although it seems to me we halter-broke her this afternoon."

## CHAPTER XVIII

AT SUNSET Tommy Scaife came down over the mesa with his prisoner, turned both their horses into the corral and herding the Mexican before him walked down to the patio. Purdy, Hallie and Gail were feeding peanuts to a family of gray squirrels that occupied the hollow trunk of an oak tree in the patio garden.

"Hello, Tommy, whom have you here?" Purdy saluted his man.

"I don't know whom we have, Lee," the little man replied blithely, "but I might well know what we have here. We've got the hombre who picked this ranch to camp on last night without consultin' me first. Ain't he a sweet-lookin' article?" Tommy fixed Gail with his bleak eyes. "How'd you like to wake up some night, Miss Ormsby, an' find that face hangin' over you?"

The girl shuddered, and Tommy smiled, enjoying her horror. He turned to Purdy.

"Lee, I don't suppose you folks have heard what took place up on the Middle Fork yesterday morning after you dropped Steve MacDougald and his dog at Bear Tooth's ranche? I got the dope from Bear Tooth this morning."

"No, what happened?" "Somebody bushwhacked Steve. I'm sorry to have to tell you, Miss Hallie, but it can't be kept a secret. Poor old Steve has went before."

Purdy's arms opened to receive his sister, who had turned to him instinctively. He held her close while she sobbed out her grief on his breast; nor did he make any effort to comfort her; when Gail would have attempted this he signified his unwillingness.

"Tears help hurt hearts to mend. Those who cannot weep are those who suffer longest."

He tucked the fair head down into the hollow of his shoulder and patted the frail thin shoulders, while Tommy scuffed one foot against the other and from time to time glanced at his prisoner as if he meditated throttling him on the spot. The man's wild eyes grew wilder; he trembled and twitched and little rivulets of perspiration starting under his hatband ran down his soiled, unshaven and leathery cheek. He voiced a protest in Spanish, but ceased when Tommy Scaife raised his hand and threatened to smite him across the mouth with the back of it.

The first gust of Hallie's woe was over, and Purdy called Conchita, who took charge of her

young mistress and led the sobbing girl inside. When Purdy's anxious and troubled glance had seen the last of his sister, he set a chair for Gail and himself; Tommy sat down on the edge of the veranda and the prisoner, unable longer to maintain himself erect, collapsed beside his captor.

"I hated to tell Miss Hallie, Lee," Tommy confessed huskily. "You know what good friends her an' Steve was."

"But why should anybody want to kill Steve?" asked Lee. "He hadn't an enemy. Those Basque shepherds who run in their sheep on the reserve every chance they get knew it wouldn't do to kill him. They knew another ranger would come and another—they knew the forest ranger service and that it can't be bought or fooled."

"That's why Steve was killed—because he couldn't be bought or fooled. I figure it out this way, Lee. The day before yesterday Jim Presbery got word from Washington he was transferred to the Shoshone National Forest in Montana and Steve MacDougald promoted to supervisor in charge of the Cuyamaca. Presbery took the good news to Arguello with him when he went to get the doctor for one of his children. Maybe he told Ira Todd about it. Now, you know Presbery has always been mighty quick to quote the rules to you; seemed to me he complained to Washington a good deal about your grazin' permit an' generally speakin' he ain't been none too friendly. Well, this year your cows are up in the reserve two weeks ahead of the official openin' of the grazin' season, an' I reckon Todd figured on inducin' Presbery to make quite an issue o' that. Not that I think Jim Presbery'll take sides but just because he naturally yearns to let folks know he's supervisor of the Cuyamaca Reserve."

"Now, Steve was a practical man. He'd kill his own snakes an' leave the Chief Forester in peace. An' he was your good friend. You told him you were goin' to set your cattle driftin' ahead o' time an' why—an' he said he didn't suppose he'd have any business over on that part of his territory until after the official openin' anyhow, so what he couldn't see wouldn't worry him. Steve was one o' them wise owls who knows that once in a while it's a blessin' owls can't see in strong daylight."

"Now, with Presbery out an' MacDougald in, Todd's chance to put over a real complaint on you an' make it stick with witnesses was gone, unless Presbery could be retained on the supervisor's job. So he ordered Steve killed. When a feller once embarks in the killin' game a man or two extra or the lack of a big reason don't matter."

"Lee, it would have puzzled me to know why they waited to get Steve up on the Middle Fork before bushwhackin' him, instead of goin' straight to his cabin, if I hadn't had a funny little experience last night." And forthwith Tommy Scaife proceeded to relate to his employer his story of the attempt to cripple the airplanes, the poisoning of the dog Rory, the capture and killing of the marauder by Joaquin and the disposal of the body.

"Of course, we had to get rid of the corpus delicti, which is what they prove a killin' with," he explained. "No corpse, no killin', comprende, amigo mio? I ain't no coroner nor yet no undertaker, Lee."

Lee Purdy gazed upon his man and sighed deeply. Tommy threw back his head and laughed, for he could always see a deal of humor in the unexpected and terrible occurring to anybody he did not like.

"Did you recognize the wretch, Tommy?"

"I should tell a man! He wasn't nobody else but that quarter-bred nigger that stomped on my toe yesterday afternoon in Arguello."

"No!"

"Seguro, señor. When he seen me in Arguello yesterday afternoon flyin' the ship he'd doctored the day before, I'll bet he says to himself: 'Why, I reckon I didn't saw them struts deep enough. I got to go back tonight an' do a better job.' So he hops in a flivver an' beats it out here—an' now he's gone where the woodbine twineth an' the whangdoodle mourneth



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for its mate! O Death, where is thy sting?  
O Grave, where is thy victory?" And now  
Tommy Scaife's cackinnation was a full-  
throated masculine bellow.

Horror showed in Purdy's eyes. "Was it  
that ship?" he gasped.

"It sure enough was, boss, which leads me  
back to my sheeps, as the little French shepherd  
remarked. Yesterday was our regular patrol  
day; everybody in this country knows we give  
the Cuyamaca the once-over every Sunday."

Purdy nodded. Tommy resumed. "Now,  
you're like all war-trained aviators. You fly  
high an' when you see anything down below  
that looks interestin' you just naturally make  
a dive for it. The idea was, then, to plant you  
with a little fire an' a lot of smoke on the Middle  
Fork, where the timber is thick as fur on a cat's  
back. Then, when you dove down from fifteen  
thousand feet to see if that fire was protected  
or abandoned, the sudden extra strain would  
have snapped them weak struts, your wings  
would have buckled up an' you would have  
been disposed of quietly, cleanly, an' scientifi-  
cally, without fuss or feathers. Unless some-  
body stumbled across the wreck during the  
round-up next fall you might never be found,  
and of course everybody in the county would  
say: 'Wa-all, I knew that fool Purdy'd git it  
sooner or later. Cowmen had ought to stick  
to cow-ponies.'"

Lee Purdy was very thoughtful now. "How  
come you didn't follow program, Lee?" Tommy  
queried with mirth in his buttermilk eyes.

"I had Miss Ormsby with me," Purdy an-  
swered—and shuddered. "I would have dived  
if I hadn't feared to frighten her—so I came  
down very gradually, in wide circles. I—good  
Lord, Tommy, what if I had killed her?"

"You wouldn't never know nothin' about it,"  
the philosophical Scaife reminded him. "An'  
wouldn't Ira Todd an' his gang have been  
grateful for two birds with one stone?" His  
jolly laugh rang out again before he resumed.

"Well, this killer was waitin' on the hillside to  
watch you come down, an' if you wasn't killed  
he was there to finish you. An' if the wreck  
took fire, his orders was to put it out because  
Todd can't afford a forest fire this early in the  
season any more than you can. Well, sure  
enough you found the bait, but somehow you  
slipped off the hook. He saw you fly straight  
south an' I suppose he guessed you was gone  
to notify Steve MacDougald, because Steve's  
station was the only one you could land at on  
your way home. Before he could get nervous  
waitin' for your next move he seen you flyin'  
back, so he sat down where he was an' smoked  
cigarets an' every little while he'd walk down  
the hill an' tend his fire, pilin' damp moss on it  
so's the smoke could be seen for miles.

"Finally Steve comes up the trail. He fills  
his canteen in the creek, climbs out, leans his  
rifle against a tree an' stands facin' uphill an'  
pourin' water on the fire, when the killer busts  
him. Steve staggers back over the bank into  
the creek an' he's so dead when the killer comes  
down to look him over that the scoundrel con-  
cludes to rob him too. Yes, his pockets was  
turned inside out—nothin' in them."

"That was done to provide the sheriff with a  
motive for the killing—robbery rather than  
the real motive which might lead to the man  
higher up. And they picked the Middle Fork  
because they knew some Basques were in there  
trespassing with sheep—and suspicion might  
very readily point to them."

"I reckon he was throwin' dust in the air,"  
Tommy agreed. "Well, unfortunately for  
their plans, Jim Presbery telephoned here last  
night to tell us to keep our eyes open for any  
stranger ridin' by this way. You got to give  
Jim credit for being a good policeman, like all  
of them rangers; it was too dark for him to do  
anything after the body was found yesterday  
evening about sunset, but he had the sheriff  
out an' the two of them was on the job bright  
an' early this mornin'. However, I was so  
curious I got there first an' I didn't stay long.  
The killer'd blazed a trail like an army marchin'  
through a grain field, I followed it an' here's the  
bright young man that did the job. Havin'

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failed to get you as per the original specifications, he come over here a-speculatin' on sneakin' down from the mesa at night an' bustin' you through the window or maybe up at the hangar. A shot from out in the sage at four or five hundred yards would have fixed your clock, Lee."

Lee Purdy turned a little and gazed upon Gail Ormsby coolly, triumphantly. "Well, Miss Ormsby, do you think that killing last night was justified?" he asked. She nodded, and he continued. "Of course, dropping the body at your ranch was Tommy's idea of humor, but at that it may have a mighty salutary effect. Tommy, this man was camped twenty-five miles from the scene of the murder when you picked him up. How do you connect him with the crime?"

"As easy as killin' rats in a granary with the door shut, Lee. It ain't no job at all to figger it out. I see by Steve's footprints that he's bendin' over the fire puttin' it out with water when this hombre busts him. He's facin' up-hill at the time an' bendin' a little an' I can tell from the angle of the course o' the bullet that it was fired down-hill. So I climb up-hill an' look for a sign. I find where the killer has set in a clump of buck-brush, rested his rifle in the crotch of a limb an' shot from a rest. The crotch is chafed a little. An' I know the feller has been settin' there a long time because his cigaret butts is pretty prevalent. Also, I find the empty cartridge. It's a forty-five-seventy an' I can tell from the shape of the shell its mighty old-fashioned."

"Well, the only old-fashioned rifle of that caliber that I've ever seen is the United States Army Springfield, model of eighteen hundred and seventy-three. They were retired when the army took up the Krag-Jorgensen an' now you can buy them old Springfields for three dollars each. I remembered some small trader bought up a lot of them an' sold them to the Mexican revolutionists in nineteen hundred and fourteen. They was mostly carbines, because as you know, Lee, a Mexican won't fight on foot if he can rustle up a horse. So the thought struck me that mebbe this killer was a Mexican. Then I happened to smell some of his cigaret butts an' I was sure of it."

"Yes, Tommy, the man is undoubtedly addicted to marihuana."

"What's that?" Gail queried.

"It's a drug—a member of the cantharides family—a hemp product, a cousin to hashesh. It's the curse of Mexico, as opium is the curse of China and heroin, cocaine and morphine the curse of the United States and Europe. The use of it leads inevitably to insanity; quite generally it induces a homicidal mania. The drug is mixed with tobacco and smoked in cigars. Go on, Tommy."

"Of course I knew then, Lee, that the killer was a thin, nervous, half-crazy Mexican, and when I found a neat, clear imprint of his boot in the mud and sand along the Middle Fork a mile below where he'd killed Steve, I knew from the size of it he was a small light man. In the willows at this point I found where a horse had been tied an' in the bark of one of the trees I found a short yellow hair and a long black one, so I knew his horse was a buckskin with black mane and tail. I found four clear hoof-prints of the horse and saw that he had cast one shoe

an' was pigeon-toed an' his left front foot. I figgered no man in a hurry to ride out of a country would risk a barefooted horse on any kind of ground; if the horse had cast one shoe it was time he was reshod all around anyhow. The nearest horseshoer was at San Simcon, so I went there and sure enough this here libel on the human race had been there an' got his horse shod all around."

"From the blacksmith shop he went over to the general store an' laid in a skillet, a coffee-pot an' some grub for him an' his horse an' gave it out in both places that he was headed over toward the Rio Puerco country lookin' for a job. As far as I could find out nobody had asked him where he was headed because nobody give a hoot. So I figgered he was lyin' an' then, rememberin' that little flicker of a camp-fire I'd noticed last night as I come flyin' in at dusk with Miss Ormsby, the thought comes to me that mebbe the young man has come over to La Cuesta Encantada to bump you off an' was in camp there. So I fly around until I spot his horse, hobbled an' waxin' fat on the Purdy grass about two miles from here; naturally I put up the ship, mount up on a horse, go forth an' bring the boy in. I ain't frisked him yet. Let's see what he's got belongin' to Steve."

With an expert hand Tommy Scaife went through his prisoner's pockets and brought forth a gold wrist watch, some loose silver and bills, matches and cigars.

"Guilty as charged," Lee Purdy murmured. "Hallie gave Steve that watch last Christmas. He had had an old silver watch but had lost it and Hallie begged from me one of two wrist watches I accumulated during the war and gave it to Steve. Have you talked to this man, Tommy? We ought to get a confession from him if possible."

"Ain't no use talkin' to him now, Lee. He's got enough Indian blood in him to stick by his story, whatever it may be. I sort o' had an idea I'd lock him up in the smoke-house an' cut off his ration o' marihuana until he begins actin' reasonable. I reckon he'll tell us who hired him if we're a mite patient, Lee."

Purdy smiled sadly and Tommy, with a glance at Gail Ormsby, snickered openly.

"By the way, Lee," he continued, "I never heard that Steve had willed his dog to anybody, so I took possession of him on behalf of Miss Hallie. I reckon Steve would have wanted her to get him."

"Thank you for that, Tommy. You're always kind and thoughtful."

Tommy Scaife gripped his prisoner by the nape and jerked the wretched trembling man erect. "Come on, boy. Let's go," he said. Then, glancing back at Lee and Gail, "His rifle is an eighteen hundred and seventy-three model Springfield army carbine and the empty shell I found fits it."

Purdy nodded and as Tommy disappeared through the patio gate he whistled to the gray squirrels, which returned confidently to his lap for their interrupted evening meal of peanuts.

To be continued.

Peter B. Kyne has a genius for situations of breath-stopping drama. And he is at his best in the next few chapters of "The Enchanted Hill."

## Why I Quit Going to Church

(Continued from page 45)

as a matter of fact persecutions are heaped upon those who honestly state their doubts, and incessant pressure is brought to bear on our law-makers to give police power to the special tenets of Christian sects.

My early life was, however, one of intense religious conviction. I had a lot of fun and did a normal amount of mischief, but I said my prayers every night and I prayed incessantly throughout the day. I prayed publicly at prayer meetings and tried to convert other people to faith.

At the age of thirteen I joined the Congregational Church. At preparatory school and at college I was an eager churchgoer; I played the organ at the Y. M. C. A. assemblies and I prayed publicly and privately.

My faith in the Bible as an inspired work went from me slowly, like sand slipping down a hill. I read every word of it from cover to cover, but try as I would, my feeble mind could not hang on to its early faith. When I got to the end of the Bible I was confronted by the Book of Revelation. That shook me

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## Why had he changed so in his attentions?

THE thing was simply beyond her. She couldn't puzzle it out. And every moment it preyed on her mind and was almost breaking her heart.

He had been the most attentive lover and husband imaginable. But of late some strange something seemed to have come between them. Now he was so changed.

Was it some other woman? No, she told herself—it couldn't be! Yet why wasn't he the way he used to be toward her?

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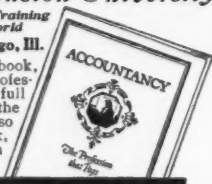
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loose with a jolt. It seemed to me that its mental chaos matched the physical chaos of the beginning of the world.

How can anyone defend that picture of graves opening, hells yawning, sheep, goats, trumpets blaring, scarlet women riding, a city coming down from the sky dressed like a bride, with twelve gates for the twelve tribes of Jews. Yet it is a cubical city and seven angels measure it for some mysterious reason. Each gate is one solid pearl, the streets are gold transparent as glass. There is a bride there called "the Lamb's wife." Who was the Lamb and who his wife? The kings of the nations bring their glory to the city and the gates will never be shut; yet only those shall enter whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life—whatever that might be. Outside are dogs and idolaters and liars, but within there is Jesus, "the offspring of David," also a Spirit and a Bride that say in effect: Come, and whosoever will may come; yet plagues await any who change the Book.

What all this means I can't imagine, and I can't imagine anybody else explaining it except by explanations that do not explain. I don't believe anybody living believes that the Lamb had a wife. And if anybody says he believes it, I don't believe him.

My college studies taught me that the Bible was absolutely unbelievable as a book of fact. Its astronomy, geology, zoology, geography, hygiene, ethnology—what not? were simply ludicrous. Would even Mr. Bryan trust himself on a ship whose captain believed in a four-cornered earth? Yet it is so called in the book of Revelation, and elsewhere.

When I realize that I once accepted this as Holy Writ inspired from Heaven and that millions still say they accept it and are horrified if it is spoken of with doubt or irreverence, I am tempted to think that in this silly world only the impossible can win belief.

Christ not only cast devils out but gave His apostles and seventy others the same power. On the other hand, He implies in Luke xi, 24-26, that it is unwise to cast a devil out of a man, since after a time the devil will decide to go back and finding the man's soul "swept and garnished . . . taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first."

Because Christ said that the insane were inhabited by devils, for eighteen centuries the Christians treated the insane with sickening cruelty.

Hell went next. I simply could not stomach a God who could devise and conduct such an infamous institution. Yet Christ described the actual fires and eternal torments as such that Dives, who did no harm except to be rich, actually begged Lazarus, a professional beggar, just to wet his finger and touch his poor blistered forehead with it. Christ did not say that Lazarus was decent enough to do this. So I don't like Lazarus. He is no friend of mine, and I shall not even ask him to do as much for me.

Whatever the fault may be, the cogs of my brain simply lock when I try to understand the central theme of Christianity, the vicarious atonement. I can't even understand the beginning of it. Because Adam sinned, we all are born in sin and as Cotton Mather says, "man's best works are a stench in God's nostrils."

After 4004 years of almost universal damnation, something happened in heaven the details of which the churches have never quite agreed upon: God decided to beget a Son upon a Virgin. If Christ existed from primeval times I cannot see how God could beget Him again, or if that were necessary, it baffles me to understand why Christ was born as an infant and why He lived for over thirty years before He began saving the world; and then only spent three years at it, leaving it so unutterably bewildered that one of His disciples betrayed Him and one of them denied Him. Why is it that Christ Himself was not a Christian and that Saint Paul had to invent Christianity?



This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea

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When I left college I was in a state of collapse as a Christian. I did not know what to believe, but I had a vast baggage of disbeliefs that I could not shake off. Then a tremendous thing came to me: the offer of a job as assistant editor of a great history of the world in twenty-five volumes. I was actually paid a salary to sit at a desk and read, or go to a great library and delve among books! For four years I read history from nine A.M. to five P.M. daily. The history of every nation went through my head. It was a paradise on earth. But a serpent seems to be part of the furniture of every paradise.

So now I had to read the religious history of every country. And I was unutterably dismayed to find that the worst crimes in every nation were committed in the name of religion by religious people. In every country the blackest pages were the religious pages and of all the religions savage or civilized the Christian religion had the most horrible record.

How can a Christian hold his head up and admit that myriads of women were burned alive for witchcraft? John Wesley said that if you give up witchcraft you must give up the Bible. He is right. The choice is easy for me.

I do not believe in Buddhism, yet it is older and purer than Christianity and has made enormously more converts without bloodshed or persecution.

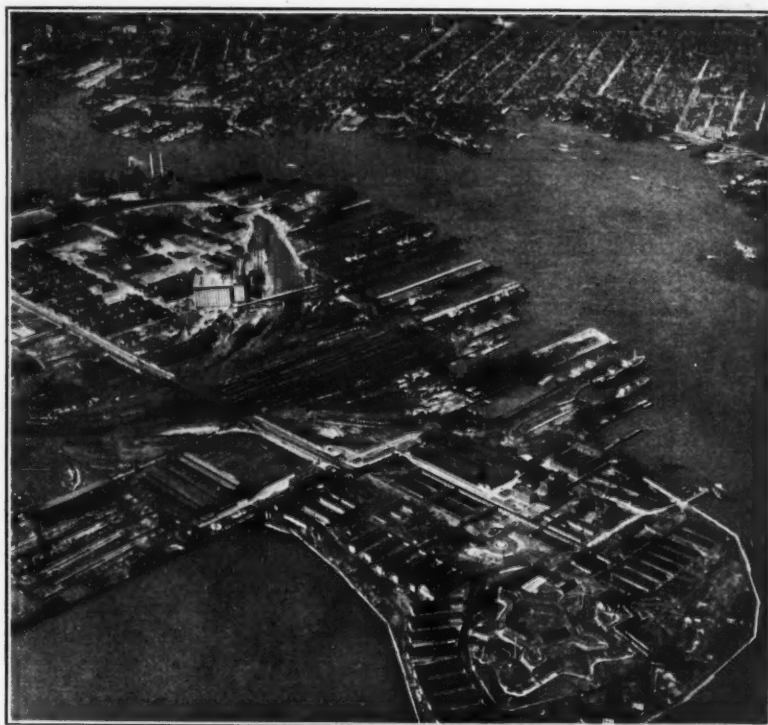
It is the plain indisputable fact that no other religion ever approached or attempted to approach the unbearable beastliness of Christianity. It almost destroys me to think of it. I could break down and sob with pity for the poor dear people that were caught in those traps of theology and tormented slowly into their graves. Yet these things happened at the very zenith of the power of the Christian religion. And if Christianity ever gets into power again, the fires will crackle again; for history repeats itself at every opportunity.

This American continent of ours, discovered and colonized by Christians, was largely depopulated by the lust for murder that seemed inherent in the faith. The pages of Las Casas can hardly be read without agony. How can we say that Christianity benefited this continent—especially when we read the appalling denunciations all the preachers make of the spiritual state of this continent today? If they would admit that we are good today—if preachers had even once admitted that their own times were good, there might be some argument. But they never did. They don't. They never will.

Today William Jennings Bryan goes about like a raging lion urging the passage of laws forbidding the teaching of evolution and demanding that Genesis be accepted as the final authority on the creation of man—Genesis, that amazing fairy story which tells how God created light four days before He made the "two great lights," the sun and the moon. Even Mr. Bryan knows that the moon is not a light.

Then God split the waters and put the sky in between. Surely Mr. Bryan does not believe that there is another ocean above the sky. In Genesis i, 27-29, it states that God created male and female in His own image and gave them "every tree." Later God told Adam not to eat of the tree of knowledge, "for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The snake knew better, it seems, for he told Eve that she would not die if she ate, and she did not. I cannot find when Eve died, but she lived till Cain and Abel were grown up, for she afterwards bore Adam a son Seth who, like Cain, found somewhere a wife.

This incredible matter is what Mr. Bryan and millions of others insist upon as the sufficient mental pabulum of our children. Mr. Bryan is so stubbornly unfair in his statements about evolution that he must be guilty of two sins: he is either ignorant of what he denounces or he is wilfully mendacious. I should like to know just what books he has read on the glorious and impregnable theory of evolution. Laws are being passed or urged all over the United States to force school teachers to



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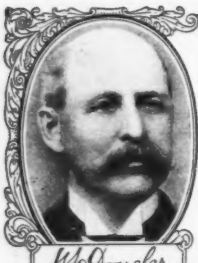



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accept and teach what the intellect of man rejects with contempt as soon as the fear of churchly persecution is removed.

That fear is incessant. The ancient persecutions will come back the moment the religious fanatics recapture power. Preachers talk much of reverence for the law and the latest amendment to the Constitution. Yet every preacher who tries to force Sabbath observance on the country violates the whole spirit of the Constitution. And not one of them obeys Christ's definite instructions not to pray in public (Matthew vi, 6); not one of them sells all his goods and gives to the poor.

I read recently that the church architects this year were to meet and consider the best way to take care of this year's budget of \$200,000,000, which is to be devoted to building and rebuilding churches. Add to this the salaries of the church armies and the billions on billions invested in church property and tell me if it is a paying investment.

It pays no taxes, as we know. Does it pay anything real?

The churches ought either to be forced to pay taxes, or to allow their empty edifices to be used as schools during the week. This would save billions of taxpayers' money and save tens of thousands of children from going to school in tents or not at all.

Nobody honestly believes that church members are less likely to embezzle, flirt or be brutal than non-church members; or that Christians are more honest than Chinamen. Life is as safe in the African jungle as it is in the most Christian cities. This I can state on the testimony of the missionaries themselves. Everybody knows that a man's creed has nothing whatever to do with his character or his conduct. To deny this is to deny everyday experience.

It seems to me that this republic has no more important task than to remember that it was the first nation whose first government put the church out of political power. Hence we have been spared the most horrible experiences of other nations. We can escape permanently only by an unceasing fear of letting religion acquire a foothold in the government, for the moment the churchman comes in at the door with power, that moment freedom flies out of the window.

And churchmen are forever trying to get back into power.

The thing that makes ardent churchmen such dangerous citizens is their belief that they have a god directing them and that those who oppose them are opposing God. This is the secret origin of all the horrors. A man alone is subject to evil impulses enough, but a man and a god are a thousand times as dangerous.

Individual Christians have done and do beautiful, beautiful things. But so it is with savages and dogs and apes.

Surely, surely the world has lived long enough and poured out enough blood and piled up enough corpses to make this one lesson final: that religion in power is the greatest curse of mankind.

And now for my lastly: If in anything I have written I have hurt or shocked any gentle soul or any cruel fanatic, let both realize that I speak with blunt sincerity, with eagerness only for the truth, with doubt only of oppression.

For the present I am happier than any Christian I know. Now I have a wonderful peace of soul in letting the universe run itself and in trying to ride on it and keep out from under the wheels without trying to talk to the Motorman. If I have offended your God, your God is quick to punish when He is ready. He has room for me in His hell and fuel to spare. So let us go our separate ways: you to bliss, and I to blister.

If it shall prove to be true that my failure to believe is itself a crime against God; if my failure to pay Him the kind of worship which I cannot, to save me, make sure He wants, is an offense against Him, as against you, then you can surely leave my punishment to Him.



## Are You Women Fit To Be Mothers?

(Continued from page 51)

affects men and women equally, but even here there is a difference based on the fact that women are more sensitive to shock, strain, excitement, grief, worry and other stresses than are men. Nature seems to have fitted man to go out and fight the battles. It has apparently intended women for more peaceful roles, the greatest of which is reproduction.

It is just here that the second and most important effects of disturbed glands are manifested. We all know that the child forming in the body of its mother is nourished by the blood and lymph streams of that mother. If the mother is in good health and her glands are maintaining a correct balance of their all-important hormones, the baby will develop properly and a normal human being will be born, unless some other grave fault or mishap intervenes.

But, if the nerves are unstrung and the glands are thereby disturbed, the chemical mixture will be unhealthy, the infant in its mother's body will have improper food on which to develop and all sorts of terrible consequences will result.

For this reason, a woman whose gland system is badly upset at the time she is carrying her child will often bring into the world a son or daughter with a half formed or partly absent brain. Such unfortunate are the familiar idiots and imbeciles. On the other hand, if the mother's glands are not so seriously upset in this vital period, she may produce a child which will seem to be normal externally but will have gland disturbance of its own and more or less subtle defects in its brain and other parts of the nervous system. Such children are the dullards, misfits, wasters, rebels, inefficient, misdeameants and criminals who afflict society.

Let us consider Mrs. X.

This woman, whose name appeared sometimes in the social columns of the newspapers and whose husband was a man of distinction and substance, had borne two healthy children before disaster overtook her. She was carrying her third child when her husband suffered a series of financial reverses. At the same moment came various discords in the family, culminating with the death of Mrs. X's mother and the grave illness of one of her two children.

Between worry and grief, this unhappy woman became greatly disturbed emotionally. She was high strung and very sensitive from the beginning, probably having suffered most of her life from a slight overactivity of the thyroid gland. Subjected to the new stresses, her whole gland system got badly out of order, her prospective child was fed with the resulting unhealthy chemical mixture and it came into the world defective. The little boy is mentally deficient and belongs to what we term the spastic type. Treatment has helped him greatly, but he, too, will never be normal.

We see from such an instance how it happens that one slow-witted and defective child may occur in a large family of excellent boys and girls. Here we seize too the explanation of that age-old mystery of the base and violent criminal born of gentle parents, with several respectable brothers and sisters—an enigma that has haunted philosophers and romancers in all times.

One of the most interesting manifestations of this phenomenon appears among immigrant mothers. I have repeatedly found women recently arrived from Europe, with one or more healthy and normal children born on the other side, giving birth in this country to one, two and sometimes even three defectives in rapid succession. Later, in most of these cases, the same mothers again bore normal children, the same father being concerned in all the cases.

Close investigation has revealed that these newly arrived women from Europe were either



After the third lightless night, the business men took matters into their own hands. "If the city won't pay for the lights, we will," they told the city council.

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forced out into the economic struggle and compelled to work for a living while they were trying to produce children or that they were intensely upset emotionally by homesickness and by the strain of living in a new and inhospitable environment.

I have many reasons for saying that gland disturbance of this kind in our immigrant mothers is basically responsible for the familiar gangster and criminal of the first native generation who prowls the foreign quarters of our cities.

So, my readers will see that this kind of misfortune afflicts women of every state and condition—the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the sensitive and the stolid. My original idea was, however, to impress upon the average American girl of today the great peril of attempting two rôles in life, the almost certain results of trying to have a career and be a mother at the same time.

I know that many of my readers will say that modern economic conditions are what they are and that there is no help; that women are today forced out to earn their own livings, that rest and repose are not possible to most of the sex in these times. Possibly there will also be many who will resent the implication that women ought to abandon the excitements and activities without the home in order to take up the onerous duties necessary for good motherhood.

Fortunately, I do not need to take sides in any social or sex controversy. The facts of nature, the limitations of biology, are fixed and inexorable. What I think or what anyone else may think or feel matters not at all. If it is true that fighting the battles of life is likely to unfit a woman for child bearing by causing gland disease, then every woman must decide for herself what part she wishes to play in the world.

I recall very vividly the case of Alice M., a vivacious, handsome, competent looking woman, who brought me her six-year-old son.

At twenty she had gone to work in an office. She might have married but the man had no prospects and the girl was ambitious. She worked very hard and made rapid progress. At the end of two years she had become private secretary to a prominent broker and was earning a very decent salary. At twenty-seven she had managed to put away eight or ten thousand dollars. She now married a successful business man about eight years her senior and in fine health—seemingly an ideal combination. A year later she presented him with a son, the boy she brought to me six years afterward.

This child had been backward from the very beginning. Growth was slow and unhealthy; he was too fat; he did not walk and talk until quite late and his mind was subnormal. A glance showed that here was a case of thyroid deficiency, once more due to an unhealthy gland condition in the mother at the time of the baby's formation. Mrs. M. remembered that she had been very nervous, that her seven years in a brokerage office had been a great strain, that she had come out of the experience very restless and emotional; in short, that working for a competence had sapped her strength and unsettled her gland balance.

Thanks to the great strides that have been made in recent years in the technique of treating the thyroid gland, it was still possible to treat this little boy with excellent effect.

But all the skill and science in the world cannot make such a boy the equal of a child which has had the advantage of good health from the outset. Mrs. M.'s boy must take thyroid extract as long as he lives; he will be a semi-cripple all his days. The chance for genuine happiness and efficiency was taken from him before he was born.

If anyone conceives the comfortable idea that such troubles afflict only women who have been naturally weak from the beginning, more mischief will be done. Women of the most powerful physical build often bring into the world the most abject monsters. The blooming athletic girl is by no means exempt. As a

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matter of fact, strenuous athletics for women may be the cause of gland disturbance. The more quiet and even indolent type of young woman promises better for that one great crucial function which is the lot and the responsibility of her sex.

Mrs. J., for instance, is outwardly one of the strongest and most energetic women one is likely to encounter. She has been married nine years and has worked at various jobs about six of those years. Her first child, born soon after marriage, is normal. While it was still an infant, she left it in a Day Nursery and went out to her job. She continued to work while she was nourishing the second child within her. This little girl she eventually brought to me with a not uncommon story.

Little Ruth was extremely nervous, disobedient and recalcitrant. (Parents should come to recognize the fact that the misbehavior of children is most often due to physiological derangement.) She screamed at the slightest provocation, fought to have her own way in everything, had a bad temper, was subject to constant rages, mixed badly with other children, suffered from night terror and restless sleep and was undernourished.

I told Mrs. J. quite frankly that her daughter was suffering from polyglandular disturbance, and that the trouble had come about through the fact that the mother was depleted in that tremendously important stretch of a few months before childbirth. I warned her that she must quit work if she intended to have more children.

As regards the little girl, she is not what we commonly term a defective, but she is nevertheless abnormal and will never be a first class human being. She, too, was brought to me too late.

If I have spoken principally of the effects of a mother's strain and gland derangement upon her children this is because their effects on progeny are the most important and the most terrible. But the woman herself suffers her own flings and arrows. Not only is she commonly afflicted with neurasthenia and all the tortures it can bring, but she sooner or later develops general bad health and becomes hopeless and dissatisfied—unfit for wifehood and motherhood.

This fact is a sufficient refutation for the arguments of some who feel that perhaps the modern woman ought to start her career before marriage, abandon it for some years during which she could bring children into being and then resume it where she left off. All this sounds practicable, but in life it does not work out. Either a woman gets engrossed in her work or, worse yet, a few years of effort play havoc with her vitality and gland health. My experience with mothers and children has been that even the most fortunate woman needs all the strength, elasticity and normality of her first youth for her babies. The best a mother can give is none too good if our ideal is a better race, if we hope to turn back the rising tide of defectiveness and misery.

We have yet to think of the most tragic aspects of gland disturbance and misborn children. The other day I was called to examine a young man in the death house of one of our great Eastern prisons, waiting to be executed for a particularly gross and unprovoked murder. He was intelligent enough in some ways and yet a defective, with a recalcitrant condition of pluri-glandular disturbance. He had killed because in his condition he could not control his actions when under strong excitement. In other words, he belongs to the class of defective criminal just beginning to be understood by science.

This young man was the third of five sons and daughters born to most respectable, upright and God-fearing parents, all the others being normal and of the best repute. His mother was able to recall that she had been upset and not in the best of health before his birth. As an infant he was moody and strange. At three he stole trifles, could not be taken to stores with his mother, and began to wander away from home. At seven or eight he began

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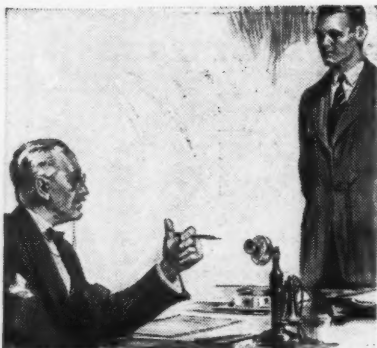
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playing truant from school. At nine years old he ran away from home, stayed away nights, and began consorting with older street boys. By the time he was twelve he could no longer be kept in school. His parents could not control him. All punishments, all pleadings, all discipline were alike without effect, though the boy was gentle, tender to his parents, and often contrite for his misdeeds.

Before adolescence, this boy began his trips to institutions. First he went to a truant school, then to another corrective home, next to houses of refuge, reformatories, jails and finally to prison. Eventually he came out of prison and killed a man, just as might have been expected and had, in fact, been predicted.

The point to be marked is that this boy was a criminal not because of heredity, as the old fashioned theorists believed, for his parents and ancestors were most honest and law abiding. Neither was his criminality the result of environment. He broke the law, killed another human being, inflicted untold misery upon himself and others solely because his mother was disturbed when she bore him.

His is by no means an uncommon case. In New York, not long ago, we sent a girl bandit to prison for from ten to twenty years. Her mother had brought her into the world while

she was also earning the living to support herself and older children. Both the mother and the girl were victims of gland trouble. In Chicago, two well-schooled young men, the sons of very wealthy parents, recently confessed the commission of an atrocious murder. Many people have affected to see some deep mystery in them. To the scientist, however, they are in no sense extraordinary. They too are victims of those powerful and mysterious little organs, the glands.

It is true, of course, that cases of this dreadful kind are relatively rare, but it is also true that they are constantly growing less rare. Not one woman in many thousands will bear a murderer but hundreds will bear intermediate types of offenders and unfortunates, and every woman who tries to defy the natural limitations placed upon her strength runs the risk of the ultimate genetic tragedy.

It seems to me that women will have to make a choice between two sharply defined alternatives. They must say whether they place a greater store by healthy and happy children or by thrills, speed, freedom and self-indulgence, by what we have come to term jazz. I think we must conclude that no contribution which woman can make is half so vital as the bearing of sound children.

## A Son-in-Law With Sand

(Continued from page 77)

swaying in the saddle looking down upon the women.

"There were too many of them," he said at last; his voice was thick and the words came slowly as if his tongue had stiffened.

Their eyes searched his and he averted them. Then, with an effort, he went on.

"There must have been twenty of them, and us two there in the middle of the town against them."

"Where were the boys?" the older woman interrupted.

"They came too late," he answered hoarsely. "The street was full of rustlers. I waited as long as I could. I don't know how I managed to get out."

"And you ran away?" Molly took a step toward him as she spoke. Turning abruptly, "Mother," she said quietly, "you go, get ready. I'll hitch up the mules to the buckboard."

As she was starting toward the corral Hilton called her name. She whirled on him. Her own voice sounded strange to her.

"You coward! Don't dare be here when Rafe comes back." As she sped on she found herself speaking her sweetheart's name over and over. Within the half hour she was driving northward with her mother on the seat beside her.

It was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the corral of Santa Cruz Castenada to the little eating house. While the cowboys were still on the first hundred yards of that dash, before the buildings closed in on either side and the road became a street, a horseman burst out of the gloom, coming toward them on the dead run. He sheered off and vanished in the darkness. It was the last that any of them saw of Hilton.

Ahead of them, where the pools of yellow light lay athwart the town's one thoroughfare, thin flashes of orange licked the darkness. The angry chorus of the forty-fives assailed their ears. They spurred their ponies toward the spot where half a dozen hard-eyed cattle thieves were pouring lead into the window of the little eating house. Now their own weapons blended in the uproar.

Caught by surprise, the followers of Mimbres faced round to meet the charge. There followed a few moments of scuffling hoofs, of swiftly moving forms revealed in the pools of lamplight and blotted out again in the surrounding blackness; a moment when the noise of firing reached its crescendo. Then the turmoil ended with strange abruptness. The

firing ceased; a man was groaning somewhere in the roadway.

Bill Savage emerged from the bullet riddled door of the eating house.

"Things was beginning to get hot," said he. "Where's Rafe?"

"Somebody hold my horse," the foreman growled. "I got a bullet through my shoulder." When he had dismounted he made no move toward his employer but bade one of the others help him bandage the wound.

"Two of 'em dead out here," Owlhead Johnson told Soldier Jones, "an' Bill got Mimbres. I reckon that will hold 'em."

They traveled slowly on their homeward journey and they were still far up the valley when Bill Savage, who was riding on ahead, caught sight of the approaching buckboard. He called his foreman to his side.

"There comes the women folks to meet us, Rafe," said he. The other looked him in the eyes.

"Bill," he asked quietly, "why did yo' do it?" It was the first word that he had spoken to his employer during that long ride. Savage shook his head sadly.

"Ain't yo' got sense enough to know?" was his reply.

Several evenings later Molly put the same question to her father a little differently. She was in the long living-room renewing the dressings on the foreman's shoulder when he came in on them.

"Why," she demanded, "didn't you take Rafe along with you instead of that coward?"

Bill Savage stood there for a moment watching her. There was a tenderness in her touch as she wrapped the bandages which did not escape him. His eyes lost some of their hardness.

"Becuz," he told her, "I thought he was a coward." He saw the bewilderment in their faces and his grim lips relaxed a little. At best a stingy man with words, he went on slowly as if he grudged every syllable.

"Them days we rode the range together I kep' my eye on him. Out in the open flats he was keen to travel in the lead. Wherever the' was chances for ambush, he dropped behind. Always let me get sky-lined before he topped a rise. That put me next to him."

He laid his strong hand on Rafe's head and there was fondness in his smile.

"And I reckoned 'twas about time to show him up to some of the rest of yo'. My son-in-law has got to have sand."

## The Needle's Eye

(Continued from page 87)

boring into his back. It was a different sort of crowd from what he was used to—lank men with prehensile arms and faces black with coal-dust, stoop-shouldered negroes, frowsy, flat-chested women in calico sunbonnets, half-naked white babies, and totally naked pickaninnies, all staring silently. There was something ominous and menacing in such a silence in that sparkling world full of brimming sunlight.

The girl at the counter of the cafeteria filled four thick white mugs from a steaming canister and shoved them across the counter.

"Is it true they're killing women and children over in Pango, Mr. Kurtz?" she asked. "They say McCallum's deputies shot five men on the station platform at Windlass Ferry yesterday."

"Bunk, Miss Sadie! You ought to have too much sense to believe such yarns!" answered Kurtz. "You ain't ever seen any women and children killed around here, have you—'cept from eatin' too much pie, I reckon."

"Well, that's what they say!" commented the girl. "And there was a woman shot up at Bear Creek once. I know all about that!"

Most of the seats in the day-coaches were already filled when John's party boarded the local, and they were fortunate in finding places in the last car. The whole world apparently was on its way to Graham. A lean mountaineer swung himself aboard ahead of them, his flapping coat revealing a six-shooter at his hip.

"Isn't it against the law to carry firearms?" asked Doctor Dominick of Kurtz.

"So it is! But they tell me they've been delivering rifles in piano-cases at every station up the line!"

The train started, with full aisles and platforms jammed with belated arrivals. On the other side of the car a scrawny woman with weary eyes called to a friend several seats away.

"I know it's true! Jim says after they evicted twenty men and their families over at Red Hill, McCallum's deputies fired on their tents and killed a woman and three children."

John leaned over and touched the woman's arm. "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, sir!" she answered eagerly. "My Jim seen the telegram!"

The train had left the Kawanda and was grinding along the valley of the Indian Branch. Every mile or two it would stop beside a collection of dirty gray tents with protruding stovepipes, crowded together on the edge of a creek, where peaked children and gawky men and women, lolling under the half-shade of the flaps, waved lackadaisically at the train.

"They're some of the tent colonists," said Kurtz. "Been here a year and more. Live on fried cabbage and beans mostly. Union strikers. Scared not to join. They ain't got any interest in it, one way or the other. All they know is, they're here!"

"All they know is, they're here!" The phrase flashed on John's moral consciousness as poignantly as an electric sign. Kurtz had spoken truth. These wretched souls, pawns in a mighty game, sat there blindly loyal to their cause, hopelessly watching the heavy coal-trains, that other hands had loaded, hurrying to the sea. They knew no freedom; they decided nothing for themselves. Slaves now to tyranny as they had before been slaves to property. But were his own employees, no matter how superior in condition, in any better case?

Was it enough to say that because the thousands of people who lived on the land of the Mid-West Coal Company had plastered houses, gas, and electricity, pure drinking water, doctors, churches, schools, and libraries, moving-pictures, and playgrounds, could come and go if they desired and could afford to, they had freedom? It was a strange sort of freedom, under which they had hitherto been refused even the right to band themselves together for mutual protection.



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The train stopped at a shabby station without a platform, and some of the passengers got out. The town, if it could be called one, was merely a collection of tottering hovels, chicken-coops, pigsties, and privies, clinging helter-skelter as best they could to the hillside. There was no sign of paint. For most of them the track served for front-yard as well as street. There were no sidewalks. Children, sprawled in and under empty coal-cars; pigs and chickens wandered in and out of open doorways. Here, as on the heights, the earth had been flayed. In place of verdure lay scattered broken rocks, ashes, slate, empty cans, and piles of culm. Across the river for a hundred yards stretched the long, low sides of the coke ovens, and the blackened houses showed where they had been enveloped in clouds of smoke, soot, and gas.

"Must be a hog-wallow when it rains!" Degoutet lit a cigarette to deodorize the scenery. "Worse!" declared Doctor Dominick. "A cesspool for the breeding of disease."

"Stinking Water ain't much of a camp!" agreed Mr. Kurtz, as the train jerked on again. "It's the oldest property on the Branch and can't afford improvements."

"They are better off living in tents than in such houses as these!" said Doctor Dominick. "The strike did that much for them."

Ten miles further on, where the valley widened at Eagle Creek, a somewhat better prospect presented itself, although drab and dreary enough. Beside the track stood a group of dun-colored buildings—a combination store and post-office, a "Y. M. C. A." with a bedraggled grass-grown tennis-court, and the company offices. Up on the mountain-side the tipples sprawled like gray spiders, and below rose the cold chimneys of the silent power-plant. The houses were vacant; the roadway empty. A shaggy horse was tethered in front of the post-office. There was no other sign of life.

"This is what the union has done," said Mr. Kurtz, indicating the silent desolation of the abandoned town. "They were earning seven-fifty a day here, until the strike. Now they're living on rations."

The train rattled over a creek, past a gash in the water-streaked hills, crowded with tents and temporary shacks of all kinds, roughly built with lathe and tar-paper. The place was swarming like a violated ant-hill. A company of the ants had congregated on the track. One of them was waving a red flag.

"These are the folks makin' the trouble!" said Kurtz. "They haven't had a chance to work for nearly two years, and they have to sit here every day and watch our loaded trains going south."

The train paused and the mob piled aboard. They were of all ages. A few were joking, but most of them were grim. Several carried rifles.

A young miner—not over twenty—lurched against John. His skin was black with coal; his forehead speckled with powdermarks; he was dressed in greasy overalls, which exhaled snuff and sweat, but his eyes were as soft as a deer's, and his expression singularly sweet and guileless. His left hand held the barrel of a rifle; his right clutched John's shoulder.

"Scuse me, stranger," he apologized, with a disarming smile.

"Sure!" answered John. "Hang on tight!" "Nature's first law!" Dominick contemplated the irony of necessity by which serf was compelled to cling to master, no less than master to serf.

With groans from the rear cars, the engine heaved ahead. John searched the determined faces about him, which gave for the intervention of a few miles of valley might have been those of his own men. Dull; perhaps, in some cases brutal—but not evil. For the first time

he saw the situation unportrayed by rumor. Had Kurtz and Warren been right, after all?

This boy beside him, wild creature of the mountains, child of the frontier, offspring of an atavistic and atrophied race, accustomed to the appeal to arms, shiftless, vengeful, lawless, but with a certain degenerate chivalry that put family honor above life, even if it permitted the slaying of an enemy from ambush—how could this product of ignorance and interbreeding be expected to appreciate or to accept the economic necessity whereby his widowed mother and her baby, his brothers, his sisters, and himself should be evicted from their dwelling, deprived of the means of livelihood, and compelled to live on alms in a tent by the roadside? If he needed food he would take it; if he needed work he would fight for it; whether morally justified or not. It was the law of life—life in the wilderness. For although they had left New York at only half after three the afternoon before, they could not have found any place more remote from civilized sanctions.

The hills were retreating almost imperceptibly. Ahead a thin tapestry of smoke veiled the sky.

The whistle shrieked and the train began to slow down. Across the valley John could see a high fence or palisade that, starting near the summit of the ridge upon the right, descended the slope, traversed the plain, and climbed the hill to the left—entirely cutting off his view of the town.

"Here we are," said Mr. Kurtz. "This is Graham."

The train flickered through the stockade, and pulled up at a long platform, where stood Warren, the ex-manager, among a jostling throng. He drew John to one side.

"I'm sorry you have come, Mr. Graham," he said gravely. "We're going to have serious trouble here, I'm afraid—not so much from our own men as from those from down-river—the ones that came up on the train with you, and who regard us as responsible for their being out of work. If you take my advice you will authorize me to recognize the union—temporarily, anyhow—and go straight through with your party to Huntington, where you can get the Washington sleeper."

The crowd was edging closer, trying to hear.

"I didn't come out here to turn right around and go back, Mr. Warren!" said John, reddening. "I came to try and do the right thing by my men—all of them. The men are here—not in Washington or New York."

Mr. Warren glanced over his shoulder at the milling throng back of him.

"If the march comes through here, Mr. Graham," he remarked, "I wouldn't give two cents for the life of any man who didn't go along with them, or for the property either. We've had this sort of thing before—hell let loose. Nothing can be gained by staying here, sir."

"I've come to confer with my employees," repeated John. "And I'm going to do it."

Warren made a gesture of despair at what he clearly regarded as mere obstinacy.

"Very well, sir," he replied. "I shan't hold myself responsible for consequences. In fact, I am no longer an officer of the company."

As the engine-bell began ringing Warren made a last attempt.

"Once more, sir! Please—for the sake of the property—don't stay!"

"What do you mean?" demanded John.

"Your presence might excite the men to violence which otherwise they would not commit. The name of Graham is associated in these regions with—with what might be called 'reactionary' policies—"

John shook him off.

"Then let's beat it, as quick as we can!"

Warren walked rapidly to the end of the platform farthest from the stockade. The town resembled a suburban "development" outside an Eastern city. A row of flivvers lined a curbed asphalt roadway in front of trim cottages. A trolley marked "Thornton-Graham" came clanging by, miners clinging



to the platforms and running-boards, and leaning from the windows. One, a negro, rode in state upon the roof. In the middle of the valley the great chimney of the power-house poured a coil of black, oily smoke toward the zenith, while from high up on the hillside came the roar of the loaded cars as they shot out of the mine mouths into the tipples, were "thrown," belched the coal down the carriers to the screens, and then ran back by gravity into the drift to be reloaded.

"The mines up at Thornton—the Number Two Plant—have closed down. The men are afraid to go to work."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of being killed."

The blazing heat had turned the asphalt of the street to sticky gum, but the words uttered in so matter-of-fact a tone made John shiver.

A half-dozen men—obviously not miners—had closed in to protect them from the pressure of the crowd following hard upon their heels.

"We must get out of this!" muttered Warren.

A garbled old-timer—"Papa" Joy—standing on the curb waved at them. The color of his face, into which the coal had been deep-driven by a half-century under ground, contrasted oddly with his white hair.

"Hello, 'T. W.!' he shouted gaily. "If you're goin' to treat with the union, give me a week's notice!"

He was evidently a privileged character, and the crowd only jeered him.

Then John caught sight of Rhoda. She was in a black-and-white checked dress, standing on the curb opposite and at first he was of the impression that she had not seen him. It worried him—her being there—among all these violent men! "Hello, Rhoda!" he cried, lifting his hat and starting toward her. She met his glance without a sign of recognition, then turned unconcernedly and spoke to the man beside her.

It was unbelievable! She must have seen him. He turned as he passed, and caught her eyes again, but her face remained immobile. She had cut him! The blood flooded his cheeks and temples. Well, if she were such a stupid little fool—what was the use? One couldn't have dealings with a crazy woman! This was a fine way to treat him after all he had done for her! Yes—for her!

They were approaching a group of brick buildings surrounded by a fence, topped with barbed-wire. The largest, on the highway, contained the administration offices; on either side stood the company store and club-house; while, in the rear, facing on an interior quadrangle, rose the new hospital, a modern fire-proof building of concrete and steel. A heavy gate, mounted with spikes, was opened just wide enough to admit them into the enclosure.

Mr. Warren wiped the sweatband of his straw hat.

"Glad that's over!" he grunted, as they mounted the steps and joined a group in the main hall of the building.

"These are the executives. This is Mr. Graham, gentlemen."

John unexpectedly felt very tired. It seemed a week since he had left New York, days since his arrival that morning at Bitumen, yet the clock pointed to only a quarter to eight. A quarter to eight! Less than two hours since he had got off the sleeper! On the wall opposite the chair into which he had thrown himself hung a large framed portrait of his father. Right or wrong, he was committed.

"Well, Mr. Graham, we're under your orders."

Warren somehow suggested a first mate saluting the captain.

"Has there been any actual violence?" asked John, pulling himself sharply together, and glancing along the row of faces.

"A couple of my men were badly handled when they tried to go to work this morning," answered the superintendent of "No. 5." "Holloran had sent some of that Stinking Water bunch to the head house, and when the first car started, this gang began calling 'em 'red-necks' and 'scabs' and threw the trolley.



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**TRE-JUR**

One fellow had his nose broken, and another a couple of ribs. We didn't try to open up."

"They've short-circuited the substation up at my place," said another. "We haven't any juice."

"But there is no strike!" said John.

Warren uttered an ironic laugh.

"Holloran says there is."

"Where is this man Holloran?"

"He says he wants you to meet him and the committee in front of the post-office at nine o'clock."

The cords of John's jaw stiffened.

"Holloran isn't in our employ?"

"No."

"Tell the committee that as president of the company I am willing to confer with them regarding any grievances they may think they have; but that I won't talk to any one else; and that so long as they are on the company's payroll they must come to its offices if they wish to confer with me."

Warren's face showed approval.

"When will you see the committee?"

"Now!"

"And if they refuse to come?"

"Tell them that I shall always be here whenever they wish to see me, individually or collectively, and that meantime—the Mid-West Coal Company is going to mine coal!"

Standing at the window of the president's office upstairs John could look over the roofs up the valley and count the eight black mouths on the hillsides above the stilted tipples, each with its gigantic pile of culm.

Degoutet, who was on the look-out, unexpectedly announced the return of Warren with three others. "By George! You've won the first round, Johnny! Go to it!"

The number of their escort left no doubt but that it was the committee, and at sight of them those in the park came running across the street toward the company offices.

"Those people give me the creeps!" muttered the sculptor. "I can stand their black faces and their humped shoulders. What I can't abide is their infernal way of hanging around as if they didn't know what in hell they wanted to do. I s'pose they've lived so long under ground that when they come out into this confounded glare and heat it kind of dazes them."

John threw away his cigaret. "People who have always lived in darkness ought not to be blamed for not seeing straight at first perhaps," he remarked.

Such thoughts are not for captains of industry, else they would not be captains.

"Here is the committee," said Mr. Warren, in a voice of palpably false heartiness, as John, Dominick, and Degoutet reached the foot of the stairs. "This is Mr. Graham, boys! Let me present Mr. Ed Safford, Mr. Billy Carter, and Mr. Gooch."

John held out his hand. Safford hesitated a moment before taking it. He was a giant of a man with eyes almost as blue as John's, and his great height made his stoop almost pathetic. The other two were nondescripts.

"Well, Mr. Graham," said "Big Ed," "I guess you know 'bout why we're here. This property is regularly organized now as a local of the United Mine Workers of America. I'm the president. Mr. Carter and Mr. Gooch are the two other members of the executive committee."

"I recognize you as such, Mr. Safford. What have you to say to me?" said John.

Safford shifted his weight without replying.

"I thought you wanted a conference—to discuss alleged grievances," continued John.

"I've come out here simply for that purpose."

"It's too late, Mr. Graham. There's nothing to discuss."

"I don't understand," answered John.

"Beg pardon, sir," replied the miner in a not unkindly tone. "What we mean is, the union is in here—to stay. If there are any grievances they must be taken up with the union in the regular way later on, after you've signed."

"Signed?"

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## WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

*The wonderful new  
Crude-oil shampoo*

Safford fumbled in his pocket and took from it an oblong paper, somewhat grimy.

"Signed the contract."

"What contract?"

"The regular U. M. W. contract."

He offered the paper to John, who read it over carefully.

"Apart from anything else in the contract," said John, "there is one provision which absolutely precludes my signing it. That is the clause by which I should bind myself not to employ any men who were not members of the union. That I would never agree to. The rest is not so objectionable."

"That final?" inquired one of the other men.

"Yes, final!" returned John.

"That settles it, I reckon!" growled Carter.

Big Ed shook his head at his companion.

"Wait a minute, Bill," he said. "Mr. Graham's a gentleman. I've worked here fifteen years and I've always been treated fair enough. There ain't nothing personal in this."

He turned to John.

"Mr. Graham, I don't need to tell you anything about the situation out here. You know all the fields have got to be organized sooner or later. Except for the properties on either side of it, the Mid-West is in a solid union county. The Stinking Water colonists lay all their troubles to you. If you don't recognize us and sign the contract, I can't be responsible for what may happen. I'd hate to see any damage done, but I've no control over them. If you sign, I think I can handle them. It's the only thing to do, Mr. Graham."

"No—unless you first eliminate that clause."

Carter took a step forward.

"Looks like you don't quite understand your position, Mr. Graham," he said. "You ain't got no choice in this matter. The shoe's on the other foot from what it was. I kin remember Mr. Warren and Mr. Kurtz tellin' me several times heretofore to take it or leave it. That's what you got to do now. Take it or leave it."

"The interview is closed," snapped John. "Good morning."

"Don't mind Bill!" urged Big Ed. "He don't mean nothing. That's just his way of speaking. But, Mr. Graham, think this over!"

"I have nothing whatever to think over!" answered John. "My position is simple enough. I will recognize the union. I will even sign a contract with it. But I won't discharge men who have been loyal to me or who do not wish to join the union. That is my last word."

This time Big Ed held out his hand.

"You're a good sport, anyhow!" he said.

"But—God have mercy on your soul!"

As they swung out John asked:

"How many men have we here, besides the superintendents, who can be relied on?"

"We have the store manager, bookkeeper, and two clerks—that's four," Warren counted.

"The 'V' director, the telephone clerk—two more; the saw-mill foreman, outside foreman, and the four mine foremen—their assistants will probably go over to the union—old Bones down at the power-house—thirteen—ten company policemen—twenty-nine in all, counting your party here at the Number One Plant."

"Have you any arms?"

The ex-manager took out his keys, unlocked a closet door, and pressed a switch. A score of rifle barrels threw back the light; as many automatics hung upon the other wall. There were also two machine-guns.

"How are you fixed at the Number Two Plant at Thornton?" asked John.

"About the same."

"And how many men do you think side with the committee?"

"About fifteen hundred, but the rest will go right over at the first sign of trouble. And that does not include the two or three hundred from down river. We're facing two thousand desperate men, Mr. Graham—about fifty to one."

"Go to it!" cried Degoutet. "I'd like a good scrap." He unhooked one of the automatics and strapped it around his waist.



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its pillow until your skin has been  
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"Put that back, please, Raoul," said John. "It's a bad example."

Degoutet grumblingly pretended to do as requested.

"If trouble comes," said Warren, "we're safe long as we stay here. These buildings were laid out as a kind of fort. They're iron-sheathed inside to the top of the windows. A dozen men could hold 'em indefinitely unless they were blown up with dynamite." He waved toward the park. "They're spreading the glad tidings over there already."

John looked out. People were flocking in all directions toward the grand-stand.

"Take a look at 'em," Warren handed John a pair of binoculars. The committee had already climbed upon the platform. With them were two other persons—a tall man in a slouch hat and a girl in a dress of black-and-white check—Rhoda. Rhoda, shaking hands publicly with Big Ed and his two associates, giving aid and comfort to the enemy! At any rate she was safer with them than with him.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "if the men want to quit they can. I only ask you to prevent damage to the property and protect those who want to work."

"My chief concern is the power-plant," said Warren. "If they damaged that it would be serious, for it furnishes the power for the whole valley. I'm going to see how the land lies. I'll be back in a few minutes."

He was, in fact, gone nearly two hours. From the window John watched the mine cars shuttling back and forth from the drifts to the tipples, and as each black load hurled itself thundering down the hillside he felt his heart crushed by its weight, suffocated by the dust that rose from the screens. Why should he jeopardize the lives of his men to keep the mines running, that himself and the other stockholders might profit? What were "things" to life!

Footsteps echoed on the iron staircase. Warren had returned, and wished them to come downstairs immediately. They found him at the switchboard, his ear glued to the receiver, surrounded by the other executives of the Number One Plant. John could hear against the whirr of the electric fans the faint rasp that was the voice of the superintendent of the Number Two Plant speaking from the office at Thornton five miles away.

"Blake says that, as soon as the committee reported back, about fifty of the Stinking Water outfit commandeered a trolley, rode up to Thornton, ordered the men in charge of the power-house to open it up, and when they refused beat them up. Then they broke it open and took out two hundred kegs of powder and a lot of dynamite. They are loading it onto trucks now. He's saying something more. What—? They're planning to wreck the Number Two tipples and then come down here and blow up the power-house!"

He plugged in and called Bitumen. "Have you got the governor for me yet?—Yes, I'll wait. Hello, hello! Is this Governor Manley's office? That you, Tony? This is Warren up at Graham. Yes, we're sure in for trouble. They're getting ready to dynamite us. Can't send any police? Why not?—All gone to Pango? Washington still refuses troops for the present?—Where's the governor?—Hello! Hello!—Tony. Say, can't you do something for us? Hands full with the 'march'? But, man, they're coming through here. They'll be marching through sure by tomorrow morning if not sooner!—You can't leave us like this! Hello!—hello! Hello!—hello!" He laid down the receiver. "The wire's gone dead on me!—they've cut it—!"

He signalled Thornton. Blake answered promptly. As yet the valley was safe.

"That means they've cut the wires down river! Well, gentlemen?" He looked around with a twisted mouth. "I guess we're up against it! I see what they're after. They plan to terrorize the upper end of the valley and blow up the Number Two Plant if necessary in the hope of forcing out the Number One men down here in Graham, which is more



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anti-union. Our trouble will come when the men come out of the tunnels at twelve o'clock. They'll probably start with Regan's gang at Number One. There's nothing we can do but let 'em fight it out by themselves."

John's legs were trembling. His mind no longer dallied with any philosophic conceptions of liberty. He was concerned with life, and life alone.

"I am going over to Number One," he announced. "If trouble starts there ought to be somebody—some responsible official—on hand to talk to the men. I'm the president of the company. It's up to me—"

"But, my dear sir—" protested Warren. "You can't reason with these people! It's plain suicide."

"I am going," said John.

"Then you will let me send a couple of men with you?"

"I don't want any guard. It would only tend to make trouble. I'll go by myself."

"It won't do any good. You're needlessly jeopardizing your life."

"If you go I'm going with you," said Raoul.

"And so shall I!" added Doctor Dominick.

"But I don't want either of you!" protested John. "This is my business."

"*Sacré nom!*" laughed Degoutet. "What do you think we came out here for, anyhow? Do you think you can hog all the fun? Come along, Doc!"

He threw an arm around Dominick and started toward the door.

"I won't have you come!" cried John.

"Rats!" answered the sculptor. "Have a cigaret? I've never seen a tippie—have you, Doc?"

John gave it up.

The street and playground were a solid mass of people. John, accompanied by Doctor Dominick and Degoutet, worked their way through the crowd until they stood on its outer edge. They could hear plainly what the orator in the band-stand was saying.

"If there are any scabs left here in Graham by three o'clock this afternoon you men ought to be chased out of the State. They may have a right to work, but by God, they haven't any right to your jobs. Any of you who don't march with us ought to be sent over to Dan McCallum by express—boxed—Order your lilies now!"

"Pleasant fellow, that!" quoth Degoutet, as they moved on. "Looks to me as if he had 'em all set and ready to go!"

But whatever the fluctuating sentiments of the audience may have been at that moment, up on the hillsides the loaded cars still shot back and forth to the tipples, weaving the black threads in the woof of industry. From the town no human figure was visible, yet a telescopic eye might have discerned crouching forms creeping among the underbrush of the ridge above. As the three New Yorkers followed the path across the rubble beyond Graham toward Number One, the stalkers on the hillside slipping from tree-trunk to tree-trunk and hidden from the valley by the conveyor, descended stealthily toward the river. Behind the conveyor house they lay down in the scrub—among them the boy with the squirrel rifle and the fine eyes. John and his two companions reached the bank above the siding opposite the screens just as the twelve o'clock whistle blew.

"It's quiet enough here!" said Degoutet, lighting a cigaret.

Intent on watching the mouth of the tunnel above they did not notice an automobile that had followed them from the town. In it were five persons. One, between the two men on the back seat, was a woman in a black-and-white checked dress. Silent as the hunters on the hillside, it stole across the plain and stopped fifty yards from the tracks.

An empty car came rolling out of the main drift, carrying four miners with their dinner-pails. It paused at the head house and they dropped off and began stumbling down the black hillside. One was old "Papa" Joy, stiff and twisted with the dampness of the mine.



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Cosmopolitan for October, 1924

He stopped half way down the culm pile and lit his pipe. Behind him came a tall young mulatto, the sweat on his bare brown chest gleaming between the streaks of coal-dust. He took the bank in long strides, sliding and slipping, ankle deep, and laughing loudly at his successive escapes from falling headlong. "Hy-ah! Hy-ah! Look out! I've acomin'—I is!"

The other two followed more cautiously. As Joy neared the bottom a stranger emerged from behind the half-loaded car at the foot of the conveyor.

"Didn't you know there was a strike order issued against this mine?" he asked roughly.

"Papa" Joy paid no attention to him, but jumped down to the tracks and started across. The young negro had seen nothing.

"Hy-ah! Hy-ah!—Here I is!" he carolled, swinging his shining pail over his head, and landing heavily on both feet amid the cinders.

"Hold on there!—Wait!" shouted the stranger.

The old man ducked his head and began running. The negro stopped and turned bewilderedly.

"Get the God-damn scabs!" shouted a man's voice just back of John. A burst of flame leaped from the woods behind the conveyor and a volley of rifle shots crashed across the tracks. "Papa" Joy did not stop, but plunged forward headlong on the ties. The young negro staggered, recovered himself, and started to run, his eyes protruding, his face distorted with terror. Another crash. The black man spun slowly round and crumpled to the ground.

Through a blur of shaking sunlight John saw Degoutet plunging down the bank, a revolver in his hand, while Doctor Dominick tried to hold him back. The stranger had ducked out of sight behind the car.

"Swine!" he heard Degoutet shouting. "Murderers!" John followed. As he reached the tracks he heard a muffled snap like that of a firecracker and Dominick sank upon his knees, his hands pressed to his side. For a second or two he remained upright—then his arms swung loose, his head dropped, and he fell sideways across the tracks.

The earth was dancing a fox-trot, while Degoutet seemed to be running around in circles on the tracks, blindly discharging his revolver.

"Swine! Murderers!" he screamed, in the accents of a maniac. "You've killed the most valuable man in the world! You've killed the most valuable man in the world!"

John felt a smart rap on the head. It made him angry. He put up his hand and stared stupidly at his fingers. They were dabbled with scarlet. The sun turned to a green spot. The tippie shot skyward, and the steel rails in front suddenly arose like parallel bars and smote him. He burst into tears. Nothing in the trenches had affected him that way.

When he next opened his eyes he was lying on the bank with his head in Rhoda's lap. She was doing something to his face with a red handkerchief. He tried to smile, but could not. There was a motor-ambulance there surrounded by people. They were lifting something into it. A pair of arms swayed aimlessly.

"Why," he said to himself, "that's the boy who said 'excuse me.'"

John was overcome with pity.

"Poor boy!"

Had he said that—or had Rhoda?

Her face was close to his—her eyes just above his.

"Rhoda!" he whispered, as the fog drifted in. Where had she gone?

## CHAPTER XXXV

THE reflected glare of the searchlight from the hospital roof—as it crept along the streets and fences, now and again lifting its head to throw a blue shaft across the valley toward the power-house—flickered upon the white walls of two top-floor rooms. In the first, upon a narrow iron cot like the one he had



always slept in at the Institute, lay the frail body of Erasmus Dominick, covered by a cotton sheet. At its feet knelt the bearded offspring of a Basque horse-dealer and a Moscow dancing-girl, his head in his hands. Now and again he uttered a sob, and once a listening angel might have heard a murmur of "Appalling! Appalling!" And while Art thus kept its vigil at the bier of Science, John lay in the next room.

The bullet which had grazed his scalp had done him no real injury. He had no clear recollection what had happened at the tippie. He could not even be positive that he had seen Rhoda there until he had heard Warren's report. Then, indeed, it appeared that Rhoda had been there. Old Bones, from the powerhouse, had seen the motor come out from town and had identified both her and Jim Halloran in the back seat. He had also seen it steal away after the shooting—this time without her. Other eye-witnesses had testified to her caring for John after he had been shot, and to her having waited on the scene until informed by the ambulance doctor that his injury was of no moment. After that she had disappeared, and nothing was known of her movements.

A man who had come up-stream from Stinking Water had told the doctor that he had passed a woman in a light-colored dress driving toward Bitumen. It might have been she—or it might not. In any event, her movements were incomprehensible, and no longer of any particular interest to John. Stunned by Doctor Dominick's death, he held her responsible for it. Certainly she had done all she could to bring about the present disastrous situation, and her presence at the tippie with Halloran at the moment of the shooting had a sinister significance.

He had lain there over twelve hours, receiving occasional visits from the doctor, besieged with the rest of them in the fortified quadrangle. Every half hour Warren would come tiptoeing in, and give him a brief bulletin of events. Summarized these were: that the murders at the tippie had had precisely the effect intended—they had congealed the hearts of all waverers with terror. No other argument apparently could have been half so convincing upon the desirability of collective bargaining. The town had suddenly swarmed with armed men from no one knew where.

There had been no further homicides, but the town was in a ferment, moonshine was flowing freely, and there was some disorder. Graham had been organized with a vengeance. Everybody was signing up at local headquarters, which had been extemporized in a tent.

It was now after midnight, and neither Warren nor the doctor had been to see John for a long time. Probably they thought that he ought to be allowed to sleep. Sleep! With all that noise going on down in the street? He was seized with a strange nervousness. Where was Rhoda? Could she still be in Graham, exposed to violence and insult?

A rifle cracked somewhere in the distant darkness. More killings! He could not stand it lying there any longer! He rolled over and found the floor with his feet. It felt cool—nice. He sat up and waited for the room to stop see-sawing around. Then, grasping the iron foot of the cot, he dragged himself to the window and looked out.

Flash! Boom!

The whole sky was illuminated. A deep roar gathered itself from the hills and rolled down the valley. They were blowing up the tipples at the Number Two Plant.

A shout of savage joy—or so it seemed to him—rose from the streets. Murderers! He swayed, leaning his forehead against the upper pane.

"Flash! Boom!"

This time the window rattled. The shouting had redoubled. From over by the substation came a revolver shot, followed instantly by a wild fusillade. Tiny yellow spurts everywhere. It was like the trenches when some hysterical fool would fire off his rifle, and then there

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would be bedlam. With the searchlight and all it resembled No Man's Land. No Man's Land? Hadn't he called it that once! Surely that was what it was!

He was shivering, his forehead dripping wet. Then the whole world went white, and he fell amid shattered glass, as the hospital quivered, the hills were rent asunder, and the powerhouse leaped into the air in pieces.

THE flood-gates of the sky opened to let through a yellow sea that engulfed the world. Day ran its branding iron along the crests above the valley and set the forest fires creeping among the leaves. The trees caught; the ridges leaped into blaze; and the tall shadows of the tipples unlinked their giant legs across the sand. In the chestnut grove behind the Number One conveyor small birds began to cheep. Life stirred on the hill.

A Ford car purred over the divide to meet the sun, hesitated on the summit, and slid down toward Graham. A banner floated behind it—a banner with a strange device—"Pango Bound." The six men who rode in it wore new blue overalls with red handkerchiefs tied round their necks—"The Sign of Cabin Creek! Remember Cabin Creek!" Behind them up the hill in a straggling, dusty column plodded five thousand men.

From the hospital windows the garrison of Property saw the chariot of Freedom roll into the main street of the town and stop before the band-stand. A huge flag—"On to Pango"—jerked up the pole in the center of the playground, and at the foot two men in blue and red, armed with rifles, took their places.

"On to Pango!" The call was flashing through the hills—an invisible psychic force—leaping from nerve-cell to nerve-cell—rousing in the most lethargic the impulse to go—go—on—on to somewhere—on—on—down the river—on to Pango!

Eight o'clock. The streets are jammed now like a circus parade. There is no band, but the air throbs as if beaten with mighty wings, invisible, rhythmic.

A fat man in a gray Stetson, and riding a fat white horse, comes gallumphing down the main street to the playground. He waves at the throngs that gape at him, imperially—like Buffalo Bill. He is instantly surrounded. He and the horse are both in a lather. He is important—and excites admiration. Nobody knows who he is, but all wish to obey him. He shouts to them to get ready, that the boys are 'way past Thornton, and will be along any moment. Come on! On to Pango!

*The shadow of disgrace hovers over John when he and Rhoda meet again, and for the first time they fight together against a common enemy in the last instalment of "The Needle's Eye."*

## The Pinwheel Age

(Continued from page 37)

He said suddenly: "I wonder whether animals don't go temporarily insane when they're running for their lives?"

She looked up at him, startled.

"I should think so—"

"Do you ever feel that you're being hunted?—running like mad, with the whole pack at your heels?"

"Yes . . . Oh, yes!"

"Tonight, for instance?"

"Tonight—yes!" Her hand contracted in his, spasmodically. "You're a man," she said, "why don't you smash your way out of it?"

"I'm going to."

"When?"

"Tomorrow," he said.

"Oh! You mean Maine."

Her voice had a note of disappointment, of deprecation. He defended his course. "It's the best I know. A log camp—on Little Deerlick Lake—five hundred miles north of here. I'll drive up. I've just bought a new car, a

He will lead the way—start the procession.

To the east—up the valley—John and Degoutet standing at the hospital windows can see the dust-cloud raised by the marchers. It moves rapidly toward Graham, where the exodus is now well under way. The town is moving out in a body. There is no disorder, except a small scrap in front of the fire-house, when men in blue and red try to make the company doctor fall in with them. He will need a doctor himself if he does not go! They swear he will need an undertaker. He goes. So does the station-master, the telegraph-operator, the Y. M. C. A. superintendent.

There is a drunken tooting from the engine, as it drags in a string of day-coaches loaded with miners from Thornton and stops pulling at the station. The strikers have seized the train and shanghaied the crew at the point of their revolvers. The cars bear huge signs—"On to Pango." "Liberty and the Union. One and Inseparable."

They are coming over the rise now—a scuffling, ragamuffin crew—singly, in squads, in companies of blue and red, kicking up the dust into a pillar of cloud that hangs like a silver snake over the column and marks its progress down the valley.

"There'll be a hot time—in Pango—tonight!"

The column parts to let the ambulance go rumbling through—the improvised ambulance, marked "AMBULANCE" in huge black letters, that all the world may know just what it is—an ambulance—an ambulance for Sheriff Dan McCallum over in Pango!

Behind it follow two motors carrying women in nurses' uniform, with the letters U. M. W. upon their caps. The marchers treat them with respect.

What is that grinding along on first? A soup kitchen? And two camions with tents? Where did they come from? Ask Jim Halloran—who is not going to Pango—

Who bought those wagon-loads of groceries? The barrels of flour, the tubs of butter, the bacon, the canned goods—the jugs of "moonshine"? Ask Jim Halloran! Shrewd Jim Halloran!

Who has promised the increased wages; the pay for dead work, and double for overtime? Who has scattered the handbills throughout five counties telling about McCallum's slaughtering of the innocents? Ask Jim Halloran! Old Fox Halloran! To hell with the deputies! Kill McCallum! Hurrah for Liberty! Hurrah for Halloran! Hurrah for the Union! Hurrah for everybody! Pango! Pango! On to Pango!

*To be continued.*

beauty. I could get in it and lose this crowd in two minutes on a clear road."

She was amused and fascinated by the revelation of that queer boyish streak in him.

"Why don't you start now?"

"Oh, I—by Jove! Why don't I? I could leave now and be on the road by two o'clock. I'd be in Boston by noon, and—"

"Take me with you," said Elsa Holt.

"What?"

"Take me with you."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes. Absolutely."

He thought, confused: "Anne's scheme is working out, it's working out!" And he laughed. She looked up at him quickly with a kind of anger.

"You think I won't go through with it?"

"I wasn't laughing at that."

"I've always known," she said clearly above the blare of horns, "that some day I'd do this. Fly off the stick completely, throw myself

over the edge of the world . . . Perhaps I'm insane."

"You are," he said. "So am I. That's what makes it right. We've been sane too long, it's unhealthy . . . Now that we've gone mad we can do what we please. We can run and hide, like foxes, or—"

"That's what I want!" she cried throwing back her head. "I want the feeling of being a decent animal again!"

Something caught them together; a sudden harmony of rhythm happened between them. They had been dancing mechanically; now they came alive. It was marvelous and exciting. Neal tightened his grip of her and she responded. There seemed to be in him an infinite capacity for tightening his grip, in her for surrendering herself to him.

When the music stopped, and they parted, he was dazed. He looked at her, dazed.

"Now?"

"Yes. Now."

They walked back to the table. He heard Elsa's voice, cool, fearless, saying: "I've a headache, Anne dear. I'm leaving, if you don't mind. Neal's taking me home."

There was a ghastly moment when Anne smiled at him. He thought of a German bayonet he had once seen striking out of a fog of smoke and dust directly at his heart. He had knocked up the bayonet and gone on . . .

Then he was walking down a flight of red-carpeted stairs beside Elsa, wrapped in a gold and green evening coat. They stepped out into the hot glare of Broadway.

Alone with her in the cab he became oddly excited; yet his excitement had at the center of it a nucleus of serenity, a calm that was infinitely refreshing, healing to his body as well as to his mind. His body propped upright beside hers seemed subtly grateful for the contact. It was strange, and beyond ordinary sensual experience, that his shoulder touching her shoulder should create a rhythm, a vibration between them.

"We'll be married tomorrow," he said. "Somewhere along the road . . ."

"Why?"

He didn't quite know why. He knew only that this rhythm, this excitement with its center of calm, was for the present at least such a precious find as to be utterly indispensable to him. His instinct was to safeguard it, to build up around it the ancient ceremonial tabus.

"Because I want the full risk," he said, not knowing how else to phrase it.

She hesitated a moment. Then she said: "Very well. I'll marry you."

Her voice was curiously muted, a trifle mysterious. He wondered what was going on in her mind; but he felt that she had a right to her mystery, to her present isolation. He fell back on commonplaces; told her what clothes to take; described briefly the place she was going to. It might be cold, he said; but she'd be comfortable. She'd like it. There was a mountain that went up from the lake, and smell of pine-needles . . .

At two o'clock that morning they were on the Boston Post Road going at a fine, high speed in Neal's roadster toward what had become for both of them an adventure rather than a place. Smoothly, with a sense of great power, with a sense of play, they passed through sleeping villages and through the still country; two complicated, highly-developed animals running from the pack.

They were married in Boston, and spent the night there at a hotel in separate adjoining rooms. The next morning he went early into her room and woke her from a sound sleep.

She sat up in bed, clutching her nightgown over her breast, her black hair like an amazing cloak, a shawl over her head.

"Neal! Good Lord! My husband . . ."

"Time to be starting," he said.

"I'll be ready in five minutes."

He was conscious of a ridiculous embarrassment. He turned and hurried from the room. In the door he paused, and without looking



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at her said: "You're beautiful . . . Of course I knew . . . But somehow I hadn't bargained for that."

"Yes, I'm a good bargain, so far as that goes," he heard her say coolly behind him.

All day, driving north into Maine, he thought of what she had said. He knew that he had begun to love her and he wondered what would come of it. Had she any passion in her? If so, was he capable of arousing it?

They reached the village at the head of Little Deerlick Lake about nine o'clock that night. They had driven three hundred miles, and it was a two-mile paddle to Neal's camp.

Neal had telegraphed ahead to his caretaker. When they reached the camp they found a fire laid in the stone chimney-place. Neal lighted it. The white birch-logs caught and crackled, sending up a quick blaze. He rose from his knees, to see Elsa throwing off her traveling coat. She threw it off; she stripped off her long gloves in a kind of fury; she pulled off her hat and flung it across the wide room. Almost with the same gesture she loosened her hair; it came down with a soft rush across her shoulders. She laughed and sprang toward Neal. Before he could speak she had flung her arms around his neck and was kissing him, her red mouth pressed hard on his.

"I'm your wife, Neal. Do you understand? Your wife!"

Then suddenly, except for the sound of the fire, it was all quite still. They stood embracing, locked together in a stillness that was like an oasis in the stylized wilderness, the utter mystery of the known world.

One night, toward the end of their honeymoon, they sat by the fire listening to the rain hitting sharply against the windows of the shack. The air of the room was heavy with the smell of pine and balsam. Elsa said:

"The problem will be to keep what we've found here—after we get back."

"What have we found?" Neal wanted to know.

"Something primitive. The kind of reality that produced us. Inconceivably old and right—"

"Why can't we revert—for good?"

"Because we aren't primitive people."

"No."

"I remember a poem," said Elsa. "These are the wistful, who look backward toward old fires." Have you forgotten your car that we left in the village?"

"Almost!" he laughed. "Not quite."

"It'll take us back whether we want to go or not."

"Well, anyway," said Neal, "we know that we can fly off the stick when we want to."

"There's a trick to it," she answered, musing. "A certain magic . . . One has to go into a magic room, and say a charm . . ."

"You're a queer child, Elsa."

"I was born under an enchantment," she said, half-mocking. "My only doubt is whether it will be strong enough . . ."

"Strong—?"

"It would serve, I think, if we were the ordinary married couple, having to get money to live on, and giving our energy to that. The great problem, the unsolved one, is how to live with plenty of leisure."

"By Jove, that's so! It's all very well to say loaf and invite your soul. But the soul's a shy bird. It doesn't always come to the picnic when asked."

"One hears a lot of gabble about freedom," said Elsa, stretching her long legs to the fire. "People are forever chasing it and preaching it and dying for it. But when they get it, it rots them . . . I shouldn't like it to rot us."

"It won't," promised Neal confidently.

She was silent a long time. Finally she said:

"I wish you'd kiss me . . . The rain makes me sad."

Three days later they started back to New York. Elsa went at once to Tuxedo to visit her mother who had a house there. Mrs. Holt said: "This is what comes of letting you live

in town alone. I might have known you'd clope. I'm so relieved!—that you're married at last, I mean. I shall order the announcement cards at once."

So their adventure was turned into the proper channels and embroidered with the proper frou-frou. They took a larger apartment in the building where Neal had lived, in Gramercy Park, and surrendered themselves to their friends.

Anne Holloway gave a dinner.

"Neal, dear," she said, drawing him aside from the crowd of guests, "you must forget all the wicked things I said to you a month ago. I'm an idiot. You and Elsa were made for each other. I think it's wonderful."

"Thanks!" he said, laughing and off-guard. The Holloway butler appeared with a tray of cocktails. Anne took one and gave one to Neal.

"Your happiness," she trilled, and he drank with her, thinking that she was a good sort and feeling safe with her; feeling safe and rather superior in this world spinning like a pinwheel on an invisible stick.

To his own surprise, he got slightly drunk that night. They went after dinner to dance at a new place, the Orange Grove, and he drank a good deal of pocket-flask gin.

He was quite sober when he got home that night; but he was ashamed, and because he was not accustomed to shame, it made him angry. He said to Elsa, letting down her hair before the mirror in their bedroom: "This damned town—! Let's get on a ship and go somewhere."

"All right, Neal."

They spent the summer wandering about Europe. In the late Fall they returned to New York. The season was in full swing, and at once they were deluged with invitations.

"More pinwheel!" observed Elsa.

"Why not?" replied her husband. "We're safe."

"There's no enchantment in safety," she said with a lift to her shoulders.

"Are you still looking for the magic room?" he asked, rather shortly.

"Yes!" To his surprise he saw her face go red. "I intend to find it. Then we'll see!"

"What?"

"I don't know."

He felt suddenly baffled, irritated. To conceal his irritation he went up to her, put his arm about her and kissed her.

"I wish I had you in Maine," he said. "Do you remember that night by the fire? You were mysterious, then; but somehow I understood you—"

"Don't you—now?"

"Not always," he confessed, laughing.

They'd been home a month, and had been going out a great deal, when one day Elsa asked him to meet her at a certain address in West Eleventh Street.

"What have you discovered?" he said. "Another antique-shop?"

They had been buying furniture for the apartment, and he thought it was that. He was astonished, when he arrived at the address late that afternoon, to find his name among others on the bell-plate at the door. He rang; the door clicked; he pushed it open and went in.

The house was an old-fashioned residence, decidedly shabby and evidently converted into some sort of rooming establishment. He walked up the stairs, wondering, and met Elsa in the dim hall at the top of them.

"What's this, sweetheart?"

"Don't ask. Come along. Come—in!"

She held open a door. He followed her into a large, light room on the floor of which was a carpet that felt soft under foot. The walls were painted a cool, bluish gray. There was a large couch, and a table with a reading-light on it. Near the table was a plain wooden cabinet partly filled with books. There were two armchairs standing before an open fireplace. But what struck Neal's senses most keenly, what awoke in him a kind of nostalgia, was the odor that pervaded the room; the

odor of pine and balsam; the odor of their adventure, of their escape.

"How have you managed it?" he asked.  
"Pine-needles. Under the carpet. I had your caretaker send down bushels of them. I dare say he thought I was mad."

"Very likely," said Neal, breathing the fine, delicate fragrance.

"Do you think so?" Her voice was indifferent, as if she were quite prepared to take the whole thing as a joke. But he said:

"I do not. I think it's great."

"I've taken a lease."

He nodded.

"I see. The enchanted room—your place of refuge and escape."

"Ours!"

"Yes . . . Ours."

"Of course it's only an approximation. Ridiculous, in a way. We can come here, when we're tired, or bored, or—when we want to escape the pack—"

"It's a corking idea, Elsa! Really it is!"

"There are to be no rules here," she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we're to do—and be—what we please in this room. Whatever we like, no matter how right it is, or how wrong; no matter whether it's angelic, or foolish, or beastly, we're to do it if we want to—here!"

She was so passionately in earnest that he could say only: "Yes, all right," and take her in his arms. As he did so he was conscious of her beauty, of her concealed loveliness, as though it had been presented to him in some delicious new form.

"Let's stay here tonight," he suggested eagerly. "You can sleep on the couch. I'll sleep on the pine-needles!"

"We can both sleep on the couch," said Elsa.

"It pulls out."

"Wonderful! I'll go home and pack a bag—"

"You needn't. There's a closet. We've everything we need."

"The plot thickens!" he cried, laughing and kissing her.

"What's more," she told him, "there's a kitchenette and plenty of food for supper."

"That's what I call practical enchantment!" he commented in high good humor.

While she was getting the supper, he walked about looking at everything. When he came to the book-cabinet he stopped and stared.

There were his medical books, the ones he had used as a student at medical college. He took out one of them and opened it. There was a notation in his own handwriting on the margin of a page.

He sat down at the table, switched on the lamp and began to read. Fascinating subject, neurology! He'd been going to specialize as a neurologist, he remembered . . .

Elsa came in and announced that supper was ready.

He closed the book and replaced it carefully in the cabinet. Then he got down on the floor and very solemnly turned a somersault.

"Because I wanted to," he said.

Elsa looked at him and laughed.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!" she chanted. "Bouillon, eggs Benedictine, bread-sticks, cheese and coffee! I hope you like my cooking."

"Marvelous!" he said.

After supper they sat by the fire, she smoking a cigaret in an ivory holder, he smoking his pipe.

"It's extraordinary," he said, "how this pine smell builds up into reality . . . My mind tells me I'm sitting in a room in New York, but my senses know better. They tell me I'm in Maine, or rather, that I've stumbled again on a happiness I don't deserve—"

"Of course you deserve it! One always does," said Elsa, quickly.

"I should like to make a confession," blurted out Neal, with a boyish laugh.

"Do!"

"I've been seeing Anne—since we got home from Europe."

"Seeing her? Of course you have."

"I mean alone."

"Oh!"

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"I've wanted you to know, all along. It was ridiculous not to tell you. We met the first time by accident, on the Avenue. I took her to tea, as I used to. Then we made a date. I intended to tell you, but when I tried, by Jove!—it wouldn't phrase. On the other hand, I knew you'd find out, sooner or later, and that worried me."

"You poor boy!" said Elsa.

"Well, I've confessed. And I must say—I feel like a fool. Not that I've done anything foolish—it was distinctly pleasant, having tea with Anne now that she'd turned sensible—"

"Has she turned sensible?"

"Oh, quite! But what I resent is the fictitious value—the assumption that attaches to the fact. In other words, I resent the popular notion that a man is one sort of animal and a married man is entirely another sort."

"I'm glad you've told me this," said Elsa. "Because now we can get it straight—once for all. You're to be precisely the sort of animal you feel, at any given moment. You're too intelligent not to judge the balance of your own impulses. And I don't want the fiction of a husband. I've had the fact you see, and—I guess I'm spoiled for anything less."

He put out his hand and took hers. She sat smiling faintly, looking at the fire. He wondered why her hand in his was cold.

Shortly before Christmas Elsa decided suddenly that she would go to visit her mother in Tuxedo. Neal offered to go with her, but she said, no, she'd rather go alone.

"It's just occurred to me," she said, in explanation, "that mother and I have never got acquainted. I think it's high time."

When she had gone, he was unexpectedly lonely. He moped about the apartment, feeling sentimental and rather wretched. He thought of moving into the room in Eleventh Street, but that would have meant facing a reality that he was not, at the moment, prepared to face. He went out and bought Elsa an expensive Christmas present, instead.

One day after luncheon the telephone rang. Anne Holloway's voice came cautiously, with a muted trill, to his ear.

"Neal? Hello! I asked for Elsa . . . I wanted to know whether you two could come to dinner tonight. Tom's gone to Chicago—on business—I hope! Anyway, I'm desperately lonely. Do ask Elsa—"

"She's in Tuxedo."

"Oh! How funny . . ."

"What?"

"That both our darlings should have gone and left us all alone!" sang Mrs. Holloway, aptly paraphrasing a current popular song.

"Yes, isn't it," said Neal, coldly.

"Can't you come, Neal? Or better still, let's dine out somewhere together. Do you remember that funny little Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village you took me to once?"

"Yes."

"Do take me again. I've a sudden passion for spaghetti."

He hesitated a moment. Then he said: "All right, Anne. I'll come for you about six-thirty."

"I'll be waiting for you, sir!"

He made up his mind that he would settle with Anne tonight once for all.

But when he arrived at her apartment, and found her sitting demurely, waiting for him, a small, golden creature, exquisite, and somehow invested with a subtle pathos, he forgot the stern speech he was going to make to her. He decided to make it later.

"It's really sweet of you, Neal!" she said, giving him her hand. "I'm blue. I've been crying all day."

"Crying?"

"Yes. Tom's such a brute. He's gone to Chicago because May Summerling's visiting there. I know it."

Neal patted her shoulder. He felt genuinely sorry for her. The next instant she was in his arms and he had kissed her, awkwardly. She clung to him a moment, then: "You

mustn't!" she whispered, and drew away from him. "Poor Anne!" he thought.

They had dinner together at the Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village. She was almost pathetically grateful.

"You've saved my life, Neal dear. I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered, again postponing his speech.

He had paid the check; they were ready to leave. But neither moved. There was an unresolved issue between them.

She said abruptly with a soft cry: "I wish I'd gone to Maine with you that night last Spring, when you asked me!"

He was confused; yet he could not avoid her eyes. After all, he had asked her to run away with him.

"It's just as well you didn't," he said finally. "It wouldn't have turned out."

"Are you sure? Are you quite sure, Neal?"

It was his opportunity to settle with her, as he had intended doing. But a monstrous uncertainty intervened. As a matter of fact, he wasn't sure.

"No," he admitted reluctantly.

"Don't you feel, in your heart, that it might have turned out rather beautiful?"

"You're talking nonsense."

"Am I?" She leaned toward him, her perfume like a sensuous invisible cloud enveloping him. "You know it would have been wonderful . . . It's too late, now—"

"No, it isn't!"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't tell you," he said. "I can't explain. It isn't necessary. Come!"

He rose, taking her arm and drawing her up with him. They left the restaurant and got into a taxi. Anne heard him give the driver an address in West Eleventh Street.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked.

"Wait and see."

They went into the shabby old house and up the stairs to the room that Elsa had called enchanted. It was a sharp December night and the room was cold.

"I'll build a fire," said Neal.

"Is this yours?" asked Anne, looking about.

"Are you living here?"

"No," he said, kneeling at the hearth. "It—it's a sort of study. I come here to read and—loaf."

"How nice. It smells like—"

"Like Maine," he said casually. "Yes. There are pine-needles under the carpet. A peculiar notion of—of mine."

"Oh! How clever. It's sweet, isn't it?"

He didn't answer. He was lighting the fire. As he did so he thought of that first night in camp, when he had got up from the hearth to find Elsa throwing off her things . . .

He rose, in a queer excited mood, and looked at Anne. She was sitting in one of the armchairs, her fur coat wrapped closely about her, a puzzled smile on her lips.

"It's nice, isn't it? I simply adore an open fire," she said.

Ta, ta, ta—daaa, da!

He sat in the other armchair beside her. The fire crackled and blazed, sending a dance of shadows through the room.

Her hand crept into his.

"We might be in Maine, Neal! In that camp of yours—"

"No, we're dancing," he said. "We're at some place or other, dancing." He pointed to their shadows grotesquely flickering on the wall behind them. "Can't you hear the music?"

"Music—?"

"There's a nigger with a saxophone. He's prancing up and down, going daaa-da, da, da! There's another nigger with a drum. He came from the African jungle; he's ten thousand years old. When he was young, he used to thump with a bone on an ox-skin pulled tight across a hollow stump. He wants us to remember that time, and go back to it; but we can't. We've too many clothes on."

"How queer you are, Neal! I've never seen you like this before."



"Too many clothes, and too much on our minds. It's a tragedy. We want to go back, and we've got to go on. Just now we're lost. We're quite lost in our own noise, that's only a kind of frightened bleating. We want the sensual, the touch of a revealing sensuality, to steady us and set us going again. But we'd much better be silent than to keep blowing on a saxophone."

"Neal—? I don't know what you mean."

"You are never silent," he said simply. "When I'm with you, a small silver horn blows, damnably irritating. I'm sorry, but it's true. It happens in my mind. It's happening now. Ta, ta, ta—daaa, da!"

"Is it?" she cried. "Then let's dance to it!" She sprang up, chanting: "Ta, ta, ta—daaa, da!" and danced wildly about the room. Her fur coat fell to her feet. "Too many clothes—!" she gasped, and tore at the shoulder strap of her evening gown. It dropped, revealing her white shoulder, her white breast.

She sprang toward him, laughing, swinging her hips.

"Love me, Neal! Love me, love me—!" He caught her by the arms, furious with disgust, furious that she should have cheapened herself, and him, by an attack that had in it no passion but that of utter futility.

"Stop it, you little fool! Anne—! Stop it, you're only making a fool of yourself!" She burst into tears, and running across the room, flung herself down on the couch, where she lay sobbing.

After awhile he went over to her.

"Come," he said. "I'll take you home."

"You needn't!"

"Well, I'm going to," he said, and returning to the fire, sat grimly with his back to the room while she, in a monstrous silence, rearranged her crumpled dress. When he heard her move softly to the door he got up and followed her.

An hour later, from an uptown hotel, he telephoned Elsa in Tuxedo.

"I want you," he said. "Tonight. I'll drive out and get you."

"What time is it?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"Ten o'clock."

"There's a train in at ten-thirty. I'll take that. You can meet me at the station."

"Had you gone to bed?"

"No. I was reading. Somehow I thought you'd call me."

It was exactly midnight when he, with Elsa beside him, again entered the enchanted room.

"Why did you bring me here, Neal?" she asked, going toward the fireplace where a half-burned log still smoldered.

"Because, after tonight, we won't be coming here any more," he answered.

She looked at him. He had never seen her so pale—so tall and pale, so calm in her dark beauty that was like the beauty of trees.

"Why not?" she said. "Has the charm failed?"

"No. It's grown subtle, that's all. From now on we won't have to depend for escape on this room, or any other. The thing will happen—has already happened—in my mind, as I know it has happened in yours."

She smiled then.

"I'm glad, Neal."

"Tell me, when you left the other day, did you know I'd bring Anne here?"

"I hoped you would."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted it all straight. I wanted to know—where I stood. I'm going to have a baby, Neal."

"Going to have—? Elsa! Good Lord! Yet you took the risk—"

"Of losing my mate—yes."

He gave a queer laugh.

"Well, you haven't lost me. You've tied me to you by strings that go back to the hard knot of creation."

She was in his arms then. He could not see her face. He could only hear her voice, curiously muted, a trifle mysterious, saying, "Maybe that's why I did it, Neal."



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## The Pleasure Buyers

(Continued from page 63)

been slain in any place other than the spot where his body had been found. Until other facts came to light, then, he would reason from the basis that Cassenas had been killed on the Lake Trail a mile north of Seminole Lodge.

So far, so good; but what had Cassenas been doing at quarter past three in the morning on the Lake Trail a mile north of his home? Was he on his way to Spray House, the cottage occupied by Terry, the strange man who had, according to Helen Ripley, ordered Cassenas to visit him? But who would have lain in wait for him and stabbed him to death beneath the coconut palms? Might it have been one of that bizarre collection of guests that Helen Ripley said Terry had mentioned? In that case, though, why had not the murderer awaited Cassenas's arrival at Spray House?

But perhaps the murderer had done so; Cassenas might have visited Terry, been followed home by Terry or one of his guests, and stabbed to death. These were interesting speculations, but until he had interviewed Terry, Workman decided not to go too deeply into these theories. But it was as well, before he talked with Terry, to know certain things. One thing was that Cassenas had been alive after one-fifteen this morning. At that time, according to Helen Ripley, he had entered the patio of Seminole Lodge. The girl was not able to tell how long her struggle with him had lasted, or at what time she had crawled through the hedge. As yet Workman did not know if she had been seen entering the hotel. It suddenly occurred to him that this was important.

The telegraph office was equipped with a telephone and so he rang up the Lanthia. In a few moments he had Wolters on the wire. His voice was jovial.

"Sorry to be rough," he said, "but I didn't want little Miss Ripley rattled when I talked to her. You know, if you question someone too much he is liable to get all bawled up. But I wanted to ask you a question: did anyone see her enter the hotel last night?"

Wolters had heard from Quintard that Workman was officially investigating the case and smothered what earlier resentment he had felt.

"The night watchman saw her come in at two-fifteen," he replied.

"Much obliged," said Workman.

According to Alonzo Heddy it took a wheelchair fifteen minutes to go from the Lanthia to Seminole Lodge. But the Lake Trail was none too smooth, and a frightened girl might cover the same distance in twenty minutes. Allow twenty-five, and Helen would have left Seminole Lodge at ten minutes of two. Cassenas, then, was alive at ten minutes of two. Where had he been, what had he done, whom had he seen between ten minutes of two and quarter past three?

He sent a telegram to a police official in New York asking to be informed if Sturtevant Sanders and Peter Gould still possessed the Moorish daggers which had been given them by Gene Cassenas recently. He exhorted Lieutenant Daly, the addressee, to reply to him as soon as possible. The message sent, he re-entered his chair and told Alonzo to take him to Spray House on the North Lake Trail.

Opposite Seminole Lodge he stopped. Quintard was standing by the gate. He held up a huge brown envelope.

"I have all the papers, except deeds and receipts, that Cassenas had stored in his safe deposit box."

"What have you found?"

Quintard smiled wryly.

"Not a darn' thing, just business letters. Maybe you'll see something in them of some importance, but I don't."

Workman smiled depreciatingly. "My eyes are no better than yours, young man. I doubt if I can see things which are not visible to you. But jump in this chair with me; I'm on my way to see Terry."



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Quintard looked surprised. "What have you been doing since I saw you last?" he asked. Workman told him. Quintard nodded knowingly.

"You think that maybe somebody stole Sturtevant's or Gould's knife and did the trick with it?" he asked.

Workman shrugged. "I have no theories. The suggestion you make is, of course, a thought that occurred to me and that prompted my telegram to Lieutenant Daly. But you seem to overlook the daggers given to Mrs. Wiswell and to General Gary."

"Good Lord, Mrs. Wiswell retained you in this investigation," cried Quintard.

Workman glanced smilingly at the red-haired man who sat beside him.

"Mrs. Wiswell is hardly strong enough to have dealt the blow that killed Cassenas. But she may not still possess the knife."

Quintard whistled. "You haven't asked her about her knife?"

"I didn't know the peculiar nature of the weapon which killed Cassenas when I talked with Mrs. Wiswell."

"And there's also General Gary. And he denounced Cassenas last night, and said that he would kill him," said Quintard. "Have you talked to the General?"

"One thing at a time," replied Workman. "We shall reach the General in due course. But meantime we are here at Spray."

They alighted from the chair. Spray cottage was not a pretentious villa. Like most of the buildings in Palm Beach, it was done in Latin style, but it was a single story in height, and the rooms seemed narrow and small. But the patio facing the south was cheerfully planted with orange trees, and their blossoms lent a delightful fragrance to the air. They entered it and found Terry seated before a wicker table, drinking a cup of coffee which evidently, judging from the dishes on the table, was the finish of his luncheon. He looked up inquiringly as the two men entered.

"Mr. Terry?" inquired Workman.

Terry rose and bowed slightly.

"I am Doctor Workman, a humble worker in the Lord's vineyard," said the Reverend Tad. "This is Mr. Quintard of the County Prosecutor's office."

Terry's gray eyes met the blue ones of Workman fairly. His firm lips relaxed slightly.

"And to what am I indebted for the honor of a visit from representatives of the Law and the Lord?" he asked.

"A man whom you knew was killed last night," replied Workman.

Terry nodded. "You mean Gene Cassenas?"

"You knew of his death?" demanded Workman.

There was cool amusement in Terry's eyes. "You didn't suppose I cooked my own meals and made my own bed, did you? I have servants; they go to market; they hear the happenings in Palm Beach, and when they are sufficiently exciting they tell me about them."

"When did they inform you of the murder?"

"An hour or two ago; I couldn't tell you the exact moment. Possibly, though, they may be able to tell you."

He struck sharply a bell upon the table. Almost instantly a man emerged from a door of one of the rooms which were in that part of the building which connected the two wings. He was a well set-up person in the early thirties, with a soldierly look about him.

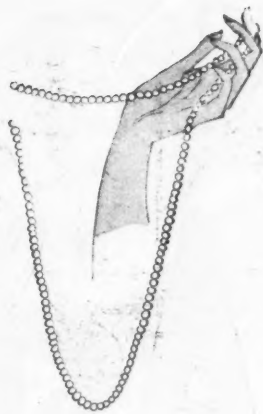
"Sergeant, when did you tell me of Cassenas's death?" demanded Terry.

"I went to the market at ten-thirty, sir. I didn't return until twelve-thirty. I told you at once. That would make it about an hour and fifteen minutes ago, Captain. That all, sir?"

His manner and voice were devoid of emotion. They were exactly as though he, the Sergeant, were still in the army and making a report to his officer.

Terry smiled. "These gentlemen represent the majesty of the Law and the majesty of God, Sergeant."

"Don't be blasphemous," said Workman



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sternly. "I am not merely a minister, it is only fair to tell you. I am also a detective."

"To the minister I apologize for any seeming levity. I did not mean to sneer. But good news tends to make one gay. Cassenas's death is the pleasantest thing I've heard of in a long time."

He turned to the servant. "That will be all, Sergeant," he said. He turned to his two visitors. "Unless you gentlemen wish to question him?"

Workman shook his head. "Not just now." He sat down. "You realize that we are investigating the death of Mr. Cassenas?"

Terry laughed. "I'm not a fool. I suppose the little Ripley girl has told of my conversation with Cassenas last night. I guessed as much the minute you came in. Well, gentlemen, I didn't kill Cassenas."

"Did you see him last night?" demanded Workman.

"I certainly did," said Terry. His eyes and voice were frank.

"Where? I mean," said Workman, "besides at Bailey's."

"Right here in this patio at half-past two," replied Terry.

## CHAPTER XII

NOT the faintest hint of surprise was visible on the face of Workman. He merely nodded slightly. He sat down, carefully spreading the skirts of the black frock coat which long usage had slightly rusted.

He surveyed the man who admitted having seen Cassenas at half-past two this morning. Workman's long upper lip protruded slightly. This hard-eyed man whose gray hair belied his years was no unworthy antagonist. Workman could be sure that if Terry had carried to their logical conclusion his remarks to Cassenas last night at Bailey's, it would be no routine job to establish the fact.

Appraising the man, the minister decided that his most salient characteristic was hardness. Then, almost from the very moment that he came to this judgment, he began modifying it. There are animals whom nature endows with a protective coloring, rabbits who are white when snow covers the earth, and brown when the snow has gone. Here was a man, Workman thought, whose hard expression might be assumed to hide gentleness.

Suffering might have caused that expression to be assumed. For, as he looked at him, the Reverend Tad realized that Terry was not fifty, but hardly thirty. The war—the man-servant had called Terry by the title of "Captain"—might have graven the lines that ran from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth, and dug the furrows in the broad intellectual forehead, and robbed the hair of color. But worry or privation or suffering, while they might have left physical marks, had not impaired the mental faculties of Terry. Workman suddenly felt like one of those whiskered tin-can tourists to be found playing checkers in the park at West Palm Beach, who becomes aware of the fact that his opponent has blocked his every move.

For Terry was not a man to be trapped by his own ingenuousness. If he was frank, it was because he had weighed the advantages of frankness, and balanced them against its disadvantages. Cassenas dead at three-twenty, and alive here in Terry's patio at two-thirty! And Terry, who had threatened Cassenas a few hours before his murder, admitted that Cassenas had visited him here! Well, this admission made the best possible starting point for Workman's investigation.

"Cassenas was here at half-past two, eh?" Terry calmly said. "That's what I said," he replied.

"A strange hour for a call," suggested the Reverend Tad.

"People keep late hours here at Palm Beach," smiled Terry.

"So it seems," said Workman dryly. "Was it a call of mere friendliness?"

Terry's lips were slightly scornful. "We

won't get very far in this fashion, Doctor Workman. You know, if you've talked with Miss Ripley—as of course you have—that Cassenas's call upon me was not for the purpose of exchanging amenities. He came because I ordered him to do so."

"You were giving a party for him, weren't you?" asked Workman.

"Hardly," said Terry. Workman's face did not change its expression of sober interest. "But Miss Ripley says that you told Cassenas that you were entertaining a group of guests. Among them were two former partners of Cassenas, a former musical comedy star and three foreign gentlemen."

Terry's eyes widened. "Miss Ripley says I told Cassenas that these people were here, in this cottage?"

"Didn't you?" challenged Workman.

Terry shrugged his shoulders. "The lady misunderstood," he said.

"You didn't mention any of these people?" demanded Workman.

"Indeed I did," was the reply. "I mentioned the names of all of them. I stated Cassenas's connection with their misfortunes."

"But you didn't state that you wished Cassenas to come here last night and meet them?" persisted Workman.

Terry shook his head. "Miss Ripley was under something of a strain during my conversation with Cassenas. Evidently she misinterpreted my remarks. Certainly I told Cassenas to come here. Certainly, though I forget my exact words, I gave Cassenas to understand that he had reached the end of a remarkably long rope."

"Just what did you mean by that?" inquired Workman.

"I meant that I had come to the end of a long series of investigations into the life of Gene Cassenas. I had acquired proof of actions of his that not merely would disgrace him but would inevitably cost him his fortune and his liberty."

"His fortune?" Workman's voice was quietly incredulous.

"I had acquired proof that he had swindled most outrageously two former partners named Blake and Blaisdell. A telegram to New York will inform you that suits have already been brought by both of them to tie up Cassenas's property. Unless he possessed a greater fortune than I have reason to believe he owned, the suits would have bankrupted him. Also, he would hardly be able, had he lived, to avoid criminal prosecution and conviction. These facts, as I have just said, are subject to quick confirmation."

"A most businesslike statement; we are getting on," said Workman. Oddly, there was nothing of the revivalist or the wrestler in his voice or manner. He was the shrewd police official now. "But why, if you did not tell Cassenas that the actress and the foreign gentlemen were to be here, did you mention them at all?"

"I wanted him to know that I was aware of other scoundrelism of his. I wanted Cassenas to suffer in the knowledge that everything he had done was known to me. Even a human rat may suffer mentally."

"Of course," said Workman. "But if it was not your purpose to confront Cassenas with his victims, why did you order him to come here?"

"I had to talk with him somewhere," was Terry's cool rejoinder. "Why not here? And the reason that I chose last night was because I did not wish Miss Ripley to go riding with him."

"You are acquainted with Miss Ripley?" asked Workman.

Terry nodded negatively. "I overheard her accepting an invitation from Cassenas. I had intended to delay my meeting with Cassenas, but fearing for her, I advanced the time."

"You want us to believe in your chivalry?" Quintard spoke for the first time.

Terry looked at the attaché of the prosecutor's



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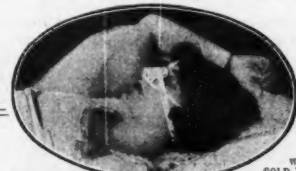
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office. "I don't care a tinker's damn what you or anyone else believe of my motives."

Workman cast a warning glance at Quintard. He spoke to Terry. "I believe in your chivalry as regards Miss Ripley," he said.

Terry bowed. "I thank you. And I apologize for my profanity. I forgot your cloth."

"Never mind my cloth," said Workman. "It's as a detective I'm here. Mr. Terry, do you mind telling us exactly why you wanted Cassenas to come here?"

But Terry apparently looked upon this as a mere prolongation of the skirmish.

"I've already answered that. I wanted to make Cassenas suffer."

"That doesn't quite answer my question," said Workman mildly. "I don't know you, Mr. Terry, but you don't impress me as the sort of man who would be content with making an enemy suffer mentally. You look to me like the sort of man who would be slow to wrath, but whose wrath, once aroused, would be content only with the absolute destruction of his enemy."

Terry laughed openly. "Your intuitions do you credit, Doctor? Well, I'll be frank with you: I expected Cassenas to kill himself."

Still Workman's face was immovable. "What aroused this expectation?"

"The vanity of the man, for one thing. His cowardice for another. He would be ashamed of disgrace and afraid of punishment. I confidently expected him to plead for mercy and then to kill himself."

"You constituted yourself his judge and executioner. The Good Book orders us not to judge lest we be judged—"

Terry laughed contemptuously. "Unfortunately, so long as rats like Cassenas live, and your Good Book doesn't protect us from them, we are compelled to take justice into our own hands."

Workman shook his head sadly. "I will not debate with you. You seem to have suffered at Cassenas's hands. A matter of a medal, wasn't it?"

"Miss Ripley's memory is remarkable; so much so that I'm surprised at her misunderstanding of part of my talk," said Terry. "Yes, it was a matter of a medal."

Workman changed his line of attack. "Cassenas came here, you say, at two-thirty?"

"Almost on the minute. I know because I had about given him up. I was looking at my watch when he entered the patio."

"You were outside here?" asked Workman.

"Sitting here, beneath an electric lamp, reading," replied Terry.

"You mind telling me what happened?" Workman asked.

"Not at all," was Terry's ready response. "He was drunk. I rather expected something like that. He was too great a coward to face a difficulty without bolstering up his courage with liquor. He was very abusive. He accused me of injuring him with Miss Ripley. He then told me that I had slandered him to General Gary."

"Had you?" demanded Workman.

"Slander was not the word. Last night at Bailey's, having an inkling of Cassenas's hopes with regard to Miss Gary, I introduced myself to the General and told him, briefly, a few interesting facts about Cassenas. Apparently, according to what Cassenas told me, the General acted very properly and promptly. Cassenas blamed me for the General's actions. I told him that he would do better to blame himself, whose scoundrelly conduct was responsible."

"And then what?" asked Workman.

"As I expected, he pleaded for mercy, but he found no mercy in me. I tell you, I didn't look upon Cassenas as anything human; I looked upon him as vermin whom it was one's duty to destroy. I told him that there were traces of pity in my heart, and that these had caused me to give him the opportunity to kill himself. I had deliberately delayed the institution of criminal proceedings against him in order to give him a chance to kill himself."



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"And you call this pity?" asked Workman. "In the case of Cassenas I should call it rather generosity of the highest order," replied Terry.

"I won't argue," said Workman. "When Cassenas heard your decision, what did he do?"

"He tried to draw a gun," said Terry. "I took it away from him. I told him that he probably had another gun at home, and advised him to go there and use it upon himself."

"And then?" suggested the Reverend Tad.

"Why, then he left."

"And what time was this?" asked Workman.

"Approximately quarter to three."

"You have, of course, witnesses to substantiate what you say?" asked Workman.

Terry eyed him queerly. "Let's put the cards on the table, Doctor. You know that I have witnesses. Would I be fool enough to be so frank unless I could prove every word I say?"

You come here investigating the murder of a man toward whom I am known to hold

enmity. And I answer every question you ask me. I believe that I do not impress you as a

fool; certainly I do not rate you as one. Therefore, because neither of us are fools, because we

are neither to delude or to be deluded, I have said nothing which isn't capable of corroboration."

He rang the bell upon the table. Almost

instantly the man-servant appeared in the

patio.

"Doctor Workman and Mr. Quintard, this

is my valet, Sergeant Tierney, formerly of my

company in France. Sergeant, tell the gentlemen about Mr. Cassenas's visit last night."

In a low monotone Tierney answered. "He

came in here and began to talk to y He

stayed about fifteen minutes. Shortly t are he

left he drew a gun on you. You took it away

from him. A few minutes later he left. You

went to your room. I went with you and drew

a bath. You stayed in there about ten minutes.

You came out wearing pajamas and a dressing-

gown. You sat down in a long wicker chair.

You asked me to have a cigaret. It was like

old times in France when you would sometimes

forget the difference in rank and give me a

smoke. We sat talking over old times in the

war until the clock in the kitchen struck four.

Then I left you. I saw you turn out the light

and heard you climb in bed. Then I went to

my room and went to bed."

Upon Terry's lips appeared a smile. "I

have five other servants here, gentlemen,"

he stated. "Do you wish to question them?"

It happened, last night being, as you will

remember, rather sultry, none of the servants

sleep very well. Tierney tells me t t they

all overheard my talk with Cassenas. Their

rooms are all in the west wing. It seems that

all of them, inspired by curiosity, peered

through their windows or doors, saw my

brief struggle with Cassenas, and his later

departure."

"I'd like to see them," said Workman.

Terry nodded at Tierney. The man-

servant walked across the patio and entered a

room which Workman correctly supposed to

be the kitchen. He emerged in a moment

followed by four men and a woman. They

were all different of feature; no one would

have suspected a blood relationship to exist

between any of them. Yet there was something

about all of them, even the woman, that seemed

common to all. Workman could not imagine

what it was.

He rose to his feet. "No need of cross-

examination," he said. He turned to Quintard.

"Let's go."

Something in his manner warned Quintard

not to protest. But when they were outside

in the wheel-chair, he whispered.

"Why didn't you question them?" he asked.

"While the tale they've learned is so recent

in their memories that they can't make an

error? Give them time to forget," smiled

Workman.

Quintard looked at him. "I'll say you're

nobody's fool."

"Not even Terry's," said Workman grimly.

He was silent, lost in thought, all the way

back to Seminole Lodge. There he bade



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Quintard *au revoir*, and told the wheel-chair man to take him to the villa of General Gary. And as he rode he tried to determine what it was in the six servants of Terry that was common to the faces of all of them. Also, he asked himself why Terry, apparently a single man, needed six servants to run so small a cottage. The Reverend Tad had not been wholly taken in by Terry's frankness. But there were other things to investigate before he attempted challenging Terry's alibi, or the credibility of his suspiciously strong corroboration.

#### CHAPTER XIII

**TIRED**, physically and mentally, and even spiritually, sleep evaded Helen. Conscience fought against slumber and routed it. Her body and mind were exhausted, but her soul would not permit these to rest until the demands of conscience were satisfied. Or was it conscience? Might it not be some odd affinity between herself and Terry that made her remorseful because she had, by repeating his words of last evening, compromised him in the eyes of Doctor Workman?

This latter idea she put from her. She hardly knew the man. How could she be interested in him save as any person is interested in the existence of another?

But Terry had played fair with her. He had warned her against Cassenas. His motives toward her had been those of a chivalrous and honorable gentleman. Of course, it might be argued that he had been led to speak to her less because of chivalry than because of a wish to hurt Cassenas. But did it matter? The fact was that this man Terry, an utter stranger to her, had tried to save her from scandal. Had she followed his advice last night she would not have gone to Seminole Lodge, would not now be involved in tragedy, dwelling under a cloud of nauseous suspicion.

Therefore, because he had tried to do her service, she was in his debt. And how had she paid her debt? By repeating to a detective the words that he had uttered in bitter anger, that he had used when facing his enemy, stirred by the emotion of hate.

Suppose that Terry had killed Cassenas? After all, there were police whose duty it was to discover murderers. It was not the duty of private citizens to repeat every hasty word dropped in anger; careers could be blasted, lives rendered miserable by casual repetition of the speech of others.

Further, Terry's words did not prove him a murderer. Circumstantial evidence meant nothing. For that matter, circumstantial evidence had already convicted her in the eyes of Wolters, the Lanthia house detective. Yet she knew that she was innocent of any connection with the death of Gene Cassenas. She could explain everything. Why, then, assume that Terry could not explain everything that might be alleged against him?

She could not believe that such a man had committed deliberate murder, that such a man had used a knife against an enemy. Yet she had put into the mind of a detective that such a man might have done such a thing. Perhaps it was her public duty to aid the police; but surely it was her private duty to aid a man who had shown her friendliness.

She rose from the bed on which she had been lying, and walked to the window. Beyond the smooth lawn was a hedge and beyond that tangled undergrowth, jungle.

She had learned, from careless remarks, that Terry lived at Spray House. She could slip out of her present haven, secure a wheel-chair, and hasten to him, to warn him of the possible consequences of her own indiscretion. She owed him that much; even if he was a murderer, she owed him this.

The French windows were invitingly open; in a moment she had stepped silently through them; in another she had crossed the lawn, climbed the low hedge and was hidden upon the county road, had hailed a wheel-chair and was on her way to Spray House.



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But it came to her that if she were recognized she would do Terry more harm than good. Perhaps it would be better to telephone. This second thought appealed to her good sense, so, from a drug-store, she telephoned Spray. A man answered and informed her that Terry was not at home.

Well, it was useless to go further. But conscience was appeased. Later on she would see him . . . Reaction set in; perhaps the man was a murderer, after all; perhaps he had warned her to keep away from Cassenas because he wished no witness to the crime he contemplated. God forbid that this be true, but . . . Men were beasts, anyway!

But were they? Were they all like Cassenas, or were some of them different? But now, when a sop had been thrown to conscience, the desire for rest became imperative. She wheeled back to a place on the county road opposite Mrs. Wiswell's place, dismissed her chair man, walked through to the ocean, crossed the lawn, and was in her bedroom again, unobserved. Now she went to sleep.

General Gary's house on the Ocean Boulevard was of the earlier era of building in Palm Beach, erected before Addison Mizner had stamped the community with the ineffaceable marks of his genius, and had begun that remarkable work of building in the Latin style, which, blending so amiably with the tropical luxuriance of the island, has made Palm Beach the jewel of the American Riviera.

Workman stopped his wheel-chair before the ugly frame building whose counterpart was erected by the thousands all over the country during the late 'nineties. He strode up the path toward the veranda, his coat tails flapping and the breeze from the sea blowing so unkindly against him that the wide black trousers merely accentuated the bow of his legs. A girl on the veranda dropped the book which she was reading and ran into the house. Undismayed by this, Workman rang the bell.

A colored servant answered it. He was prepared to be rude, but the visitor's ministerial garb softened his face and voice.

"The General ain't at home to nobody, sir; neither is Miss Gary," he announced.

"Will you tell him that I am a detective in charge of the investigation of the murder of Mr. Cassenas, and that it is imperative I speak to him?" asked Workman.

The negro hesitated. Unquestionably he had received strict orders not to admit anyone, but a detective was a person to overawe him. And while he hesitated the Reverend Tad coolly sat down and began fanning himself with his large black felt hat. His confidence that he would be admitted overcame the servant's scruples. He entered the house, carefully closing the door. Doctor Workman smiled wryly. The minister of the Law was received by those who denied admittance to the minister of the Lord.

He had only to wait a few moments when the servant returned and ushered him into a drawing-room furnished most oppressively with heavy rugs unsuited to the climate and massive walnut chairs and tables. Upon the walls were hung badly executed paintings of ships at sea. And into this gloomy room came, in a minute, General Gary and the daughter of his old age.

There was a tremendous contrast between father and daughter. Old and mummified as the General seemed, last night's quarrel with Cassenas seemed to have been a filip to his vitality. His bright black eyes, sunk beneath the bushy brows, seemed to blaze. But the dainty girl, whose slimly rounded figure meant youthful strength, seemed crushed.

General Gary glared at the revivalist. "Do I understand that you, dressed like a parson, are a detective?"

Workman bowed.

"And what do you want with me?" demanded Gary. The deep powerful voice, so amazing when one considered the withered body from which it emerged, filled the room. The girl patted him on the arm.

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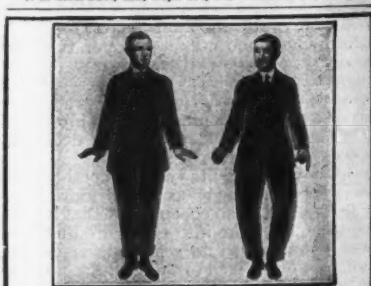
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"Don't get excited, father," she pleaded. The General threw off her restraining touch. "Not excited at all." His thin lips curled sneeringly. "Do you presume to question me as to the death of Cassenas?"

"The law is no respecter of persons, General," replied Workman.

The General laughed harshly. "Well, let's end this interview as soon as possible. You know of course of the incident on Cassenas's house-boat last night. That is why you are here. You know that I said that I would shoot Cassenas on sight. The damned scoundrel had the insolence to ask my daughter to marry him."

"You did not object to his suit, did you?" asked Workman.

The General's face grew almost purple. "I thought he was a gentleman. My daughter thought so. She honored the man with her affection. But she is a Gary, sir, and that regard perished instantly, when I informed her what I had learned about Cassenas."

"And what had you learned?"

"That he had done his best to compromise a young lady who is down here at his invitation; that he had swindled two former partners; that he was guilty of other actions incredible in a gentleman."

"How long had you known these things?" asked Workman.

General Gary glared at his questioner. "My dear sir, do you suppose that I waited a moment before acting upon my information? I learned of them shortly before I broke my daughter's engagement."

"From a man named Terry?" asked Workman.

"From a gentleman named Ralph Terry, sir."

"And you took his word without hearing Cassenas's defense?"

"Mr. Terry showed me letters from a firm of attorneys in New York stating that they were bringing suit against Cassenas on behalf of his former partners. Those letters also stated that Cassenas had been guilty of criminal action and would most certainly go to jail. The firm of lawyers are my own attorneys. I know the signature of the partner, Mr. James Reynolds, as well as I know my own. If Reynolds declared that Cassenas was a scoundrel the matter was not open to debate."

"And you broke your daughter's engagement?"

"She broke it instantly; I was merely the messenger. Also, because I resented the fact that this man had dared offer his unworthy love to my daughter, I insulted him."

"And threatened to shoot him on sight," supplemented Workman.

The girl spoke. "But father didn't do anything like that. He was back here by half-past one and went to bed. I know, because he was fearfully excited, and I stayed with him until almost dawn, when he finally fell asleep."

Workman admired not merely the blonde beauty of the girl which shone through her depression, but her courage also. She was a true daughter of the fiery old Confederate.

"The word of either of you would be sufficient," he smiled. "Moreover, the whole world knows General Gary, and is aware of the fact that he is not the man to stab an enemy. The knife is not a Gary weapon."

The General bowed.

"I certainly would have shot the damned scoundrel had I encountered him today," he declared, "but this morning I learned that justice had already been done him."

"And done," said Workman, "with a dagger exactly like the one which Cassenas presented to you a while ago."

The General stared at him. "Are you insinuating, after what my daughter just told you—"

Workman interrupted him. "I have already told you that I know that you are not the one to knife your enemy. Nevertheless, Cassenas was stabbed to death with a dagger similar to yours. Have you yours?" he asked.

"Most certainly," replied the General. "Would you like to see it?"

"I would," answered Doctor Workman. "Run upstairs and get it, will you, Gladys?" the General asked.

The girl walked swiftly from the room. Workman followed her with an admiring glance. The General intercepted him. He laughed harshly.

"My daughter is courageous, sir, but her affections were not too seriously engaged. Of course, she is shocked at the discovery of what Cassenas really was, and by the tragedy and scandal. But she did not really love him. I am that most pernicious kind of old fool, the paternal old fool. Because I know that I have not many years to live, I wished to see my daughter married. I chose Cassenas. Or rather, when Cassenas proposed to her I urged her to accept him. She did so more to please me than because she cared for him. She is singularly unsophisticated, with a heart untouched."

"She will recover quickly from this blow," said Workman.

General Gary looked grateful for the encouraging words, but his reply was quelled by the entrance of the girl.

"The dagger is not in your room, father," she cried. "And it isn't in my room."

"It's mislaid," declared the General.

"That's impossible," she argued. "It was in your room just before we went over to dinner at Bailey's last night. And the servants never touch anything in your room, except to turn down the covers on your bed."

"Why not ask the servants if they touched it?" suggested Workman.

She was all decision and quick action, surprising in one so young and apparently helpless and feminine. She walked instantly to the door and called. To the colored man who had admitted Workman she gave instant orders that all the servants should assemble at once in the living-room. They did so; they were two women and two men, all colored. Only one of them admitted having been in the upstairs portion of the house after the departure of the General and his daughter for dinner last night.

That one was Nellie, the house-maid. She said that she had turned down the bed. She said that the Moorish dagger had been hanging on the wall in the General's room. She had not touched it. The hour was, as nearly as she remembered, about half-past eight. She said that all four of the servants had been given permission to go to the moving pictures in West Palm Beach, and that they were all at the theater by nine o'clock. And it took twenty minutes to get there.

"You left the house unprotected?" asked Workman.

The General answered. "We have had no trouble in the past, and so, despite the reports of occasional burglaries, we have been content if the doors and windows have been securely locked. We have permitted the servants to go out in the evening even if we also were out."

"You saw to it," Workman asked Nellie, "that everything was locked tightly?"

The servant who had answered the bell replied. "I locked everything myself, sir."

Workman dismissed the servants. He turned to General Gary. "Do you trust them?"

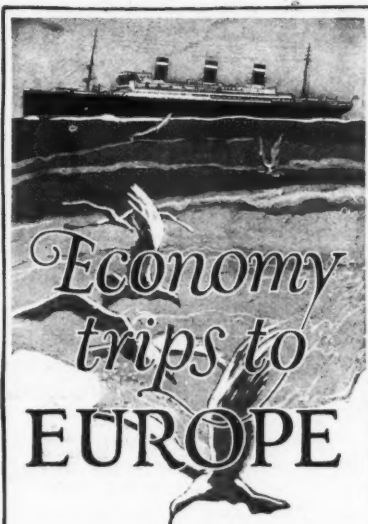
"As I would members of my own family," replied the General. "All four of them are the children or grandchildren of slaves that I owned myself before the Civil War. They have never lived anywhere except on my Virginia farm or down here. They have never worked for anyone but me. Of course I trust them."

"But the knife is gone," said Workman.

"Then someone entered the house and stole it," said the General.

"Let's look at the windows and doors," suggested Workman.

Minutely he examined all possible entrances to the Gary home. But he could find not the slightest evidence that any window or door had been forced. Such violent entrance would surely have left some mark discernible to eyes as keen and well trained as his. He was forced to



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conclude that whoever had entered the Gary home had done so with a key to one of the doors. He examined the locks. They were ordinary affairs, such as would yield to the commonest type of master-key.

He bade good-by to the General and his daughter and stepped again into the wheelchair driven by Alonzo Heddy. New complications had arisen. Someone who knew of the General's ownership of the Moorish dagger had abstracted it from the General's house. There might have been scores of people who knew of the dagger's existence; but how many of them hated Cassenas enough to be willing to kill him with that dagger? And among those who knew that the General possessed such a dagger, and who also hated Cassenas, how many were there who were possessed either of a key to this house, or of a master-key that would unlock almost any door?

He passed a hand across a wet forehead. This case seemed about the most complicated he had ever tackled. Well, there remained another dagger which needed investigation. He rode to Mrs. Wiswell's villa. The chaine of the establishment met him with the information that Helen Ripley was either sound asleep or most successfully simulating slumber. She told him at once that she owned one of the Moorish daggers, and showed it to him upon a desk in her library.

"I've been using it for a paper cutter," she said with a shudder. "But never again." She smiled. "Do you suspect me, Tad?"

He grinned at her. "I just wanted to get these knives straightened out. And I think I've done so. It was Gary's knife that killed Cassenas."

"And this man Terry had nothing to do with it," she said.

He shook his head. "How do I know that Terry didn't steal the General's dagger?"

He sat down. "Mrs. Wiswell, when your husband was deputy police commissioner, he used to have me at the house once in a while to entertain your guests with accounts of notorious criminals and their crimes. Several times, after having heard part of a story, you were able to supply the end of it. I used to say that you would have made a good plain clothes man. See if you can find any answer to this riddle."

He told her in detail everything that he had discovered thus far. When he finished she put a carefully manicured hand on her forehead. "Tad," she said, "it took me two years of careful dieting to get rid of the intermittent headaches that tortured me for ten years. You're bringing them back to me."

He rose with a laugh. "Then I may expect no help from you, Mrs. Wiswell. Tell Miss Ripley that she needn't be in the least alarmed. No one will bother her. Tell her that I'm sure that right will prevail."

"A lot of good a platitude like that will do a nervous girl," scoffed Mrs. Wiswell. "I'll tell her that you promised to have the murderer under lock and key within forty-eight hours. That's the medicine for her trouble."

She smiled suddenly. "Unless the murderer happened to be this Terry person. I went into her room a while ago. She woke up for a moment. She grasped my hand and said that she felt terribly at having repeated Terry's talk with her and Cassenas. A tender conscience she has. However, if he's the murderer she'll probably be glad that she helped in his capture. You get busy, Tad."

"Very well. I'll try to make good," said the Reverend Tad.

Once again he entered the chair. He told Alonzo to drive him to the ferry. There he paid the man and boarded the boat for West Palm Beach. He had absorbed as many facts as he cared to at this time. Before trying to find out anything else, he wanted to reduce the facts already obtained to order and coherency, to find out if upon careful study these facts seemed to lead anywhere or to anyone. Also, he wished to get down upon his knees in the seclusion of his modest room on Palma Street and pray Almighty God for guidance.





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But the demands of the physical man are as imperative as those of the spiritual or mental man. Workman, on his way across Lake Worth, became suddenly conscious that he was extremely hungry. So, landing in West Palm Beach, he went directly to a restaurant on Clematis Avenue. He ordered a luncheon of a quantity commensurate with his own great bulk. Having finished it, he looked up to summon the waiter. As he did so, Sergeant Tierney, Terry's valet, passed along the sidewalk before the plate-glass windows of the restaurant. On sudden impulse, the revivalist pushed back his chair, seized his hat, and hastened from the restaurant, thrusting a bill into the hands of the surprised waiter.

Unostentatiously Workman followed Tierney. Where Clematis Avenue runs into City Park, Tierney was accosted by another man. They shook hands cordially and entered the tourists' playground. They sat down on a bench, on either side of a long table on which were painted checker-boards, and immediately proceeded to play a game.

Workman shrugged almost petulantly. Then he regarded more closely the man with whom Tierney was playing. He was different from the other checker players, the horse-shoe pitchers, and the idlers who took the sun. These latter were shirt-sleeved men, on whose shoulders the unfashionable suspender gleamed vari-colored, on whose arms were visible the sleeve garters long since banished from civilized society.

But this companion of Tierney was shabbily dapper; his well worn clothes had never been purchased in Iowa; Times Square had given them birth. His rakish hat, battered now, had once been a thing of Rialto delight. And his face had that same familiar quality that was in the countenances of all the servants of Terry.

But they apparently had become engrossed in their game; there was nothing to be gained by prolonged observation. Workman needed solitude for the study of the facts which he had gleaned. He gave up the study of Tierney and the other man, and went to his room on Datura Street. He found a telegram awaiting him. It read:

"Have seen Gould; he still has his dagger, but Sturtevant Sanders says that his was stolen from him before he left Palm Beach." The telegram was signed by Lieutenant Daly.

Then Kildare had lied when he told Workman that he had seen the dagger in the baggage of Sanders when that gentleman left Palm Beach.

And while he was digesting this new fact, while he was trying to understand exactly what it indicated, the telephone in his room rang. It was Mrs. Wiswell who spoke to him.

"Doctor Tad, I wish you'd come right over. A man from the prosecutor's office insists on seeing Miss Ripley."

Workman's face reddened at what he considered a breach of agreement. "Will he speak to me over the telephone?" he asked.

"I'll see," said Mrs. Wiswell. In a moment Workman heard Quintard's voice; there was triumph unconcealed in it.

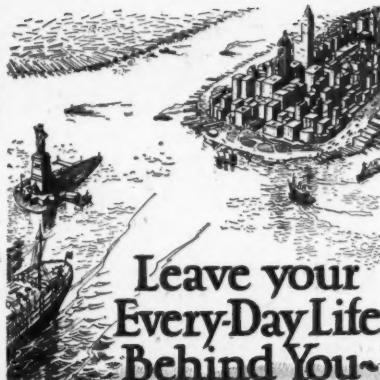
"Sorry to double-cross you, Doctor," he said, "but we've got a witness who says that Miss Ripley was given a knife by Cassenas, the same knife with which he was killed. One of the chauffeurs tipped us off and—what do you make of that? The Ripley girl won't talk, but I think I'm justified in asking for a warrant for her arrest."

"Wait till I come over there," cried Workman.

"Well, I'll do that," reluctantly agreed Quintard.

To be continued.

New and baffling facts await the energetic Workman at Mrs. Wiswell's. What will this fresh evidence mean to that frail victim of suspicion, Helen Ripley?



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Frequently people who are ill take remedy after remedy, travel north, south, east or west—all to no avail. Why? Because the *source* of the trouble—wrong thinking, false beliefs, distorted imagination, misdirected emotion—never has been touched. Such illnesses are not physical diseases although they may be accompanied by physical pain and may be manifested by sleeplessness, nervousness, indigestion and many other physical symptoms.

If you were physically ill—if anyone in your family were threatened with diphtheria or scarlet fever—you would do something about it. Mental sickness is quite as real and likewise should have prompt attention.



Perhaps the old Quaker was wiser than he knew when he said, "Everybody's queer except thee and me—and, sometimes I think *thee* is a little queer."

Modern science agrees with the Quaker. No one has a mind that runs continuously with clock-like precision. All of us are a little queer at times. What mental hygiene does is to minimize our individual queeriness.

There are men and women—graduate physicians—trained especially to treat troubles of the mind and to teach Mental Hygiene. Their work is known as psychiatry and all over the country wise and successful physicians are practicing it. At the first sign of mental disorder it is the part of wisdom to consult a doctor who understands psychiatry.

Wrong thinking and feeling frequently lead first to unhappiness—then to illness and sometimes even to insanity and criminality.

Dr. William J. Mayo, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minn., says that mental ailments are the cause of more misery than tuberculosis or cancer.

If you are feeling ill and find no physical reason for your discomfort, your doctor may discover that the real trouble is

with your mind. This may be true, also, of those who have difficulty in maintaining a happy personal relationship with family, friends or business associates. Chronic worriers and pessimists show evidence of unhealthy mental operations. The million little demons of discontent, fear, disappointment, depression and all the rest are powering against a healthy mind.

Frequently it is possible to straighten out your own mental difficulties. Sometimes talking them over with some wise man or woman who is by nature a mental hygienist will help to solve the problem. If you have a serious trouble do not keep it bottled up. Repression often is harmful.

Associate with happy, normal people. Exercise and have all the fun you can. Don't devote every minute to work. Take time for recreation—*re-creation*.

For centuries religion, philosophy and inspirational writings have helped men and women to gain poise and mental control—to know themselves. Healthy-minded people who have learned how to plan and direct their lives harmoniously are consciously or unconsciously employing mental hygiene.

Mental Hygiene is needed to help millions of people to think right, act right and feel right.

The time has come when Mental Hygiene—the science of mental health—should take its place with other major activities in the great field of preventive medicine. As the work of prevention progresses, much of the mental suffering, mental deficiency, criminality and insanity in the world will be reduced.

The cost of caring for the patients in mental hospitals alone is nearly

\$75,000,000 a year. The economic loss, because of their disability, is more than \$200,000,000 annually. In several states, one out of twenty of all people who die in adult life dies in a hospital for the insane. The number of beds in public hospitals for the insane in this country equals those occupied by all other sick persons combined.

In 26 states in the Union, in Canada

and in many European countries Mental Hygiene Societies have been formed to help those who are mentally troubled. It will be worth your while to get in touch with them. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly tell you where they are located and will mail you a list of books relating to Mental Hygiene if you will ask for it.

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